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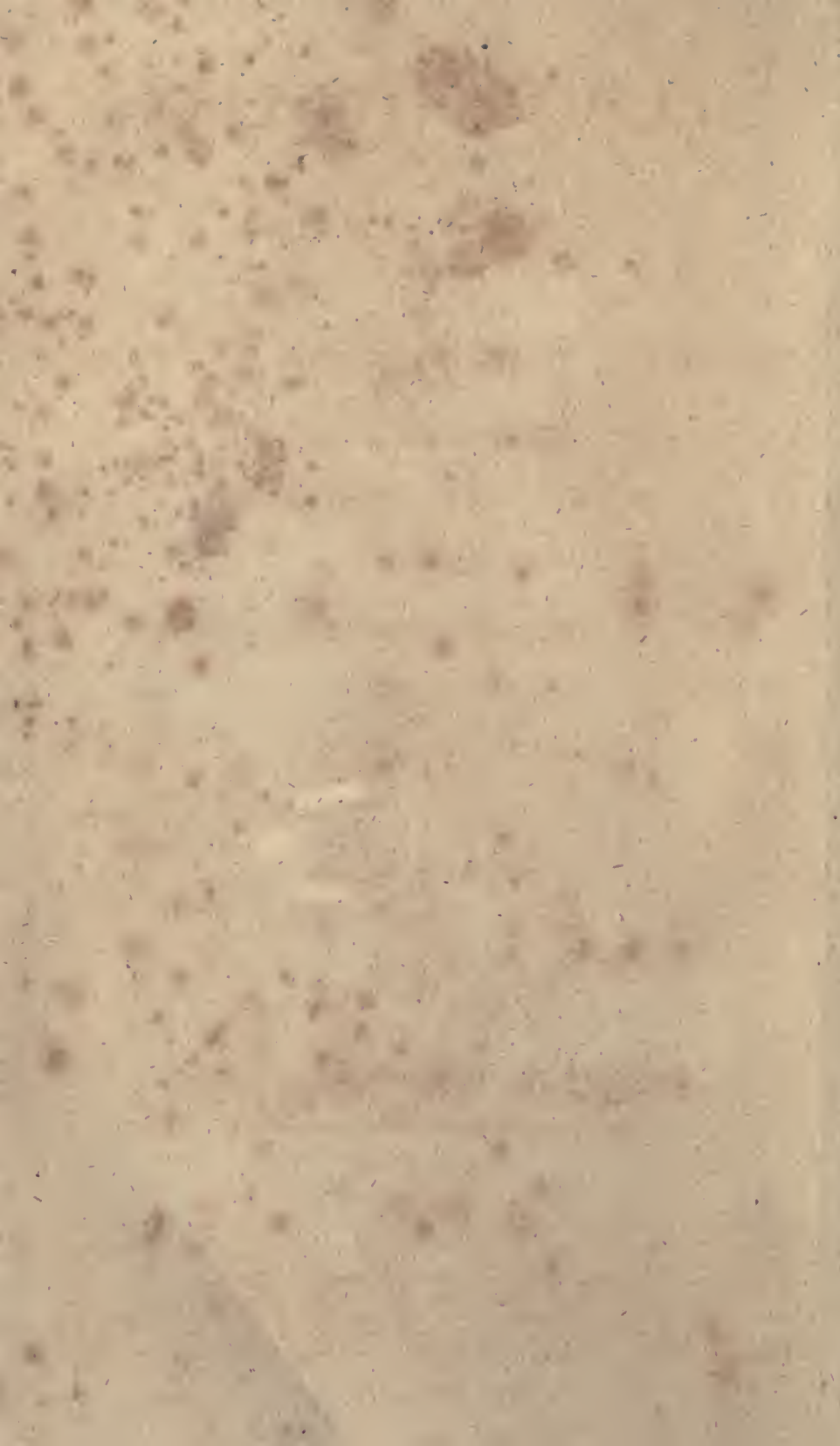
Elegant Epistles



Published July 1. 1807, by J. Mawman, & the rest of the Proprietors.

LONDON:

for J. Johnson; W. J. and J. Richardson; F. and C. Rivington; R. Faulder; Clarke and Sons; Gifford and Martin; J. White; W. Lowndes; and J. Robinson; J. Walker; H. D. Symonds; Giddell and Davies; Southwood and Letterman; Varney, Hood, and Sharpe; G. Kearsley; W. J. Nunn; Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme; Matthews and Leigh; Lockington; Allen, and Co; Pate and Williams; T. Boscage; Lettice; G. Robinson; B. Goeke and Co; J. and A. Archer; D. Walker; S. Bagster; J. Hatchard; J. Harding; W. Stewart; Wynne & Sons; J. P. J. Mawman; R. Dutton; J. Booker; T. Ostell; J. Aspernet; J. Harris; Payne and Mackintosh; S. Tipper; J. Murray; C. & R. Baldwin; R. Schaefer; and for Wilson and Spence, York.



380
1207

ELEGANT EPISTLES:

BEING

A COPIOUS COLLECTION

OF

FAMILIAR AND AMUSING LETTERS,

SELECTED FOR THE

IMPROVEMENT OF YOUNG PERSONS,

AND FOR

General Entertainment,

FROM

CICERO,
PLINY,
SYDNEY,
BACON,
RALEIGH,
HOWEL,
RUSSELL,
CLARENDON,
TEMPLE,
LOCKE,
SHAFTESBURY,

POPE,
SWIFT,
ADDISON,
STEELE,
ARBUTHNOT,
GAY,
ATTERBURY,
TILLOTSON,
HERRING,
RUNDLE,
SECKER,

WATTS,
SHENSTONE,
SOMERSET,
GRAY,
LUXBOROUGH,
WEST,
STERNE,
JOHNSON,
LYTTLETON,
HOADLY,
CHESTERFIELD,

GIBBON,
COWPER,
BEATTIE,
JONES,
RICHARDSON,
YOUNG,
MONTAGU,
AND
MANY OTHERS.

ABSENTES ADSUNT. — CIC.

A NEW EDITION, IMPROVED AND ENLARGED,

LONDON:

Printed by W. Flint, Old Bailey;

For J. Johnson; W. J. and J. Richardson; F. and C. Rivington; R. Faulder; Clarke and Sons; Cuthell and Martin; J. White; W. Lowndes; G. Wilkie and J. Robinson; J. Walker; H. D. Symonds; Cadell and Davies; Scatcherd and Letterman; Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe; G. Kearsley; W. Miller; J. Nunn; Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme; Mathews and Leigh; Lackington, Allen, and Co.; Pote and Williams; T. Boosey; Lane and Newman; G. Robinson; B. Crosby and Co.; J. and A. Arch; D. Walker; S. Bagster; J. Hatchard; J. Harding; W. Stewart; Wynne and Son; R. Phillips; J. Mawman; R. Dutton; J. Booker; T. Ostell; J. Asperne; J. Harris; Payne and Mackinlay; S. Tipper; J. Murray; C. and R. Baldwin; R. Scholey; and Wilson and Spence, York.

1807.

P R E F A C E.

THE following Collection of Letters is a part of a design, which the Editor had formed, to select and publish, in large volumes, such compositions, both in verse and prose, as he judged might be useful to young persons, by conducing to their improvement in their own language, while they were cultivating an acquaintance with the ancients, and pursuing all other accomplishments of a liberal education.

The two first parts of his plan, *Elegant Extracts in Prose and Poetry*, already published, and repeatedly printed, have been received with a degree of favour, which evinces that the preconceived idea of their utility has been amply confirmed by the decisions of experience.

Animated by their good reception, the Editor determined to proceed in his design, and to add, in a similar volume, a copious Collection of *LETTERS*. It occurred to him, that no literary exercise is in such constant request as Letter-writing. All are not to be Poets, Orators, or Historians; but all, at least above the lowest rank, are to be sometimes Letter-writers. The daily intercourse of common life cannot be duly preserved without this mode of communication. That much pleasure, and much advantage, of various kinds, is derived from it, is obvious and incontestible. Every emergence furnishes occasion for it. It is necessary to friendship, and to love; to interest, and to ambition. In every pursuit, and in every department of polished life, to write Letters is an indispensable requisite; and to write them well, a powerful recommendation. By epistolary correspondence the most important business, commercial, political, and private, is usually transacted. Who is there, who at some period of his life, finds it not of consequence to him to draw up an address with propriety, to narrate an event, to describe a character faithfully, or to write letters of compliment, condolence,

lence, or congratulation? Many natives of this country spend their youth in foreign climes. How greatly does it contribute to raise their characters at home, when they are able to write judicious letters to their relations, their friends, their patrons, and their employers? A clear, a discreet, and an elegant letter, establishes their character in their native country, while perhaps their persons are at the distance of the antipodes, raises esteem among all who read it, and often lays a foundation for future eminence. It goes before them, like a pioneer, and smooths the road, and levels the hill that leads up to honour and to fortune.

Add to these considerations, that, as an easy exercise to improve the style, and prepare for that composition, which several of the professions require, nothing is more advantageous than the practice of letter-writing at an early age.

In every view of the subject, letter-writing appeared to the Editor so useful and important, that he thought he could not render a more acceptable service to young students, than to present them with a great variety of epistolary MODELS, comprized, for their more convenient use, in one capacious volume: Models in art are certainly more instructive than rules; as examples in life are more efficacious than precepts. Rules indeed for letter-writing, of which there is a great abundance, appear to be little more than the idle effusions of pedantry; the superfluous inventions of ingenuity misemployed. The letters, which the writers of rules have given as examples for imitation, are often nothing more than mere *centos* in the expression, and servile copies in the sentiments. They have nothing in them of the healthy hue and lively vigour of nature. They resemble puny plants raised in a clime ungenial, by the gardener's incessant labour, yet possessing, after all, neither beauty, flavour, nor *stamina* for duration.

The few rules necessary in the ART, as it is called, of Letter-writing, are such as will always be prescribed to itself, by a competent share of *common sense*, duly informed by a common education. A regard must always be shewn to time, place, and person. He who has good sense will of course observe these things; and he who has it not, will not learn to observe them by the rules of rhetoricians. But to assist invention and to promote order, it may be sometimes expedient to make, in the mind, a division of a Letter into three parts, the Aristotelian *beginning*, *middle*, and *end*: or in other words, into the exordium or introduction, the statement, proposition or narrative, and the conclusion.

The exordium or introduction should be employed, not indeed with the formality of rhetoric, but with the ease of natural politeness and benevolence, in conciliating esteem, favour, and attention; the proposition or narrative, in stating the business with clearness and precision; the conclusion, in confirming what has been premised, in making apologies, in extenuating offence, and in cordial expressions of respect and affection: but is there any thing in these precepts not already obvious to common sense?

As to the epistolary style, of which so much has been said, those who wish to confine it to the easy and familiar have formed too narrow ideas of epistolary composition. The Epistle admits every subject: and every subject has its appropriate style. Ease is not to be confounded with negligence. In the most familiar Letter on the commonest subject, an Attic neatness is required. Ease in writing, like ease in dress, notwithstanding all its charms, is but too apt to degenerate to the carelessness of the sloven. In the daily attire of a gentleman, gold lace may not be requisite; but rags or filth, are still less to be borne. In the face, paint is not to be approved; but cleanliness cannot be neglected, without occasioning still greater disgust than rouge and ceruse.

That epistolary style is clearly the best, whether easy or elaborate, simple or adorned, which is best adapted to the subject, to time, to place, and to person; which, upon grave and momentous topics, is solemn and dignified; on common themes, terse, easy, and only not careless; on little and trifling matters, gay, airy, lively, and facetious; on jocular subjects, sparkling and humorous; in formal and complimentary addresses, embellished with rhetorical figures, and finished with polished periods; in persuasion, bland, insinuating, and ardent; in exhortation, serious and sententious; on prosperous affairs, open and joyous; on adverse, pensive and tender. A different style is often necessary on the same topics, to old people and to young; to men and to women; to rich and to poor; to the great, and to the little; to scholars and to the illiterate; to strangers and to familiar companions. And thus indeed might one proceed to great extent with all the parade of precept; but though this, and much more that might be repeated, may be certainly true, yet it is all sufficiently obvious to that COMMON SENSE, whose claims ought at all times to be asserted against the encroachments of pedantic tyranny*.

A good

* The writes on the epistolary art divide Epistles into various kinds:

A good understanding, as it has been already observed, improved by reading the best writers, by accurate observation of men and manners, and above all, by use and practice, will be sufficient to form an accomplished Letter-writer, without restraining the vigour of his genius, and the flights of his fancy, by a rigid observance of the line and rule. The best Letters, and indeed the best compositions of every kind, were produced before the boasted rules to teach how to write them were written or invented. The rules prescribed by critics for writing Letters are so minute and particular, as to remind one of the *recipies* in Hannah Glasse's *Cookery*. They pretend to teach how to express thoughts on paper with a mechanical process, similar to that in which the culinary authoress instructs her disciples in the composition of a minced-pye.

It is indeed a remark, confirmed by long experience, that merchants, men of business, and particularly the ladies, who have never read, or even heard of the rules of an *Erasmus*, a *Vives*, a *Melchior Junius*, or a *Lipsius*, write letters with admirable ease, perspicuity, propriety, and elegance; far better, in every respect, than some of the most celebrated dictators of rules to teach that epistolary correspondence, which themselves could never successfully practise. The learned Manutius, who had studied every rule, used to employ a month in writing a Letter of moderate length, which many an English lady could surpass in an hour.

It may not be improper in this place to mention, for the honour of the ladies, that, according to learned authors, the very first Letter that was ever written, was written by a lady. *Clemens Alexandrinus* and *Tatian* also, who copies from *Hellanicus* the historian*, expressly affirm, that the first Epistle ever composed was the production of *Atossa*, a Persian Empress. The learned

EPISTOLÆ SUNT.

Commendatitiæ—*Communicatoriæ*—*Cohortatoriæ*, quod pertinent—*Suasoriæ* *Dissuasoriæ*—*Petitoriæ*—*Consolatoriæ*—*Officiosæ*—*Conciliatoriæ**—*Mandatoriæ*—*Gratulatoriæ*—*Laudatoriæ*—*Reprehensoriæ*—*Gratiarum actiones*—*Nuncupatoriæ* seu *Dedicatoriæ*—*Accusatoriæ* seu *expostulatoriæ*—*Querulæ* & *indignatoriæ*—*Comminatoriæ*—*Nunciatoriæ*—*Denunciatoriæ*—*Ænigmatica*—*Jocosa*.

But these distinctions display more of ostentation than they furnish of utility. Every man of sense must know the tendency of his Letter, from which it takes its technical name, though he may not have heard the rhetorician's appellation of it. To persons, however, who read with a critical eye, it may not be unpleasant to class letters under some of the titles in the above table, which it would be easy to enlarge.

I refer the reader, who is curious to learn what critics have written on the art of writing letters, to *Erasmus's* very ingenious treatise, "*De conscribendis Epistolis*," where he will find much to entertain him. The genius of *Erasmus* diffuses a sunshine over the dreary fields of didactic information.

* *Ἐπιστολάς συντάσσειν ἔκτενεν ἡ Περσῶν ποτὶς κηρύσσειν γυνή, καθάπερ φησὶν Ἑλληνιστοῦ, Ἀτρίσσα δὲ ὄνομα αὐτῆς ἦν.* *TATIAN. Orat. contra GREGOR.*

ed Dodwell, as well as others, controverts the fact; and many suppose that the Letter which Homer's Prætus gave to Bellerophon, as well as that which David sent to accomplish the Death of Uriah, preceded the Letter of Atossa. Without entering into a chronological discussion, one may assert the probability, that a lady was the first writer of Letters; as ladies have, in modern times, displayed peculiar grace and spirit in epistolary correspondence. Dodwell's opinion required not the learning of Dodwell to support it, when he supposes that Epistles were written in some form or other, as soon as the art of marking thoughts by written signs was discovered and divulged.

But instead of dwelling any longer on topics, either obvious of themselves, or rather curious than useful, it is more expedient to inform the Reader, what he is to expect in the subsequent volume.

The First Book in the collection is formed from the Letters of Cicero and Pliny. To attempt to raise their characters by praises at this period, after the world has agreed in the admiration of them near two thousand years, would be no less superfluous, than to pronounce an enlogium on the sun, or to describe the beauties of the rainbow. From them their most entertaining Letters, and such as have a reference to familiar life, have been principally selected; and there is little doubt, but that an attentive student, not deficient in ability, may catch from the perusal of what is here inserted, much of their politeness both of sentiment and expression. If he possesses taste, he must be entertained by them. It is but justice to add, that great praise is due to the translator, whose polished understanding seems to have assimilated the grace of his celebrated originals. The First Book, constituting a very important part of the collection, and furnishing the finest epistolary models in the world, has been rendered for the benefit of the student abundantly copious, though confined to the Letters of Cicero and Pliny.

The next Book consists of Letters from many great and distinguished persons of our own nation, written at an early period of English literature.

The correspondence of the Sydney family forms one part of it. To the generality of readers this will be new and curious, as it was never published but in expensive folios. The Sydney family appears to have been, in their time, the most enlightened, polished, and virtuous, which the nation could boast. Many of their Letters are written in a strong, a nervous, and, in many respects, an excellent style for the age; and all that are here selected may be considered as curiosities, furnishing matter for
speculation

speculation on the language and customs of persons in high rank, at the period in which they were composed. It is a recommendation of them, that they are genuine Family Letters, not studiously laboured, like those of professed Wits and Letter-writers, but written in perfect confidence, and without the least idea of their future publication. But as old language is certainly not a model for young students in the present day, it must be remembered that this compilation professes, in its title page, to be designed for GENERAL ENTERTAINMENT, as well as for the perusal and improvement of those who are in the course of their education.

The Letters of the celebrated Howel*, which form another considerable portion of the Second Book, cannot fail of affording, in addition to the instruction of the student, much amusement to the more advanced reader, who inspects the volume merely to pass away his vacant hours. Howel's Letters were, at one time, extremely popular. They have passed through many editions. Their wit, vivacity, and frankness, render them more pleasing than many, more modern and more exact compositions. Several celebrated Collections of Letters, more correct and finished, have in them less wit, less fire, less spirit, fewer ideas, and scantier information.

Lady Rachel Russell's Letters are inserted in the Second Book, and must be allowed to constitute a very useful and ornamental part of it. They have been much admired by persons of taste and sensibility, both for their thoughts and their diction. Piety and conjugal affection, expressed in language, considering the time of its composition, so pure and proper, cannot but afford a fine example to the female aspirants after delicacy, virtue, taste, and whatever is excellent and laudable in the wife, the widow, and the mother. Such patterns in high life cannot fail of becoming beneficial in proportion as they are more known and better observed.

The

* The following is the opinion of Morhof, a learned critic, concerning the Letters of Howell, which were first published in 1645 :

Non debent hic quoque omitti JACOBI HOWEL, Equitis Angli, et Secretarii Regii, *Epistolæ familiares* . . . Mixta hic sunt negotiis civilibus literaria, *magnaque illa rarissimarum rerum varietas mirificè legentem delectat*. Agitur hic de rebus Anglicis, Gallicis, Italicis, Germanicis, Hispanicis, Belgicis, Danicis, Suecicis, undè multa ad historiam eorum temporum observari possunt. Inspurguntur nònnunquam poetici sales et facetiæ. Physica et medica non omittuntur. De rebus literariis disquiritur. Historiæ rariores narrantur. Characteres et lineamenta virorum illustrium et doctorum, tam in Anglia, quam in aliis locis, ab illo propònuntur. Elucet denique ex stylo varia et elegans eruditio. . . . Infinita propemodum hic occurrunt observatione dignissima. Quare operæ pretium faceret, qui has Epistolas in linguam vel Latinam vel Germanicam converteret.

POLYNIST. Lit. lib. ii. cap. 24.

The very names indeed of those whose Letters furnish this and the remaining Books, are of themselves a sufficient recommendation of them: Locke, Shaftesbury, Pope, Swift, Addison, and a long list of others, besides those enumerated in the title-page, require only to be announced to gain a welcome reception. To dwell on the character and excellencies of each would be to abuse the Reader's patience. Most of them are of that exalted and established rank, which praise cannot now elevate, nor censure degrade.

Since then, the authors, whose Letters fill this volume, are able to speak so powerfully for themselves, why should the Reader be detained by a longer Preface from better entertainment? Things intrinsically good will be duly appreciated by a discerning Public, and require not the ostentatious display of a florid encomium. If the Letters here selected were the Letters of obscure men, a recommendatory introduction might be necessary to their ready admission; but they are the Letters of men high in rank, high in fame, high in every quality which can excite and reward the attention of a nation, of which most of them have been at once the ornaments and the luminaries. Here indeed, like the setting sun, they shine with a softer radiance than in their more studied works; retaining, however, their beauty and magnitude undiminished, though their meridian fervour is abated. Associated in this Compilation, they unite their orbs, and form a galaxy: They charm with a mild, diffusive light, though they no longer dazzle with a noon-day splendour.

But it is time to conclude, since to proceed in recommending those who recommend themselves, is but an officious ceremony; yet the Editor, before he withdraws himself, begs leave to ask the Reader one question: Would he not think it a pleasure and a happiness, beyond the power of adequate estimation, to be able to sit down whenever he pleases, and enjoy, at his fire-side, the conversation of Cicero and Pliny, of the noble Sydneys, of the lively Howel, of Pope, of Gray, of Sterne, of Johnson, and of all the other illustrious persons, whose familiar, unstudied Letters, fill the volume before him? That pleasure, and that happiness, however great, he may here actually enjoy in as great perfection, as is now possible, since death has silenced their eloquent tongues. By a very slight effort of imagination, he may suppose himself, while he revolves these pages, in the midst of the intelligent, cheerful, social circle; and when satisfied with the familiar conversation of one, turn to another, equally excellent and entertaining in his way, though on a different subject, and in a diversified style. Happy intercourse, remote from care, from strife, from envy! and happy they who have leisure, sense, and taste, to relish it!

That

That a satisfaction so pure and so exalted, may be enjoyed from this attempt, is the sincere wish of the Editor, who ventures to express a hope, that if much is done for the Reader's entertainment, he will not complain that more has not been accomplished, but view excellence with due approbation, and defect with good-natured indulgence.

* * To this Edition is added, in the place of the Appendix, which consisted of Translations from the French, a very copious Collection of Original Letters, selected from Books published, for the most part, since the former Editions. It is not doubted, but that this Substitution of English Originals, for Translations from the French, will be highly acceptable; especially, as the Letters inserted are by Authors of high repute; and, from their recent Publication, must with many, have the grace of novelty.

Tunbridge, Sept. 15, 1807.

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Epistolarum Sylloge:

OR,

ELEGANT EPISTLES.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ANCIENT AND CLASSICAL.

SECTION I.

From the Letters of MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, to several of his Friends, as translated by WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq.

LETTER I.

To Terentia, to my dearest Tullia, and to my Son.

Brundisium, April the 30th. [A. U. 695.]
IF you do not hear from me so frequently as you might, it is because I can neither write to you nor read your letters, without falling into greater grief than I am able to support; for though I am at all times indeed completely miserable, yet I feel my misfortunes with a particular sensibility upon those tender occasions.

Oh! that I had been more indifferent to life! Our days would then have been, if not wholly unacquainted with sorrow, yet by no means thus wretched. However, if any hopes are still reserved to us of recovering some part at least of what we have lost, I shall not think that I have made altogether so imprudent a choice. But if our present fate is unalterably fixed—Ah! my dearest Terentia, if we are utterly and for ever abandoned by those gods whom you have so religiously adored, and by those men whom I have so faithfully served; let me see you as soon as possible, that I may have the satisfaction of breathing out my last departing sigh in your arms.

I have spent about a fortnight in this place *, with my friend Marcus Flaccus. This worthy man did not scruple to exercise the rights of friendship and hospitality towards me, notwithstanding the severe penalties of that iniquitous law against those who should venture to give me reception †. May I one day have it in my power to make him a return to those generous services, which I shall ever most gratefully remember!

I am just going to embark, and purpose to pass through Macedonia in my way to Cyzicum ‡. And now, my Terentia, thus wretched and ruined as I am, can I intreat you under all that weight of pain and sorrow with which, I too well know, you are oppressed, can I intreat you to be the partner and companion of my exile? but must I then live without

* Brundisium; a maritime town in the kingdom of Naples, now called *Brindisi*. Cicero, when he first withdrew from Rome, intended to have retired into Sicily; but being denied entrance by the governor of that island, he changed his direction, and came to Brundisium in his way to Greece.

† As soon as Cicero had withdrawn from Rome, Clodius procured a law, which among other articles enacted, "that no person should presume to harbour or receive him on pain of death."

‡ A considerable town in an island of the Propontis, which lay so close to the continent of Asia as to be joined with it by a bridge.

you? I know not how to reconcile myself to that hard condition; unless your presence at Rome may be a mean of forwarding my return: if any hopes of that kind should indeed subsist. But should there, as I sadly suspect, be absolutely none; come to me, I conjure you, if it be possible: for never can I think myself completely ruined, whilst I shall enjoy my Terentia's company. But how will my dearest daughter dispose of herself? A question which you yourselves must consider: for, as to my own part, I am utterly at a loss what to advise. At all events, however, that dear unhappy girl must not take any measures that may injure her conjugal repose*, or affect her in the good opinion of the world. As for my son—let me not at least be deprived of the consolation of folding him for ever in my arms. But I must lay down my pen a few moments: my tears flow too fast to suffer me to proceed.

I am under the utmost solicitude, as I know not whether you have been able to preserve any part of your estate, or (what I sadly fear) are cruelly robbed of your whole fortune. I hope Piso† will always continue what you represent him to be, entirely ours.—As to the manumission of the slaves; I think you have no occasion to be uneasy. For with regard to your own, you only promised them their liberty as they should deserve it: but excepting Orpheus, there are none of them that have any great claim to this favour. As to mine, I told them, if my estate should be forfeited, I would give them their freedom, provided I could obtain the confirmation of that grant: but if I preserved my estate, that they should all of them, excepting only a few whom I particularly named, remain in their present condition. But this is a matter of little consequence.

With regard to the advice you give me, of keeping up my spirits, in the belief that I shall again be restored to my country; I only wish that I may have reason to encourage so desirable an expectation. In the mean time, I am greatly miserable, in the uncertainty when I shall hear from you, or what hand you will find to convey your letters. I would have waited for them at this place; but the master of

the ship on which I am going to embark, could not be prevailed upon to lose the present opportunity of sailing.

For the rest, let me conjure you in my turn, to bear up under the pressure of our afflictions with as much resolution as possible. Remember that my days have all been honourable; and that I now suffer, not for my crimes, but my virtues. No, my Terentia, nothing can justly be imputed to me, but that I survived the loss of my dignities. However, if it was more agreeable to our children that I should thus live, let that reflection teach us to submit to our misfortunes with cheerfulness; insupportable as upon all other considerations they would undoubtedly be. But alas, whilst I am endeavouring to keep up your spirits, I am utterly unable to preserve my own!

I have sent back the faithful Philetærus; as the weakness of his eyes made him incapable of rendering me any service. Nothing can equal the good offices I receive from Sallustius. Pescennius likewise has given me strong marks of his affection: and I hope he will not fail in his respect also to you. Sicca promised to attend me in my exile: but he changed his mind, and has left me at this place.

I intreat you to take all possible care of your health: and be assured, your misfortunes more sensibly affect me than my own. Adieu, my Terentia, thou most faithful and best of wives! Adieu. And thou, my dearest daughter, together with that other consolation of my life, my dear son, I bid you both most tenderly farewell.

LETTER II.

To Terentia, to my dearest Tullia, and to my Son.

Thessalonica ‡, Oct. the 5th. [A. U. 695.]

I IMAGINE not, my Terentia, that I write longer letters to others than to yourself: be assured at least, if ever I do, it is merely because those I receive from them require a more particular answer. The truth of it is, I am always at a loss what to write: and as there is nothing in the present dejection of my mind, that I perform with greater reluctance in general; so I never attempt it with regard to you and my dearest daughter, that it

* Tullia was at this time married to Caius Piso Frugi, a young nobleman of one of the best families in Rome.

† Cicero's son-in-law.

‡ A city in Macedonia, now called *Salonichi*.
does

does not cost me a flood of tears. For how can I think of you without being pierced with grief in the reflection, that I have made those completely miserable, whom I ought, and wished, to have rendered perfectly happy? And I should have rendered them so, if I had acted with less timidity.

Piso's behaviour towards us in this season of our afflictions, has greatly endeared him to my heart: and I have, as well as I was able in the present discomposure of my mind, exhorted him to continue them.

I perceive you much depend upon the new tribunes: and if Pompey perseveres in his present disposition, I am inclined to think that your hopes will not be disappointed; though I must confess, I have some fears with respect to Crassus. In the mean while I have the satisfaction to find, what indeed I had reason to expect, that you act with great spirit and tenderness in all my concerns. But I lament it should be my cruel fate to expose you to so many calamities, whilst you are thus generously endeavouring to ease the weight of mine. Be assured it was with the utmost grief I read the account which Publius sent me, of the opprobrious manner in which you were dragged from the temple of Vesta, to the office of Valerius*. Sad reverse indeed! that thou, the dearest object of my fondest desires, that my Terentia, to whom such numbers were wont to look up for relief, should be herself a spectacle of the most affecting distress! and that I, who have saved so many others from ruin, should have ruined both myself and my family by my own indiscretion!

As to what you mention with regard to the area belonging to my house; I shall never look upon myself as restored to my country, till that spot of ground is again in my possession†. But this is a point that does not depend upon ourselves. Let me rather express my concern for what does; and lament that, dis-

* Terentia had taken sanctuary in the temple of Vesta, but was forcibly dragged out from thence by the directions of Clodius, in order to be examined at a public office, concerning her husband's effects.

† After Clodius had procured the law against Cicero already taken notice of, he consecrated the area where his house in Rome stood, to the perpetual service of religion, and erected a temple upon it to the Goddess of Liberty.

tressed as your circumstances already are, you should engage yourself in a share of those expences which are incurred upon my account. Be assured, if ever I should return to Rome, I shall easily recover my estate: but should fortune continue to persecute me, will you, thou dear unhappy woman, will you fondly throw away in gaining friends to a desperate cause, the last scanty remains of your broken fortunes? I conjure you then, my dearest Terentia, not to involve yourself in any charges of that kind: let them be borne by those who are able, if they are willing, to support the weight. In a word, if you have any affection for me, let not your anxiety upon my account injure your health; which, alas! is already but too much impaired. Believe me, you are the perpetual subject of my waking and sleeping thoughts: and as I know the assiduity you exert on my behalf, I have a thousand fears lest your strength should not be equal to so continued a fatigue. I am sensible at the same time, that my affairs depend entirely upon your assistance: and therefore that they may be attended with the success you hope and so zealously endeavour to obtain, let me earnestly intreat you to take care of your health.

I know not whom to write to, unless to those who first write to me, or whom you particularly mention in your letters. As you and Tullia are of opinion that I should not retreat farther from Italy, I have laid aside that design. Let me hear from you both as soon as possible, particularly if there should be any fairer prospect of my return. Farewel, ye dearest objects of my most tender affection, farewel.

LETTER III.

To the same.

Dyrrachium ‡, Nov. 26. [A. U. 695.]

I LEARN by the letters of several of my friends, as well as from general report, that you discover the greatest fortitude of mind, and that you solicit my affairs with unwearied application. Oh, my Terentia, how truly wretched am I, to be the occasion of such severe misfortunes to

‡ A city in Macedonia, now called *Durazzo*, in the Turkish dominions. This letter, though dated from Dyrrachium, appears to have been wholly written, except the postscript, at Thessalonica.

so faithful, so generous, and so excellent a woman! And my dearest Tullia too! That she who was once so happy in her father, should now derive from him such bitter sorrows! But how shall I express the anguish I feel for my little boy! who became acquainted with grief as soon as he was capable of any reflection*. Had these afflictions happened, as you tenderly represent them, by an unavoidable fate, they would have sat less heavy on my heart. But they are altogether owing to my own folly in imagining I was loved where I was secretly envied, and in not joining with those who were sincerely desirous of my friendship†. Had I been governed, indeed, by my own sentiments, without relying so much on those of my weak or wicked advisers, we might still, my Terentia, have been happy. However, since my friends encourage me to hope, I will endeavour to restrain my grief, lest the effect it may have upon my health should disappoint your tender efforts for my restoration. I am sensible at the same time of the many difficulties that must be conquered ere that point can be effected; and that it would have been much easier to have maintained my post, than it is to recover it. Nevertheless, if all the tribunes are in my interest; if Lentulus is really as zealous in my cause as he appears; and if Pompey and Cæsar likewise concur with him in the same views, I ought not, most certainly, to despair.

With regard to our slaves; I am willing to act as our friends, you tell me, advise. As to your concern in respect to the plague which broke out here; it is entirely ceased: and I had the good fortune to escape all infection. However, it was my desire to have changed my present situation for some more retired place in Epirus, where I might be secure from Piso and his soldiers‡. But the obliging Plancius was unwilling to part with me;

* Cicero's son was at this time about eight years of age.

† Cæsar and Crassus frequently solicited Cicero to unite himself to their party, promising to protect him from the outrages of Clodius, provided he would fall in with their measures.

‡ Lucius Calpurnius Piso, who was consul this year with Gabinus: they were both the professed enemies of Cicero, and supported Clodius in his violent measures. The province of Macedonia had fallen to the former, and he was now preparing to set out for his government, where his troops were daily arriving.

and still indeed detains me here in the hope that we may return together to Rome§. If ever I should live to see that happy day; if ever I should be restored to my Terentia, to my children, and to myself, I shall think all the tender solitudes we have suffered during this sad separation abundantly repaid.

Nothing can exceed the affection and humanity of Piso's || behaviour towards every one of us: and I wish he may receive from it as much satisfaction as I am persuaded he will honour.—I was far from intending to blame you with respect to my brother; but it is much my desire, especially as there are so few of you, that you should live together in the most perfect harmony. I have made my acknowledgments where you desired, and acquainted the persons you mention that you had informed me of their services.

As to the estate you propose to sell; alas! my dear Terentia, think well of the consequence: think what would become of our unhappy boy, should fortune still continue to persecute us. But my eyes stream too fast to suffer me to add more: nor would I draw the same tender flood from yours. I will only say, that if my friends should not desert me, I shall be in no distress for money: and if they should, the money you can raise by the sale of this estate will little avail. I conjure you then by all our misfortunes, let us not absolutely ruin our poor boy, who is well nigh totally undone already. If we can but raise him above indigence, a moderate share of good fortune and merit will be sufficient to open his way to whatever else we can wish him to obtain. Take care of your health, and let me know by an express how your negotiations proceed, and how affairs in general stand.—My fate must now be soon determined. I tenderly salute my son and daughter, and bid you all farewell.

P. S. I came hither not only as it is a free city¶, and much in my interest, but as it is situated likewise near Italy. But if I should find any inconvenience from its being a town of such great resort, I shall remove elsewhere, and give you due notice.

§ Plancius was at this time quæstor in Macedonia, and distinguished himself by many generous offices to Cicero in his exile.

|| Cicero's son-in-law.

¶ That is, a city which had the privilege, though in the dominions of the Roman republic, to be governed by its own laws.

LETTER IV.

To Terentia.

Dyrrachium, Nov. the 30th. [A. U. 695.]

I RECEIVED three letters from you by the hands of Aristocritus, and have wept over them till they are almost defaced with my tears. Ah! my Terentia, I am worn out with grief: nor do my own personal misfortunes more severely torture my mind, than those with which you and my children are oppressed. Unhappy indeed as you are, I am still infinitely more so; as our common afflictions are attended with this aggravating circumstance to myself, that they are justly to be imputed to my imprudence alone. I ought, most undoubtedly, either to have avoided the danger by accepting the commission which was offered me; or to have repelled force by force, or bravely to have perished in the attempt. Whereas nothing could have been more unworthy of my character, or more pregnant with misery, than the scheme I have pursued. I am overwhelmed, therefore, not only with sorrow, but with shame: yes, my Terentia, I blush to reflect that I did not exert that spirit I ought for the sake of so excellent a wife and such amiable children. The distress in which you are all equally involved, and your own ill state of health in particular, are ever in my thoughts: as I have the mortification at the same time to observe, that there appear but slender hopes of my being recalled. My enemies, in truth, are many; while those who are jealous of me are almost innumerable; and though they found great difficulty in driving me from my country, it will be extremely easy for them to prevent my return. However, as long as you have any hopes that my restoration may be effected, I will not cease to co-operate with your endeavours for that purpose, lest my weakness should seem upon all occasions to frustrate every measure in my favour. In the mean while, my person (for which you are so tenderly concerned) is secure from all danger: as in truth, I am so completely wretched, that even my enemies themselves must wish, in mere malice, to preserve my life. Nevertheless, I shall not fail to observe the caution you kindly give me.

I have sent my acknowledgments by Dexippus to the persons you desired me,

and mentioned at the same time, that you had informed me of their good offices. I am perfectly sensible of those which Piso exerts towards us with so uncommon a zeal: and indeed it is a circumstance which all the world speaks of to his honour. Heaven grant I may live to enjoy with you and our children, the common happiness of so valuable a relation *!

The only hope I have now left, arises from the new tribunes; and that too depends upon the steps they shall take in the commencement of their office; for if they should postpone my affair, I shall give up all expectations of its ever being effected. Accordingly I have dispatched Aristocritus, that you may send me immediate notice of the first measures they shall pursue, together with the general plan upon which they purpose to conduct themselves. I have likewise ordered Dexippus to return to me with all expedition, and have written to my brother to request he would give me frequent information in what manner affairs proceed. It is with a view of receiving the earliest intelligence from Rome, that I continue at Dyrrachium; a place where I can remain in perfect security, as I have upon all occasions distinguished this city by my particular patronage. However, as soon as I shall receive intimation that my enemies† are approaching, it is my resolution to retire into Epirus.

In answer to your tender proposal of accompanying me in my exile: I rather choose you should continue in Rome; as I am sensible it is upon you, that the principal burthen of my affairs must rest. If your generous negotiations should succeed, my return will prevent the necessity of that journey; if otherwise——But I need not add the rest. The next letter I shall receive from you, or at most the subsequent one, will determine me in what manner to act. In the mean time I desire you will give me a full and

* He had the great misfortune to be disappointed of his wish; for Piso died soon after this letter was written. Cicero represents him as a young nobleman, of the greatest talents and application, who devoted his whole time to the improvements of his mind, and the exercise of eloquence: as one whose moral qualifications were no less extraordinary than his intellectual, and in short as possessed of every accomplishment and virtue that could endear him to his friends, to his family, and to the public.

† The troops of Piso.

faithful information how things go on: though indeed I have now more reason to expect the final result of this affair, than an account of its progress.

Take care of your health I conjure you; assuring yourself that you are, as you ever have been, the object of my fondest wishes. Farewel, my dear Terentia! I see you so strongly before me whilst I am writing, that I am utterly spent with the tears I have shed. Once more, farewel.

LETTER V.

To Publius Lentulus, Proconsul.

[A. U. 697.]

AULUS Trebonius, who is an old and intimate friend of mine, has some important affairs in your province, which require immediate dispatch. His own illustrious character, together with the recommendations of myself and others, have, upon former occasions of this kind, obtained for him the indulgence of your predecessors. He is strongly persuaded, therefore, from that affection and those mutual good offices which subsist between you and me, that this letter will not prove a less effectual solicitor in his behalf: and let me earnestly intreat you not to disappoint him in this his expectation. Accordingly I recommend his servants, his freed-men, his agents, and, in short, his concerns of every kind, to your patronage: but particularly I beg you would confirm the decree which Titus Ampius* passed in his favour. In one word, I hope you will take all opportunities of convincing him, that you do not consider this recommendation as a matter of common and unmeaning form. Farewel.

LETTER VI.

To the same.

[A. U. 697.]

YOU will receive a full account from Pollio, of all that has been transacted in your affair, as he was not only present, but a principal manager. Believe me, I am much concerned at the unfavourable aspect of this business. However, it affords me very sensible consolation, that there is strong reason to hope the prudence of your friends will be able to elude the force of those iniquitous schemes

which have been projected to your prejudice. Even time itself will probably contribute to this end; as it often wears out the malevolence of those who either professedly, or in a disguised manner, mean one ill. I am yet farther confirmed in these pleasing hopes, whenever I reflect upon the faction that was formerly raised against myself: of which I see a very lively image in the present opposition to you. In the latter instance indeed the attack is by no means so extensive or so dangerous as that which was made upon me; nevertheless there is in general a strong similitude between the two cases: and you must pardon me, if I cannot fear upon your account what you never thought reasonable to be apprehensive of on mine. But whatever may be the event, convince the world that you are influenced by those principles for which I have admired you from your earliest youth: and believe me, my friend, the malice of your enemies will only serve to render your character so much the more illustrious. In the mean time, do me the justice to hope from my affection whatever the warmest friendship can effect; and be assured, I shall not disappoint your expectations. Farewel.

LETTER VII.

To Lucius Lucceius.

[A. U. 697.]

I HAVE frequently had it in my intentions to talk with you upon the subject of this letter; but a certain awkward modesty has always restrained me from proposing in person, what I can with less scruple request at this distance: for a letter, you know, spares the confusion of a blush. I will own, then, that I have a very strong, and, I trust, a very pardonable passion, of being celebrated in your writings: and though you have more than once given me assurance of your intending me that honour, yet I hope you will excuse my impatience of seeing your design executed. I had always, indeed, conceived a high expectation of your performances in this kind; but the specimen I have lately seen of them is so far superior to all I had figured in my imagination, that it has fired me with the most ardent desire of being immediately distinguished in your glorious annals. It is my ambition, I confess, not only to live for ever in the praises of future ages, but to have the present satisfaction, likewise,

of

* Lentulus's predecessor in this government.

of seeing myself stand approved in the authoritative records of my ingenious friend. I am sensible, at the same time, that your thoughts are already deeply engaged in the prosecution of your original design. But as I perceive you have almost completed your account of the Italic and Marian civil wars, and remember you proposed to carry on the remainder of our history in a regular series; I cannot forbear recommending it to your consideration, whether it would be best to weave the relation of Cataline's conspiracy into the general texture of your performance, or cast it into a distinct work. It is certain, several of the Greek historians will justify you in this latter method. Thus Calisthenes wrote a narrative of the siege of Troy, as both Timæus and Polybius did of the Pyrric and Numantine wars, in so many detached pieces from their larger histories. As to the honour that will arise to me, it will be much the same, I must own, upon whichever scheme you may determine to proceed: but I shall receive so much the earlier gratification of my wishes, if, instead of waiting till you regularly advance to that period of our annals, you should enter upon it by this method of anticipation. Besides, by keeping your mind attentive to one principal scene and character, you will treat your subject, I am persuaded, so much the more in detail, as well as embellish it with higher graces. I must acknowledge it is not extremely modest, thus to impose a task upon you which your occupations may well justify you in refusing; and then add a farther request, that you would honour my actions with your applause; an honour, after all, which you may not think, perhaps, they greatly deserve. However, when a man has once transgressed the bounds of decency, it is in vain to recede; and his wisest way is to push on boldly in the same confident course, to the end of his purpose. I will venture, then, earnestly to intreat you not to confine yourself to the strict laws of history, but to give a greater latitude to your encomiums, than, possibly, you may think my actions can claim. I remember, indeed, you declare in one of your very elegant prefaces, that you are as inflexible to all the pleas of affliction, as Xenophon represents Hercules to have been to those of pleasure*. Let me

hope, nevertheless, if friendship should too strongly recommend my actions to your approbation, you will not reject her generous partiality, but give somewhat more to affection, than rigorous truth, perhaps, can justly demand.

If I should prevail upon you to fall in with my proposal, you will find the subject, I persuade myself, not unworthy of your genius and your eloquence. The entire period from the rise of Cataline's conspiracy to my return from banishment, will furnish, I should imagine, a moderate volume. It will supply you likewise with a noble occasion of displaying your judgment in politics, by laying open the source of those civil disorders, and pointing out their proper remedies, as well as by giving your reasons for approving or condemning the several transactions which you relate. And should you be disposed to indulge your usual spirit of freedom, you will have an opportunity of pointing out, at the same time, with all the severity of your indignation, the treachery and perfidiousness of those who laid their ungenerous snares for my destruction. I will add too, that this period of my life will furnish you with numberless incidents, which cannot but draw the reader's attention in a very agreeable manner: as nothing is more amusing to the mind than to contemplate the various vicissitudes of fortune. And though they were far, 'tis true, from being acceptable in experience, they cannot fail of giving me much entertainment in description: as there is an inexpressible satisfaction in reflecting, at one's ease, on distresses we have formerly suffered. There is something likewise in that compassion which arises from reading an account of the misfortunes which have attended others, that casts a most agreeable melancholy upon the mind. Who can peruse the relation of the last moments of Epaminondas at the battle of Mantinea, without finding himself touched with a pleasing commiseration? That glorious chief, you may remember, would not suffer the dart to be drawn out of his diadem relates the fable, retired into a place of undisturbed solitude, in order to determine with himself what course of life he should pursue. Whilst he was in the midst of his contemplations, Pleasure and Virtue appeared to him under the figures of two beautiful women; and each accosted him in her turn. He heard their respective pleas with great attention; but Virtue gained her cause, and entirely won the hear of the future hero.

* The story to which Cicero here alludes, is this: Hercules when he was yet a youth, as Pro-

side, till he was informed that the shield was safe from the hands of his enemies: and all his concern amidst the anguish of his wound was, to die with glory*. What can be more interesting also than the account of the flight and death of Themistocles?† The truth of it is, a mere narrative of general facts affords little more entertainment to the reader, than he might find in perusing one of our public registers. Whereas in the history of any extraordinary person, our fear and hope, our joy and sorrow, our astonishment and expectation, are each of them engaged by turns. And if the final result of all should be concluded with some remarkable catastrophe, the mind of the reader is filled with the highest possible gratification. For these reasons I am the more desirous of persuading you to separate my story from the general thread of your narration, and work it up into a detached performance: as indeed it will exhibit a great variety of the most interesting and affecting scenes.

When I tell you it is my ambition to be celebrated by your pen, I am by no means apprehensive you will suspect me of flattery. The consciousness of your merit must always incline you to believe it is envy alone that can be silent in your praise: as on the other side, you cannot imagine me so weak as to desire to be transmitted to posterity by any hand, which could not secure to itself the same glory it bestowed. When Alexander chose to have his picture drawn by Apelles, and his statue formed by Lysippus‡, it was not in order to ingratiate himself with those distinguished artists; it was from a firm persuasion, that the works of these admired geniuses would do equal credit both to his reputation and their own. The utmost, however, that art could perform, was to perpetuate the

persons only of their celebrated contemporaries: but merit needs not any such visible exhibitions to immortalize its fame. Accordingly the Spartan Agesilaus, who would never suffer any picture or statue of him to be taken, is not less universally known, than those who have been most fond of having their persons copied out for posterity. The single treatise which Xenophon has written in praise of that renowned general, is more to his glory than all the pictures and statues of all the artists in the universe. It would be a much higher satisfaction to me, therefore, as it would be a far greater honour to be recorded by your hand than that of any other; not only because your genius would raise and adorn my actions with the same advantage as Timæus§ has displayed those of Timoleon, or Herodotus those of Themistocles; but because of the additional credit I shall receive from the applause of so illustrious, so experienced, and so approved a patriot. By this means I shall enjoy, not only the same glorious privilege which, as Alexander observed when he was at Sigæum, Achilles received from Homer||; but what is still more important, the powerful testimony of a man who is himself distinguished by the noblest and most uncommon virtues. Accordingly, I have been always wonderfully pleased with the sentiment which Nævius puts into the mouth of Hector, where that hero, speaking of the approbation he had received from his illustrious father, adds, that it gave him so much the more satisfaction, as coming from one who was himself the great object of universal applause. But should want of leisure (for it would be an injustice to our friendship to suppose it can be want of inclination), should your occupations then prevent your compliance with this my request; I may perhaps be obliged to take a method, which, though often condemned, is supported nevertheless by several considerable examples — I mean, to be the historian of my own transactions. But you are sensible, there are two inconveniencies which attend this scheme: for a man must necessarily be more reserved in

* Epaminondas headed the forces of the Thebans, in a battle which they fought with the Lacedæmonians at Mantinea, a town in Arcadia. The Thebans gained the victory, but lost their invaluable commander; whose death was attended with the circumstances which Cicero here mentions.

† Themistocles, after having distinguished himself among his countrymen the Athenians by his military virtues, particularly in the wars in which they were engaged with Xerxes, had rendered himself so popular, that it was thought necessary to remove him; and accordingly he was obliged to withdraw from Athens.

‡ A famous statuary; of whom Demetrius remarks, that he was more celebrated for taking a strong than an agreeable likeness.

§ The works of Timæus are lost.

|| Alexander, being elected commander in chief of the confederate troops which the Grecians sent against Xerxes, crossed the Hellespont with his army, and landed at Sigæum, a promontory near Troy, where he visited the tomb of Achilles.

setting forth those parts of his conduct which merit approbation; as he will be inclined entirely to pass over others which may deserve reproach. I must add, likewise, that what a writer says to his own advantage, always carries with it a less degree of force and authority, than when it comes from any other pen. In a word, the world in general is little disposed to approve any attempt of this kind. On the contrary, one often hears the more modest method of the poets at the Olympic games, recommended upon such occasions, who, after they have crowned the several victors, and publicly called over their names, always employ some other person to perform the same office to themselves, that they may not be the heralds of their own applause. This imputation, therefore, I would willingly avoid; as I certainly shall, if you should comply with my request, and take this employment out of my hands.

You will be surprised, perhaps, that I spend so much time and pains in soliciting you for that purpose, after having so often heard you declare your intentions of giving the world a very accurate history of my administration. But you must remember the natural warmth of my temper, and that I am fired, as I told you in the beginning of my letter, with an impatient desire of seeing this your design carried into execution. To own the whole truth, I am ambitious of being known to the present generation by your writings, and to enjoy in my lifetime a foretaste of that little share of glory which I may expect from future ages. If it be not too much trouble, therefore, I should be glad you would immediately let me know your resolution. And should it prove agreeable to my request, I will draw up some general memoirs of my transactions for your use: if otherwise, I will take an opportunity of discoursing farther with you upon this affair in person. In the mean time, continue to polish the work you have begun, and to love me as usual*. Farewel.

LETTER VIII.

To Marcus Marius†.

[A. U. 698.]

IF your general valetudinary disposition prevented you from being a spectator

* Pliny has made a request to Tacitus, of the same nature with that which is the subject of the letter before us.

† The person to whom this letter is addressed,

of our late public entertainments†, it is more to fortune than to philosophy that I am to impute your absence. But if you declined our party for no other reason than as holding in just contempt what the generality of the world so absurdly admire, I must at once congratulate you both on your health and your judgment. I say this upon a supposition, however, that you were enjoying the philosophical advantages of that delightful scene, in which, I imagine, you were almost wholly deserted. At the same time that your neighbours, probably, were nodding over the dull humour of our trite farces, my friend, I dare say, was indulging his morning meditations in that elegant apartment from whence you have opened a prospect to Sejanum, through the Stabian hills§. And whilst you were employing the rest of the day in those various polite amusements which you have the happy privilege to plan out for yourself; we, alas, had the mortification of tamely enduring those dramatical representations, to which Mælius, it seems, our professed critic, had given his infallible sanction; but as you will have the curiosity, perhaps, to require a more particular account, I must tell you, that though our entertainments were extremely magnificent indeed, yet they were by no means such as you would have relished; at least if I may judge of your taste by my own. Some of those actors who had formerly distinguished themselves with great applause, but had long since retired, I imagined, in order to preserve the reputation they had raised, were now again introduced upon the stage; as in honour, it seems, of the festival. Among these was my old friend Æsopus: but so different from what we once knew him,

seems to have been of a temper and constitution that placed him far below the ambition of being known to posterity. But a private letter from Cicero's hand, has been sufficient to dispel the obscurity he appears to have loved, and to render his retirement conspicuous.

‡ They were exhibited by Pompey at the opening of his theatre; one of the most magnificent structures of ancient Rome, and so extensive as to contain no less than 50,000 spectators. It was built after the model of one which he saw at Mitylene; in his return from the Mithridatic war; and adorned with the noblest ornaments of statuary and painting. Some remains of this immense building still subsist.

§ Sejanum is found in no other ancient author. Stabie was a maritime town in Campania, situated upon the bay of Naples, from whence the adjoining hills here mentioned took their name.

that

that the whole audience agreed he ought to be excused from acting any more. For when he was pronouncing the celebrated oath,

If I deceive, be Jove's dread vengeance hurl'd,
 &c.

the poor old man's voice failed him; and he had not strength to go through with the speech. As to the other parts of our theatrical entertainments, you know the nature of them so well, that it is scarce necessary to mention them. They had less indeed to plead in their favour than even the most ordinary representations of this kind can usually claim. The enormous parade with which they were attended, and which, I dare say, you would very willingly have spared, destroyed all the grace of the performance. What pleasure could it afford to a judicious spectator, to see a thousand mules prancing about the stage, in the tragedy of Clytemnestra; or whole regiments accoutred in foreign armour, in that of the *Trojan horse*? In a word, what man of sense could be entertained with viewing a mock army drawn up on the stage in battle array? These, I confess, are spectacles extremely well adapted to captivate vulgar eyes; but undoubtedly would have had no charm in yours. In plain truth, my friend, you would have received more amusement from the dullest piece that Protegenes could possibly have read to you* (my own orations, however, let me always except), than we met with at these ridiculous shews. I am well persuaded, at least, you could not regret the loss of our Oscan and Grecian farces†. Your own noble senate will always furnish you with drollery sufficient of the former kind‡; and as to the latter, I know you have such an utter aversion to every thing that bears the name of Greek, that you will not even travel the Gre-

cian road to your villa. As I remember you once despised our formidable gladiators, I cannot suppose you would have looked with less contempt on our athletic performers: and, indeed, Pompey himself acknowledges, that they did not answer the pains and expence they had cost him. The remainder of our diversions consisted in combats of wild beasts§, which were exhibited every morning and afternoon during five days successively; and it must be owned, they were magnificent. Yet, after all, what entertainment can possibly arise to an elegant and humanised mind, from seeing a noble beast strack to the heart by its merciless hunter, or one of our own weak species cruelly mangled by an animal of much superior strength? But were there any thing really worth observing in spectacles of this savage kind, they are spectacles extremely familiar to you: and those I am speaking of, had not any peculiar novelty to recommend them. The last day's sport was composed entirely of elephants; which, though they made the common people stare indeed, did not seem however to afford them any great satisfaction. On the contrary, the terrible slaughter of these poor animals created a general commiseration; as it is a prevailing notion, that these creatures in some degree participate of our rational faculties.

That you may not imagine I had the happiness of being perfectly at my ease during the whole of this pompous festival, I must acquaint you, that while the people were amusing themselves at the plays, I was almost killed with the fatigue of pleading for your friend Gallus Caninus. Were the world as much inclined to favour my retreat, as they shewed themselves in the case of *Æsopus*, believe me, I would for ever renounce my art, and spend the remainder of my days with you and some others of the same philosophical turn. The truth of it is, I began to grow weary of this employment, even at a time when youth and ambition prompted my perseverance; and I will add too, when I was at full liberty to exercise it in defence of those only whom I was inclined to assist. But in my present

§ Beasts of the wildest and most uncommon kinds were sent for upon these occasions, from every corner of the known world: and Dion Cassius relates, that no less than 500 lions were killed at these hunting-matches with which Pompey entertained the people.

circum-

* It was usual with persons of distinction amongst the Romans, to keep a slave in their family whose sole business it was to read to them. Protegenes seems to have attended Marius in that capacity.

† The Oscan farces were so called from the Osci, an ancient people of Campania, from whom the Romans received them. They seem to have been of the same kind with our Bartholomew drolls, and to have consisted of low and obscene humour.

‡ The municipal or corporate towns in Italy were governed by magistrates of their own, who probably made much the same sort of figure in their rural senate, as our burgesses in their town-hall.

circumstances, it is absolute slavery: for, on the one side, I never expect to reap any advantage from my labours of this kind; and on the other, in compliance with solicitations which I cannot refuse, I am sometimes under the disagreeable necessity of appearing as an advocate in behalf of those who ill deserve that favour at my hands. For these reasons I am framing every possible pretence for living hereafter according to my own taste and sentiments: as I highly both approve and applaud that retired scene of life which you have so judiciously chosen. I am sensible at the same time, that this is the reason you so seldom visit Rome. However, I the less regret that you do not see it oftener, as the numberless unpleasant occupations in which I am engaged, would prevent me from enjoying the entertainment of your conversation, or giving you that of mine; if mine, indeed, can afford you any. But if ever I should be so fortunate as to disentangle myself, in some degree at least (for I am contented not to be wholly released), from these perplexing embarrassments; I will undertake to shew even my elegant friend, wherein the truest refinements of life consist. In the mean while, continue to take care of your health, that you may be able, when that happy time shall arrive, to accompany me in my litter to my several villas.

You must impute it to the excess of my friendship, and not to the abundance of my leisure, that I have lengthened this letter beyond my usual extent. It was merely in compliance with a request in one of yours, where you intimate a desire that I would compensate in this manner what you lost by not being present at our public diversions. I shall be extremely glad, if I have succeeded; if not, I shall have the satisfaction however to think, that you will for the future be more inclined to give us your company on these occasions, than to rely on my letters for your amusement. Farewel.

LETTER IX.

To Marcus Licinius Crassus.

[A. U. 699.]

I AM persuaded that all your friends have informed you of the zeal with which I lately both defended and promoted your dignities: as indeed it was too warm and too conspicuous to have been passed over in silence. The oppo-

sition I met with from the consuls*, as well as from several others of consular rank, was the strongest I ever encountered: and you must now look upon me as your declared advocate upon all occasions where your glory is concerned. Thus have I abundantly compensated for the intermission of those good offices, which the friendship between us had long given you a right to claim; but which, by a variety of accidents, have lately been somewhat interrupted. There never was a time, believe me, when I wanted an inclination to cultivate your esteem, or promote your interest: though, it must be owned, a certain set of men, who are the bane of all amicable intercourse, and who envied us the mutual honour that resulted from ours, have upon some occasions been so unhappily successful as to create a coolness between us. It has happened, however (what I rather wished than expected), that I have found an opportunity, even when your affairs were in the most prosperous train, of giving a public testimony by my services to you, that I always most sincerely preserved the remembrance of our former amity. The truth is, I have approved myself your friend, not only to the full conviction of your family in particular, but of all Rome in general. In consequence of which, that most valuable of women, your excellent wife†, together with those illustrious models of virtue and filial piety, your two amiable sons, have perpetual recourse to my assistance and advice: and the whole world is sensible, that no one is more zealously disposed to serve you than myself.

Your family correspondents have informed you, I imagine, of what has hitherto passed in your affair, as well as of what is at present in agitation. As for myself, I intreat you to do me the justice to believe, that it was not any sudden start of inclination, which disposed me to embrace this opportunity of vindicating your honour; on the contrary, it was my ambition from the first moment I entered the Forum, to be ranked in the number of your friends‡. I have the

* The consuls of this year were L. Domitius Ahenobarbus, and Appius Claudius Pulcher.

† This lady's name was Tertulla.

‡ Crassus was almost ten years older than Cicero; so that when the latter first appeared at the bar, the former had already established a character by his oratorical abilities.

satisfaction to reflect, that I have never, from that time to this hour, failed in the highest sentiments of esteem for you : and I doubt not, you have always retained the same affectionate regard towards me. If the effects of this mutual disposition have been interrupted by any little suspicions (for suspicions only, I am sure, they were), be the remembrance of them for ever blotted out of our hearts. I am persuaded indeed, from those virtues which form *your* character, and from those which I am desirous should distinguish *mine*, that our friendly union in the present conjuncture cannot but be attended with equal honour to us both. What instances you may be willing to give me of your esteem, must be left to your own determination : but they will be such, I flatter myself, as may tend most to advance my dignities. For my own part, I faithfully promise the utmost exertion of my best services, in every article wherein I can contribute to increase yours. Many, I know, will be my rivals in these amicable offices : but it is a contention in which all the world, I question not, and particularly your two sons, will acknowledge my superiority. Be assured, I love them both in a very uncommon degree ; though I will own, that Publius is my favourite. From his infancy indeed, he discovered a singular regard to me ; as he particularly distinguishes me at this time with all the marks even of filial respect and affection.

Let me desire you to consider this letter, not as a strain of unmeaning compliment, but as a sacred and solemn covenant of friendship, which I shall most sincerely and religiously observe. I shall now persevere in being the advocate of your honours, not only from a motive of affection, but from a principle of constancy : and without any application on your part, you may depend on my embracing every opportunity, wherein I shall think my services may prove agreeable to your interest or your inclinations. Can you once doubt then, that any request to me for this purpose, either by yourself or your family, will meet with a most punctual observance ? I hope, therefore, you will not scruple to employ me in all your concerns, of what nature or importance soever, as one who is most faithfully your friend : and that you will direct your family to apply to me in all their affairs of every kind, whether relating to you or to themselves, to their

friends or their dependents. And be assured, I shall spare no pains to render your absence as little uneasy to them as possible. Farewell.

LETTER X.

To Julius Caesar *.

[A. U. 699.]

I AM going to give an instance how much I rely upon your affectionate services, not only towards myself, but in favour also of my friends. It was my intention, if I had gone abroad in any foreign employment, that Trebatius † should have accompanied me : and he would not have returned without receiving the highest and most advantageous honours I should have been able to have conferred upon him. But as Pompey, I find, defers setting out upon his commission longer than I imagined, and I am apprehensive likewise that the doubts you know I entertain in regard to my attending him, may possibly prevent, as they will certainly at least delay, my journey ; I take the liberty to refer Trebatius to *your* good offices, for those benefits he expected to have received from mine. I have ventured indeed to promise, that he will find you full as well disposed to advance his interest, as I have always assured him he would find me : and a very extraordinary circumstance occurred, which seemed to confirm this opinion I entertained of your generosity. For in the very instant I was talking with Balbus upon this subject, your letter was delivered to me : in the close of which you pleasantly tell me, that “ in compliance with my request, you will make “ Orfius king of Gaul, or assign him over “ to Lepta, and advance any other person whom I should be inclined to recommend.” This had so remarkable a coincidence with our discourse, that it struck both Balbus and myself, as a sort of a happy omen that had something in it more than accidental. As it was my in-

* Caesar was at this time in Gaul, preparing for his first expedition into Britain.

† This person seems to have been in the number of Caesar's particular favourites. He appears in this earlier part of his life to have been of a more gay and indolent disposition than is consistent with making a figure in business ; but he afterwards, however, became a very celebrated lawyer : and one of the most agreeable satires of Horace is addressed to him under that honourable character.

tention, therefore, before I received your letter, to have transmitted Trebatius to you; so I now consign him to your patronage as upon your own invitation. Receive him then, my dear Cæsar, with your usual generosity; and distinguish him with every honour that my solicitations can induce you to confer. I do not recommend him in the manner you so justly rallied, when I wrote to you in favour of Orfius: but I will take upon me to assure you, in true Roman sincerity, that there lives not a man of greater modesty and merit. I must not forget to mention also (what indeed is his distinguishing qualification), that he is eminently skilled in the laws of his country, and happy in an uncommon strength of memory. I will not point out any particular piece of preferment, which I wish you to bestow upon him: I will only in general intreat you to admit him into a share of your friendship. Nevertheless, if you should think proper to distinguish him with the tribunate or præfecture*, or any other little honours of that nature; I shall have no manner of objection. In good earnest, I entirely resign him out of my hands into yours, which never were lifted up in battle, or pledged in friendship without effect. But I fear I have pressed you farther upon this occasion than was necessary: however, I know you will excuse my warmth in the cause of a friend. Take care of your health, and continue to love me. Farewel.

LETTER XI.

To Trebatius.

[A. U. 699.]

I NEVER write to Cæsar or Balbus, without taking occasion to mention you in the advantageous terms you deserve; and this in a style that evidently distinguishes me for your sincere well-wisher. I hope therefore you will check this idle passion for the elegancies of Rome, and resolutely persevere in the purpose of your journey, till your merit and assiduity shall have obtained the desired effect. In the mean

* The military tribunes were next in rank to the lieutenants or commanders in chief under the general; as the *præfectus legionis* was the most honourable post in the Roman armies after that of the military tribunes. The business of the former was, among other articles, to decide all controversies that arose among the soldiers; and that of the latter was, to carry the chief standard of the legion.

time, your friends here will excuse your absence, no less than the ladies of Corinth did that of Medea in the play†, when she artfully persuades them not to impute it to her as a crime, that she had forsaken her country: for, as she tells them,

There are who distant from their native soil,
Still for their own and country's glory toil:
While some fast-rooted to their parent-spot,
In life are useless, and in death forgot.

In this last inglorious class you would most certainly have been numbered, had not your friends all conspired in forcing you from Rome.—But more of this another time: in the mean while let me advise you, who know so well how to manage securities for others, to *secure* yourself from the British charioteers‡. And since I have been *playing* the Medea, let me make my exit with the following lines of the same tragedy, which are well worth your constant remembrance:

His wisdom, sure, on folly's confines lies,
Who, wise for others, for himself's unwise,

Farewel.

LETTER XII.

To the same.

[A. U. 699.]

I TAKE all opportunities of writing in your favour: and I shall be glad you would let me know with what success. My chief reliance is on Balbus: in my letters to whom I frequently and warmly recommend your interest. But why do you not let me hear from you every time my brother dispatches a courier?

I am informed there is neither gold nor silver in all Britain§. If that should be the

† Medea, being enamoured of Jason, assisted him in obtaining the golden fleece, and then fled with him from her father's court. He afterwards however deserted her for Creusa, the daughter of Creon king of Corinth, whom Medea destroyed by certain magical arts. Ennius, a Roman poet who flourished about a century before the date of this letter, formed a play upon this story.

‡ The armies of the ancient Britons were partly composed of troops who fought in open chariots; to the axle-trees of which were fixed a kind of short scythe.

§ A notion had prevailed among the Romans, that Britain abounded in gold and silver mines: and this report, it is probable, first suggested to Cæsar the design of conquering Britain. It was soon discovered, however, that these sources of wealth existed only in their own imagination: and all their hopes of plunder ended in the little advantage

the case, I would advise you to seize one of the enemy's military cars, and drive back to us with all expedition. But if you think you shall be able to make your fortune without the assistance of British spoils, by all means establish yourself in Cæsar's friendship. To be serious; both my brother and Balbus will be of great service to you for that purpose; but, believe me, your own merit and assiduity will prove your best recommendation. You have every favourable circumstance indeed for your advancement, that can be wished. On the one hand, you are in the prime and vigour of your years; as on the other, you are serving under a commander distinguished for the generosity of his disposition, and to whom you have been recommended in the strongest terms. In a word, there is not the least fear of your success, if your own concurrence be not wanting. Farewel.

LETTER XIII.

To Trebatius.

[A. U. 699.]

I HAVE received a very obliging letter from Cæsar, wherein he tells me, that though his numberless occupations have hitherto prevented him from seeing you so often as he wishes, he will certainly find an opportunity of being better acquainted with you. I have assured him in return, how extremely acceptable his generous services to you would prove to myself. But surely you are much too precipitate in your determinations: and I could not but wonder that you should have refused the advantages of a tribune's commission, especially as you might have been excused, it seems, from the functions of that post. If you continue to act thus indiscreetly, I shall certainly exhibit an *information* against you to your friends Vacerra and Manilius. I dare not venture, however, to *lay the case* before Cornelius: for as you profess to have learned all your wisdom from his instructions; to arraign the pupil of imprudence, would be a tacit reflection, you know, upon the tutor. But in good earnest, I conjure you not to lose the fairest opportunity of making your fortune, that probably will ever fall again in your way.

vantage they could make by the sale of their prisoners. Cicero, taking notice of this circumstance to Atticus, ridicules the poverty and ignorance of our British ancestors.

I frequently recommend your interest^s to Precianus, whom you mention; and he writes me word that he has done you some good offices. Let me know of what kind they are. I expect a letter upon your arrival in Britain. Farewel.

LETTER XIV.

To the same.

[A. U. 699.]

I HAVE made your acknowledgments to my brother, in pursuance of your request; and am glad to have an occasion of applauding you for being fixed at last in some settled resolution. The style of your former letters, I will own, gave me a good deal of uneasiness. And allow me to say, that in some of them you discovered an impatience to return to the polite refinements of Rome, which had the appearance of much levity: that in some I regretted your indolence, and in others your timidity. They frequently likewise gave me occasion to think, that you were not altogether so reasonable in your expectations, as is agreeable to your usual modesty. One would have imagined, indeed, you had carried a bill of exchange upon Cæsar, instead of a letter of recommendation: for you seemed to think you had nothing more to do than to receive your money and hasten home again. But money, my friend, is not so easily acquired: and I could name some of our acquaintance who have been obliged to travel as far as Alexandria in pursuit of it, without having yet been able to obtain even their just demands*. If my inclinations were governed solely by my interest, I should certainly choose to have you here: as nothing affords me more pleasure than your company, or more advantage than your advice and assistance. But as you sought my friendship and patronage from your earliest youth, I always thought it incumbent upon me to act with a disinterested view to your welfare; and not only to give you my protection, but to advance, by every means in my power, both your fortunes and your dignities. In consequence of which, I dare say you have not forgotten those unsolicited offers I made you, when I had thoughts of being employed abroad. I no sooner gave up my

* Alluding to those who supplied Ptolemy with money when he was soliciting his affairs in Rome.

intentions of this kind, and perceived that Cæsar treated me with great distinction and friendship, than I recommended you in the strongest and warmest terms to his favour; perfectly well knowing the singular probity and benevolence of his heart. Accordingly he shewed, not only by his letters to me, but by his conduct towards you, the great regard he paid to my recommendation. If you have any opinion, therefore, of my judgment, or imagine that I sincerely wish you well, let me persuade you to continue with him. And notwithstanding you should meet with some things to disgust you, as business, perhaps, or other obstructions, may render him less expeditious in gratifying your views than you had reason to expect, still however persevere; and trust me, you will find it prove in the end both for your interest and your honour. To exhort you any farther, might look like impertinence: let me only remind you, that if you lose this opportunity of improving your fortune, you will never meet again with so generous a patron, so rich a province, or so convenient a season for this purpose. And (to express myself in the style of your lawyers) Cornelius has *given his opinion* to the same effect.

I am glad for my sake, as well as yours, that you did not attend Cæsar into Britain; as it has not only saved *you* the fatigue of a very disagreeable expedition, but *me* likewise that of being the perpetual auditor of your wonderful exploits.—Let me know in what part of the world you are likely to take up your winter-quarters, and in what post you are, or expect to be employed. Farewel.

LETTER XV.

To the same.

[A. U. 699.]

IT is a considerable time since I have heard any thing from you. As for myself, if I have not written these three months, it was because, after you were separated from my brother, I neither knew where to address my letters, nor by what hand to convey them. I much wish to be informed how your affairs go on, and in what part of the world your winter-quarters are likely to be fixed. I should be glad they might be with Cæsar; but, as I would not venture in his present

affliction * to trouble him with a letter, I have written upon that subject to Balbus. In the mean while, let me intreat you not to be wanting to yourself: and for my own part, I am contented to give up so much more of your company, provided the longer you stay abroad the richer you should return. There is nothing, I think, particularly to hasten you home, now that Vacerra is dead. However, you are the best judge: and I should be glad to know what you have determined.

There is a queer fellow of your acquaintance, one Octavius or Cornelius (I do not perfectly recollect his name), who is perpetually inviting me, as a friend of yours, to sup with him. He has not yet prevailed with me to accept his compliment: however, I am obliged to the man. Farewel.

LETTER XVI.

To the same.

[A. U. 699.]

I PERCEIVE by your letter, that my friend Cæsar looks upon you as a most wonderful lawyer: and are you not happy in being thus placed in a country where you make so considerable a figure upon so small a stock? But with how much greater advantage would your noble talents have appeared had you gone into Britain? Undoubtedly there would not have been so profound a sage in the law throughout all that extensive island.

Since your epistle has provoked me to be thus jocose, I will proceed in the same strain, and tell you there was one part of it I could not read without some envy. And how indeed could it be otherwise, when I found, that, whilst much greater men were in vain attempting to get admittance to Cæsar, you were singled out from the crowd and even summoned to an

* Cæsar about this time lost his daughter Julia, who died in child-bed. She was married to Pompey, who was so passionately fond of her, that she seems, during the short time they lived together, to have taken entire possession of his whole heart, and to have turned all his ambition into the single desire of appearing amiable in her eye. The death of this young lady proved a public calamity, as it dissolved the only foreible bond of union between her father and her husband, and hastened that rupture which ended in the destruction of the commonwealth.

audience? * But after giving me an account of affairs which concern others, why were you silent as to your own; assured as you are that I interest myself in them with as much zeal as if they immediately related to myself? Accordingly, as I am extremely afraid you will have no *employment* to keep you warm in your winter-quarters, I would by all means advise you to lay in a sufficient quantity of fuel. Both Mucius and Manilius† have *given their opinions* to the same purpose; especially as your *regimentals*, they apprehend, will scarce be ready soon enough to secure you against the approaching cold. We hear, however, that there has been *hot work* in your part of the world; which somewhat alarmed me for your safety. But I comforted myself with considering, that you are not altogether so desperate a soldier as you are a lawyer. It is a wonderful consolation indeed to your friends, to be assured that your passions are not an overmatch for your prudence. Thus, as much as I know you love the water‡, you would not venture, I find, to cross it with Cæsar: and though nothing could keep you from the combats§ in Rome, you were much too wise, I perceive, to attend them in Britain.

But pleasantry apart: you know without my telling you, with what zeal I have recommended you to Cæsar; though perhaps you may not be apprised, that I have frequently, as well as warmly, written to him upon that subject. I had for some time, indeed, intermitted my solicitations, as I would not seem to distrust

* Trebatius, it is probable, had informed Cicerò in the letter to which this is an answer, that he had been summoned by Cæsar to attend him as his assessor upon some trial: which seems to have led this author into the raileries of this and the preceding passages.

† Mucius and Manilius, it must be supposed, were two lawyers, and particular friends of Trebatius.

‡ The art of swimming was among the number of polite exercises in ancient Rome, and esteemed a necessary qualification for every gentleman. It was indeed one of the essential arts in military discipline, as both the soldiers and officers had frequently no other means of pursuing or retreating from the enemy. Accordingly, the *Campus Martius*, a place where the Roman youth were taught the science of arms, was situated on the banks of the Tiber; and they constantly finished their exercises of this kind, by throwing themselves into the river.

§ Alluding to his fondness of the gladiatorial games.

his friendship and generosity: however, I thought proper in my last to remind him once more of his promise. I desire you would let me know what effect my letter has produced; and at the same time give me a full account of every thing that concerns you. For I am exceedingly anxious to be informed of the prospect and situation of your affairs; as well as how long you imagine your absence is likely to continue. Be persuaded, that nothing could reconcile me to this separation but the hopes of its proving to your advantage. In any other view I should not be so impolitic as not to insist on your return: as you would be too prudent, I dare say, to delay it. The truth is, one hour's gay or serious conversation together, is of more importance to us, than all the foes and all the friends that the whole nation of Gaul can produce. I intreat you, therefore, to send me an immediate account in what posture your affairs stand: and be assured, as honest Chremes says to his neighbour in the play ||,

Whatever eares thy lab'ring bosom grieve,
My tongue shall soothe them, or my hand relieve,
Farewel.

LETTER XVII.

To Quintus Philippus, Proconsul.

[A. U. 699.]

I CONGRATULATE your safe return from your province in the fulness of your fame, and amidst the general tranquillity of the republic. If I were in Rome, I should have waited upon you for this purpose in person, and in order likewise to make my acknowledgments to you for your favours to my friends Egnatius and Oppius.

I am extremely sorry to hear that you have taken great offence against my friend and host Antipater. I cannot pretend to judge of the merits of the case: but I know your character too well not to be persuaded, that you are incapable of indulging an unreasonable resentment. I conjure you however, by our long friendship, to pardon for my sake his sons, who lie entirely at your mercy. If I imagined you could not grant this favour consistently with your honour, I should be far from making the request:

|| In Terence's play called *The Self-tormentor*.

as my regard for your reputation is much superior to all considerations of friendship which I owe to this family. But if I am not mistaken (and indeed I very possibly may), your clemency towards them will rather add to your character, than derogate from it. If it be not too much trouble, therefore, I should be glad you would let me know how far a compliance with my request is in your power: for that it is in your inclination, I have not the least reason to doubt. Farewel.

LETTER XVIII.

To Lucius Valerius, the Lawyer.*

[A. U. 699.]

FOR † why should I not gratify your vanity with that honourable appellation? Since, as the times go, my friend, confidence will readily pass upon the world for skill.

I have executed the commission you sent me, and made your acknowledgments to Lentulus. But I wish you would render my offices of this kind unnecessary, by putting an end to your tedious absence. Is it not more worthy of your mighty ambition to be blended with your learned brethren at Rome, than to stand the sole great wonder of wisdom amidst a parcel of paltry Provincials? But I long to rally you in person: for which merry purpose I desire you would hasten hither as expeditiously as possible. I would by no means, however, advise you to take Apulia in the way, lest some disastrous adventure in those unlucky regions should prevent our welcoming your safe arrival. And in truth, to what purpose should you visit this your native province‡? For, like Ulysses when he first returned to his Ithaca, you will be much too prudent, undoubtedly, to lay claim to your noble kindred. Farewel.

* Valerius is only known by this letter and another, wherein Cicero recommends him to Appius, as a person who lived in his family, and for whom he entertained a very singular affection. He seems to have been one of that sort of lawyers, who may more properly be said to be of the profession than the science.

† The abrupt beginning of this letter has induced some of the commentators to suspect that it is not entire. But Manutius has very justly observed, that it evidently refers to the inscription: and he produces an instance of the same kind from one of the epistles to Atticus.

‡ Manutius imagines that Cicero means to rally the obscurity of his friend's birth.

LETTER XIX.

To Caius Curio §.

[A. U. 700.]

THOUGH I am sorry you should suspect me of neglecting you, I will acknowledge that I am not so much concerned at your reproaches for my not writing, as I am pleased to find that you are desirous of hearing from me. Conscious indeed of not meriting your friendly accusation, the instance it afforded me that my letters were acceptable to you, was a very agreeable proof of the continuance of that affection which I have already so frequently experienced. Believe me, I have never omitted writing, whenever any person offered whom I imagined likely to convey my letters into your hands: and which of your acquaintance, I will venture to ask, is a more punctual correspondent than myself? In return, however, I have scarce received more than one or two letters from you since you left Rome; and those too extremely concise. Thus, you see, I can justly retort your charge: you must not therefore pass too severe a sentence on your part, if you hope to receive a favourable one on mine. But I will dwell no longer on this article than to assure you, that since you are disposed to accept these memorials of my friendship, I doubt not of acquitting myself to your full satisfaction.

Though I regret extremely the being thus long|| deprived of your agreeable company; yet I cannot but rejoice at an absence which has contributed so much to your honour; as fortune indeed has, in all that concerns you, answered my warmest wishes. I have only to offer you one short piece of advice: and I offer it in compliance with the sincere dictates of that singular affection I bear you. Let me earnestly then intreat you to come well prepared at your return to act up to those great ideas which the world has, with so much reason, conceived for your spirit and talents. And as nothing can ever wear out the deep impressions your good offices have stamped upon my

§ Curio was a young nobleman of great parts, spirit, and eloquence; but addicted to the prevailing luxury and gallantries of a most dissolute age.

|| Curio had been most probably absent from Rome about two years: for Caius Clodius, to whom he is supposed to have been quaestor, obtained the government of Asia an. urb. 698.

mind *; so I hope you will not forget, on your side, that you could not have attained those honours or advantages that attend you, if you had not in the earlier part of your life complied with my faithful and affectionate admonitions. Have I not reason then to expect in return, that as the weight of old age now begins to bend me down †, you will suffer me to repose my declining years upon your youth and friendship? Farewell.

LETTER XX.

To Trebatius.

[A. U. 700.]

IF you were not already in the number I of our absentees, undoubtedly you would be tempted to leave us at this juncture: for what business can a lawyer expect in Rome during this long and general suspension of all juridical proceedings? Accordingly, I advise my friends who have any actions commenced against them, to petition each successive interrex † for a double enlargement of the usual time for putting in their pleas: and is not this a proof how wonderfully I have profited by your sage instructions in the law? But tell me, my friend, since your letters, I observe, have lately run in a more enlivened strain than usual, what is it that has elevated you into so gay a humour? This air of pleasantry I like well; it looks as if the world went successfully with you: and I am all impatience to know what it is that has thus raised your spirits. You inform me indeed, that Cæsar does you the honour to advise with you. For my own part, however, I had rather hear that he *consulted* your interest, than your judgment. But seriously; if the former is really the case, or there is any probability of its proving so, let me intreat you to continue in your present situation, and patiently submit to the inconveniences of a military life: as on my part, I shall support myself under your absence with the hopes of its turning to your advantage. But if all expectations of this kind are at an end, let us see

you as soon as possible: and perhaps some method may be found here, of improving your fortunes. If not, we shall at least have the satisfaction of enjoying each other's company: and one hour's conversation together is of more value to us, my friend, than the whole city of Samarobryva. Besides, if you return soon, the disappointment you have suffered may pass unremarked: whereas, a longer pursuit to no purpose would be so ridiculous a circumstance, that I am terribly afraid it would scarce escape the drollery of those very arch fellows Laberius§ and my companion Valerius||. And what a burlesque character would a British lawyer furnish out for the Roman stage! You may smile perhaps at this notion: but though I mention it in my usual style of pleasantry, let me tell you it is no jesting matter. In good earnest, if there is any prospect that my recommendations will avail in obtaining the honours you deserve, I cannot but exhort you, in all the sincerity of the warmest friendship, to make yourself easy under this absence, as a means of increasing both your fortunes and your fame: if not, I would strongly advise your return. I have no doubt, however, that your own merit, in conjunction with my most zealous services, will procure you every advantage you can reasonably desire. Farewell.

LETTER XXI.

To the same.

[A. U. 700.]

I WAS wondering at the long intermission of your letters, when my friend Pansa accounted for your indolence, by assuring me that you were turned an Epicurean. Glorious effect indeed of camp conversation! But if a metamorphosis so extraordinary has been wrought in you amidst the martial air of Samarobryva, what

§ Laberius was a Roman knight who distinguished himself by his comic humour; and he had written several farces which were acted with great applause. He was prevailed upon by Cæsar to take a part himself in one of his own performances; and the prologue which he spoke upon that occasion is still extant. Laberius was 60 years of age, when in complaisance to Cæsar he thus made his first entrance upon the stage.

|| This Valerius is supposed by some of the commentators to be Quintus Valerius Catullus, a celebrated poet, who, as appears by his works which are still extant, was patronized by Cicero.

would.

* Curio assisted him in his contest with Clodius.

† Cicero was at this time in his 54th year.

‡ This office of *Interrex* continued only five days; at the expiration of which, if consuls were not chosen, a new *Interrex* was appointed for the same short period. And in this manner the succession of these occasional magistrates was carried on, till the elections were determined.

would have been the consequence had I sent you to the softer regions of Tarentum? * I have been in some pain for your principles, I confess, ever since your intimacy with my friend Seius. But how will you reconcile your tenets to your profession, and act for the interest of your client, now that you have adopted the maxim of doing nothing but for your own? With what grace can you insert the usual clause in your deeds of agreement: *The parties to these presents, as becomes good men and true, &c.* † For neither truth nor trust can there be in those who professedly govern themselves upon motives of absolute selfishness. I am in some pain likewise, how you will settle the law concerning the partition of "rights in common;" as there can be nothing in common between those who make their own private gratification the sole criterion of right and wrong. Or can you think it proper to administer an oath, while you maintain that Jupiter is incapable of all resentment? In a word, what will become of the good people of Ulubrae ‡, who have placed themselves under your protection, if you hold the maxim of your sect, that "a wise man ought not to engage himself in public affairs?" In good earnest, I shall be extremely sorry if it is true that you have really deserted us. But if your conversation is nothing more than a convenient compliment to the opinions of Pansa, I will forgive your dissimulation, provided you let me know soon how your affairs go on, and in what manner I can be of any service in them. Farewel.

LETTER XXII.

To Caius Curio.

[A. U. 700.]

OUR friendship, I trust, needs not any other evidence to confirm its sincerity, than what arises from the testimony of our own hearts. I cannot, however, but consider the death of your illustrious father, as depriving me of a most venerable witness to that singular affliction I

bear you. I regret that he had not the satisfaction of taking a last farewell of you, before he closed his eyes: it was the only circumstance wanting to render him as much superior to the rest of the world in his domestic happiness, as in his public fame †.

I sincerely wish you the happy enjoyment of your estate: and be assured, you will find in me a friend who loves and values you with the same tenderness as your father himself conceived for you. Farewel.

LETTER XXIII.

To Trebatius.

March the 24th. [A. U. 700.]

CAN you seriously suppose me so unreasonable as to be angry, because I thought you discovered too inconstant a disposition in your impatience to leave Gaul? And can you possibly believe it was for that reason I have thus long omitted writing? The truth is, I was only concerned at the uneasiness which seemed to have overcast your mind: and I forbore to write, upon no other account but as being entirely ignorant where to direct my letters. I suppose, however, that this is a plea which your loftiness will scarce condescend to admit. But tell me then, is it the weight of your purse, or the honour of being the counsellor of Cæsar, that most disposes you to be thus insufferably arrogant? Let me perish if I do not believe that thy vanity is so immoderate, as to choose rather to share in his council than his coffers. But should he admit you into a participation of both, you will undoubtedly swell into such intolerable airs, that no mortal will be able to endure you: or none at least except myself, who am philosopher enough, you know, to endure any thing. But I was going to tell you, that as I regretted the uneasiness you formerly expressed; so I rejoice to hear, that you are better reconciled to your situation. My only fear is, that your wonderful skill in the

* Tarentum was a city in Italy, distinguished for the softness and luxury of its inhabitants.

† Cicero jocosely speaks of this people, as if they belonged to the most considerable town in Italy; whereas it was so mean and contemptible a place, that Horace, in order to shew the power of contentment, says, that a person possessed of that excellent temper of mind, may be happy even at Ulubrae.

‡ He was consul in the year of Rome 676, when he acted with great spirit in opposition to the attempts of Sernius for restoring the tribunitial power, which had been much abridged by Sylla. In the following year he went governor into Macedonia, and by his military conduct in that province obtained the honour of a triumph. He distinguished himself among the friends of Cicero when he was attacked by Clodius.

law will little avail you in your present quarters: for I am told that the people you have to deal with,

Rest the strength of their cause on the force of their might,
And the sword is supreme arbitrator of right*.

As I know you do not choose to be concerned in *forcible entries*, and are much too peaceably disposed to be fond of making *assaults*, let me leave a peace of advice with my lawyer, and by all means recommend it to you to avoid the *Treviri*†; for I hear they are most formidable fellows. I wish from my heart they were as harmless as their name-sakes round the edges of our coin‡. But I must reserve the rest of my jokes to another opportunity: in the mean time, let me desire you would send me a full account of whatever is going forward in your province. Farewel.

LETTER XXIV.

To Caius Curio.

(A. U. 700.)

YOU must not impute it to any neglect in Rupa, that he has not executed your commission; as he omitted it merely in compliance with the opinion of myself and the rest of your friends. We thought it most prudent that no steps should be taken during your absence, which might preclude you from a change of measures after your return: and therefore, that it would be best he should not signify your intentions of entertaining the people with public games. I may perhaps in some future letter give you my reasons at large against your executing that design: or rather, that you may not come prepared to answer my objections, I believe it will be the wisest way to reserve them till we meet. If I should not bring you over to my sentiments, I shall have the satisfaction, at least, of discharging the part of a friend: and should it happen (which I hope however it will not) that you should

* Ennius.

† The *Treviri* were a most warlike people, bordering on Germany. They were defeated about this time by Labienus, one of Cæsar's lieutenants in Gaul.

‡ The public coin was under the inspection of three officers called *Treviri monetales*: and several pieces of money are still extant in the cabinets of the curious, inscribed with the names of these magistrates.

hereafter have occasion to repent of your scheme; you may then remember, that I endeavoured to dissuade you from it. But this much I will now say, that those advantages which fortune, in conjunction with your own industry and natural endowments, have put into your possession, supply a far surer method of opening your way to the highest dignities, than any ostentatious display of the most splendid spectacles. The truth of it is, exhibitions of this kind, as they are instances of wealth only, not of merit, are by no means considered as reflecting any honour on the authors of them: not to mention, that the public is quite satiated with their frequent returns. But I am fallen unawares into what I designed to have avoided, and pointing out my particular reasons against your scheme. I will wave all farther discussion therefore of this matter till we meet; and in the mean time inform you, that the world entertains the highest opinion of your virtues. Whatever advantages may be hoped from the most exalted patriotism united with the greatest abilities, the public, believe me, expects from you. And should you come prepared (as I am sure you ought, and I trust you will) to act up to these its glorious expectations; then, indeed, you will exhibit to your friends, and to the commonwealth in general, a spectacle of the noblest and most affecting kind§. In the mean while be assured, no man has a greater share of my affection and esteem than yourself. Farewel.

LETTER XXV.

To Trebatius.

April the 8th. [A. U. 700.]

TWO or three of your letters which lately came to my hands at the same time, though of different dates, have afforded me great pleasure: as they were proofs that you have reconciled yourself, with much spirit and resolution, to the inconveniencies of a military life. I had

§ Curio was not of a disposition to listen to this prudent counsel of his friend: but in opposition to all the grave advice of Cicero, he persevered in his resolution, and executed it with great magnificence. The consequence was just what Cicero foresaw and dreaded: he contracted debts which he was incapable of discharging, and then sold himself to Cæsar in order to satisfy the clamours of his creditors.

some

some little suspicion, I confess, of the contrary: not that I questioned your courage, but as imputing your uneasiness to the regret of our separation. Let me entreat you then to persevere in your present temper of mind: and believe me, you will derive many and considerable advantages from the service in which you are engaged. In the mean while, I shall not fail to renew my solicitations to Cæsar in your favour upon all proper occasions; and have herewith sent you a Greek letter to deliver to him for that purpose: for, in truth, you cannot be more anxious than I am that this expedition may prove to your benefit. In return, I desire you would send me a full relation of the Gallic war: for you must know, I always depend most upon the accounts of those who are *least engaged* in the action.

As I do not imagine you are altogether so considerable a person as to retain a secretary in your service, I could not but wonder you should trouble yourself with the precaution of sending me several copies of the same letter. Your parsimony, however, deserves to be applauded; as one of them, I observed, was written upon a tablet that had been used before. I cannot conceive what unhappy composition could be so very miserable as to deserve to give place upon this occasion: unless it were one of your own conveyances. I flatter myself, at least, it was not any spritely epistle of mine that you thus disgraced, in order to scribble over it a dull one of your own. Or was it your intention to intimate affairs go so ill with you, that you could not afford any better materials? If that should be your case, you must even thank yourself for not leaving your modesty behind you.

I shall recommend you in very strong terms to Balbus, when he returns into Gaul. But you must not be surprised if you should not hear from me again so soon as usual; as I shall be absent from Rome during all this month. I write this from Pomptinus, at the villa of Metellius Philemon, where I am placed within hearing of those croaking clients whom you recommended to my protection: for a prodigious number, it seems, of your Ulubrean frogs* are assembled,

in order to compliment my arrival among them. Farewel.

P. S. I have destroyed the letter I received from you by the hands of Lucius Aruntius, though it was much too innocent to deserve so severe a treatment: for it contained nothing that might not have been proclaimed before a general assembly of the people. However, it was your express desire I should destroy it; and I have complied accordingly. I will only add, that I wonder much at not having heard from you since; especially as so many extraordinary events have lately happened in your province.

LETTER XXVI.

To Caius Curio.

(A. U. 700.)

PUBLIC affairs are so circumstanced, that I dare not communicate my sentiments of them in a letter. This, however, I will venture in general to say, that I have reason to congratulate you on your removal from the scene in which we are engaged. But I must add, that in whatever part of the world you might be placed, you would still (as I told you in my last) be embarked in the same common bottom with your friends here. I have another reason likewise for rejoicing in your absence, as it has placed your merit in full view of so considerable a number of the most illustrious citizens, and allies of Rome: and indeed the reputation you have acquired is universally, and without the least exception, confirmed to us on all hands. But there is one circumstance attending you, upon which I know not whether I ought to send you my congratulations or not: I mean with respect to those high and singular advantages which the commonwealth promises itself from your return amongst us. Not that I suspect your proving unequal to the opinion which the world entertains of your virtues; but as fearing that whatever is most worthy of your care, will be irrecoverably lost ere your arrival to prevent it: such, alas, is the weak and well-nigh expiring condition of your unhappy republic! But prudence, perhaps, will scarce justify me in trusting even this to a letter: for the rest therefore I must refer you to others. In the mean while, whatever your fears or your hopes of public affairs may be;

* Cicero ludicrously gives the inhabitants of Ulubra this appellation, in allusion to the low and marshy situation of their town.

think, my friend, incessantly think on those virtues which that generous patriot must possess, who in these evil times, and amidst such a general depravation of manners, gloriously proposes to vindicate the ancient dignity and liberties of his oppressed country. Farewel.

LETTER XXVII.

To Trebatius.

(A. U. 700.)

IF it were not for the compliments you sent me by Chrysippus the freeman of Cyrus the architect, I should have imagined I no longer possessed a place in your thoughts. But surely you are become a most intolerable fine gentleman, that you could not bear the fatigue of writing to me; when you had the opportunity of doing so by a man whom, you know, I look upon as one almost of my own family. Perhaps, however, you may have forgotten the use of your pen, and so much the better, let me tell you, for your clients; as they will lose no more causes by its blunders. But if it is myself only that has escaped your remembrance; I must endeavour to refresh it by a visit, before I am worn out of your mind beyond all power of recollection. After all, is it not the apprehensions of the next summer's campaign, that has rendered your hand too unsteady to perform its office? If so, you must e'en play over again the same gallant stratagem you practised last year in relation to your British expedition, and frame some heroic excuse for your absence. However, I was extremely glad to hear by Chrysippus, that you are much in Cæsar's good graces. But it would be more like a man of *equity*, methinks, as well as more agreeable to my inclinations, if you were to give me frequent notice of what concerns you, by your own hand: a satisfaction I should undoubtedly enjoy, if you had chosen to study the *laws* of good fellowship, rather than those of contention. You see I rally you, as usual, in your own way, not to say a little in mine. But to end seriously; be assured, as I greatly love you, I am no less confident than desirous of your affection in return. Farewel.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Titus Fadius.

(A. U. 700.)

I KNOW not any event which has lately happened, that more sensibly affects me than your disgrace. Far therefore from being capable of giving you the consolation I wish, I greatly stand in need of the same good office myself. Nevertheless, I cannot forbear, not only to exhort, but to conjure you likewise by our friendship, to collect your whole strength of reason, in order to oppose your affliction with a firm and manly fortitude. Remember, my friend, that calamities are incident to all mankind, but particularly to us who live in these miserable and distracted times. Let it be your consolation, however, to reflect, that you have lost far less by fortune than you have acquired by merit: as there are few, under the circumstances of your birth, who ever raised themselves to the same dignities; though there are numbers of the highest quality who have sunk into the same disgrace. To say truth; so wretched is the fate which threatens our laws, our liberties, and our constitution in general, that well may he esteem himself happily dealt with, who is dismissed from such a distempered government upon the least injurious terms. As to your own case in particular, when you reflect that you are still undeprived of your estate; that you are happy in the affections of your children, your family, and your friends; and that in all probability you are only separated from them for a short interval: when you reflect, that among the great number of impeachments which have lately been carried on, yours is the only one that was considered as entirely groundless; that you were condemned by a majority only of one single vote, and that too universally supposed to have been given in compliance with some powerful influence—These, undoubtedly, are considerations which ought greatly to alleviate the weight of your misfortune. I will only add, that you may always depend upon finding in me that disposition both towards yourself and your family, which is agreeable to your wishes, as well as to what you have a right to expect. Farewel.

LETTER XXIX.

To Marcus Cælius.

July the 6th. (A. U. 702.)

COULD you seriously then imagine, my friend, that I commissioned you to send me the idle news of the town; matches of gladiators, adjournments of causes, robberies, and the rest of those uninteresting occurrences, which no one ventures to mention to me, even when I am in the midst of them at Rome? Far other are the accounts which I expect from your hand: as I know not any man whose judgment in politics I have more reason to value. I should esteem it a misemployment of your talents, even were you to transmit to me those more important transactions that daily arise in the republic; unless they should happen to relate immediately to myself. There are other less penetrating politicians, who will send me intelligence of this sort: and I shall be abundantly supplied with it likewise by common fame. In short, it is not an account either of what has lately been transacted, or is in present agitation, that I require in your letters: I expect, as from one whose discernment is capable of looking far into futurity, your opinion of what is likely to happen. Thus, by seeing a plan, as it were, of the republic, I shall be enabled to judge what kind of structure will probably arise. Hitherto, however, I have no reason to charge you with having been negligent in communicating to me your prophetic conjectures. For the events which have lately happened in the commonwealth, were much beyond any man's penetration: I am sure at least they were beyond mine.

I passed several days with Pompey, in conversation upon public affairs: but it is neither prudent, nor possible, to give you the particulars in a letter. In general, however, I will assure you, that he is animated with the most patriotic sentiments, and is prudently prepared, as well as resolutely determined, to act as the interest of the republic shall require. I would advise you therefore wholly to attach yourself to him: and believe me, he will rejoice to embrace you as his friend. He now indeed entertains the same opinion both with you and myself, of the good and ill intentions of the different parties in the republic.

I have spent the last ten days at Athens; from whence I am this moment setting out. During my continuance in this city, I have frequently enjoyed the company of our friend Gallus Caninius.

I recommend all my affairs to your care and protection, but particularly (what indeed is my principal concern) that my residence in the province may not be prolonged. I will not prescribe the methods you should employ for that purpose; as you are the most competent judge by what means, and by whose intervention, it may be best effected. Farewell.

LETTER XXX.

To Terentia and Tullia.

Athens, October the 18th. (A. U. 703).

THE amiable young Cicero and myself are perfectly well, if you and my dearest Tully are so. We arrived here* on the 14th of this month, after a very tedious and disagreeable passage, occasioned by contrary winds. Acastus† met me upon my landing, with letters from Rome; having been so expeditious as to perform his journey in one-and-twenty days. In the packet which he delivered to me, I found yours, wherein you express some uneasiness lest your former letters should not have reached my hands. They have, my Terentia: and I am extremely obliged to you for the very full accounts you gave me of every thing I was concerned to know.

I am by no means surprised at the shortness of your last, as you had reason to expect us so soon. It is with great impatience I wish for that meeting: though I am sensible, at the same time, of the unhappy situation in which I shall find the republic. All the letters indeed which I received by Acastus, agree in assuring me, that there is a general tendency to a civil war: so that when I come to Rome I shall be under a necessity of declaring myself on one side or the other. However, since there is no avoiding the scene which fortune has prepared for me, I shall be the more expeditious in my journey, that I may the better deliberate on the several circumstances which must determine my choice. Let me intreat you to meet me as far on my way as your health will permit.

* Athens. † A freed-man belonging to Cicero.

The legacy which Precius has left me, is an acquisition that I receive with great concern, as I tenderly loved him, and extremely lament his death. If his estate should be put up to auction before my arrival, I beg you would recommend my interest in it to the care of Atticus: or in case his affairs should not allow him to undertake the office, that you would request the same favour of Camillus. And if this should not find you at Rome, I desire you would send proper directions thither for that purpose. As for my other affairs, I hope I shall be able to settle them myself: for I purpose to be in Italy, if the gods favour my voyage, about the 13th of November. In the mean time I conjure you, my amiable and excellent Terentia, and thou my dearest Tullia, I conjure you both by all the tender regards you bear me, to take care of your healths. Farewel.

LETTER XXXI.

To Tiro.*

November the 3d. [A. U. 703.]

I DID not imagine I should have been so little able to support your absence; but indeed it is more than I can well bear. Accordingly, notwithstanding it is of the last importance to my interest† that I should hasten to Rome, yet I cannot but severely reproach myself for having thus deserted you. However, as you seemed altogether averse from pursuing your voyage till you should re-establish your health, I approve of your scheme; and I still approve of it, if you continue in the same sentiments. Nevertheless, if, after having taken some refreshment, you should think yourself in a condition to follow me; you may do so, or not, as you shall judge proper. If you should determine in the affirmative, I have sent Mario to attend you: if not, I have ordered him to return immediately. Be well assured, there is nothing I more ar-

* He was a favourite slave of Cicero, who trained him up in his family, and formed him under his own immediate tuition. The probity of his manners, the elegance of his genius, and his uncommon erudition, recommended him to his master's peculiar esteem and affection.

† As Cicero was full of the hopes of obtaining a triumph, he was desirous of hastening to Rome before the dissensions between Cæsar and Pompey should be arrived at so great a height as to render it impossible for him to enjoy that honour.

dently desire than to have you with me, provided I may enjoy that pleasure without prejudice to yourself. But be assured too, that if your continuing somewhat longer at Patræ‡ should be thought necessary, I prefer your health to all other considerations. If you should embark immediately, you may overtake me at Leucas§. But if you are more inclined to defer your voyage till your recovery shall be better confirmed, let me intreat you to be very careful in choosing a safe ship; and that you would neither sail at an improper season, nor without a convoy. I particularly charge you also, my dear Tiro, by all the regard you bear me, not to suffer the arrival of Mario, or any thing that I have said in this letter, in the least to influence your resolution. Believe me, whatever will be most agreeable to your health, will be most agreeable likewise to my inclinations: and therefore I desire you would be wholly governed by your own prudence. 'Tis true, I am extremely desirous of your company, and of enjoying it as early as possible: but the same affection which makes me wish to see you soon, makes me wish to see you well. Let your health therefore be your first and principal care; assuring yourself, that among all the numberless good offices I have received at your hands, I shall esteem this by far the most acceptable.

LETTER XXXII.

To the same.

Leucas, Nov. the 7th. [A. U. 703.]

YOUR letter produced very different effects on my mind; as the latter part somewhat alleviated the concern which the former had occasioned. I am now convinced that it will not be safe for you to proceed on your voyage, till your health shall be entirely re-established: and I shall see you soon enough, if I see you perfectly recovered.

I find by your letter that you have a good opinion of your physician: and I am

‡ A city in Peloponnesus, which still subsists under the name of Patrass. Cicero had left Tiro indisposed in this place, the day before the date of the present letter.

§ A little Grecian island in the Ionian sea, now called Saint Maure. It was on this island that the celebrated promontory stood, from whence the tender Sappho is said to have thrown herself in a fit of amorous despair.

told he deserves it. However, I can by no means approve of the regimen he prescribed: for broths cannot certainly be suitable to so weak a stomach. I have written to him very fully concerning you; as also to Lyso. I have done the same likewise to my very obliging friend Curius: and have particularly requested him, if it should be agreeable to yourself, that he would remove you into his house. I am apprehensive indeed that Lyso will not give you proper attendance: in the first place, because carelessness is the general characteristic of all his countrymen*; and in the next, because he has returned no answer to my letter. Nevertheless, as you mention him with esteem, I leave it to you to continue with him, or not, just as you shall think proper. Let me only enjoin you, my dear Tiro, not to spare any expence that may be necessary towards your recovery. To this end, I have desired Curius to supply you with whatever money you shall require: and I think it would be proper, in order to render your physician the more careful in his attendance, to make him some present.

Numberless are the services I have received from you, both at home and abroad; in my public and my private transactions; in the course of my studies and the concerns of my family. But would you crown them all, let it be by your care that I may see you (as I hope I soon shall) perfectly recovered. If your health should permit, I think you cannot do better than to take the opportunity of embarking with my quaestor Mescinius; for he is a good-natured man, and seems to have conceived a friendship for you. The care of your voyage indeed is the next thing I would recommend to you, after that of your health. However, I would now by no means have you hurry yourself; as my single concern is for your recovery. Be assured, my dear Tiro, that all my friends are yours; and consequently, as your health is of the greatest importance to me as well as to yourself, there are numbers who are solicitous for its preservation. Your assiduous attendance upon me has hitherto prevented you from paying due regard to it. But now that you are wholly at leisure, I conjure you to devote all your application to that single object: and I shall judge of the

affection you bear me, by your compliance with this request. Adieu, my dear Tiro, adieu! adieu! may you soon be restored to the perfect enjoyment of your health!

Lepta, together with all your other friends, salute you. Farewel.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the same.

[A. U. 703.]

WE parted, you know, on the second of November: on the sixth I arrived at Leucas, from whence I reached Actium the following day. I was detained there by contrary winds till the next morning, when I sailed for Coreyra; where I arrived on the ninth, after having had a very favourable passage. The weather proving extremely tempestuous, I was obliged to continue in that place till the sixteenth, when I again proceeded on my voyage: and on the seventeenth, I entered the bay of Cassiope, a maritime town in Coreyra, situated about an hundred and twenty stadia from my former port. Here the wind shifting, I was detained till the 23d. In the mean time, those ships that had accompanied me thither, and were so impatient as immediately to put to sea again, were many of them lost. However, on the evening of the day I last mentioned, we weighed anchor; and having sailed all that night and the next day with a fair gale from the south, and a very clear sky, we gained with great ease the port of Hydruns in Italy. The same wind carried us the following day, being the twenty-fifth, to Brundisium. I was met at this place by Terentia (who desires me to assure you of her esteem), and we entered the town together. On the twenty-seventh, a slave of Plancius arrived here with your very acceptable letter, dated the thirteenth of this month; which, though it did not entirely answer my wishes, contributed greatly to alleviate the uneasiness I was under upon your account. I had the satisfaction likewise of hearing at the same time from your physician; who confirms me in the hope, that you will soon be well.

And now, as I perfectly well know your prudence, your temperance, and the affection you bear me, can it be necessary that I should intreat you to employ your

utmost

* The Grecians,

utmost care to re-establish your health? I am persuaded indeed, you will do every thing in your power to return to me as soon as possible: however, I would by no means have you more expeditious than your strength will bear. I am sorry you accepted Lyso's invitation to his concert; lest your going abroad so soon should occasion a relapse on the fourth critical week*. But since you are willing to hazard your health rather than appear deficient in point of politeness, I hope you will guard against any ill consequence that may attend your complaisance.

I have written to Curius to request he would make a proper acknowledgment to your physician, and supply you likewise with whatever money your occasions shall require; which I will repay according to his order. You will find an horse and a mule at Brundisium, which I have left there for your service. I am proceeding on my journey to Rome; where I expect to see great commotions upon the entrance of the new consuls into their office†. However, it is my resolution not to engage in the violent measures of either party.

I have only to add my most earnest request, that you would not embark without taking all prudent precautions to secure a safe voyage. The masters of ships, I know, who are governed entirely by their hopes of gain, are always in haste to sail. But I intreat you, my dear Tiro, not to be too hazardous; and remember that you have a wide and dangerous sea to traverse. I should be glad you would, if possible, take your passage with Mescinius; who is never disposed to run any imprudent risks in expeditions of this kind. But if your health should not permit you to embark so soon, let me desire you would look out for some other companion in your voyage, whose public character may give him an authority with the commander of your ship. In a word, you cannot more effectually oblige me, than by exerting your utmost care to

return to me safe and well. Again and again, my dear Tiro, I bid you adieu. I have recommended you in the strongest terms to the care both of Curius and Lyso, as well as of your physician. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Tiro.

Jan. the 12th. [A. U. 704.]

NOTWITHSTANDING that I feel the want of your services in every place and upon all occasions, yet, be assured, your illness gives me far less concern on my own account than on yours. However, since it has terminated, as Curius informs me, in a quartan ague; I hope, if you are not wanting in proper care, that it will prove a means of more firmly establishing your health. Be so just then to the regard you owe me, as not to suffer any other concern to employ your thoughts but what relates to your recovery. I am sensible, at the same time, how much you suffer from this absence: but believe me, all will be well, whenever you are so. I would by no means therefore have you in so much haste to return to me, as to expose yourself to the dangers of a winter-voyage; nor indeed to the dangers of a sea-sickness, before you shall have sufficiently recovered your strength.

I arrived in the suburbs of Rome on the fourth of January: and nothing could be more to my honour, than the manner in which I was met on my approach to the city. But I am unhappily fallen into the very midst of public dissension, or rather, indeed, I find myself surrounded with the flames of a civil war. It was my earnest desire to have composed these dangerous ferment: and I probably might, if the passions of some in both parties, who were equally eager for war, had not rendered my endeavours ineffectual. My friend Cæsar has written a very warm and menacing letter to the senate. He has the assurance, notwithstanding their express prohibition, to continue at the head of his army and in the government of his province: to which very extraordinary measures he has been instigated by Curio. The latter, in conjunction with Quintus Cassius and Mark Antony, without the least violence

* The ancients entertained a variety of superstitious notions concerning the mystical power of numbers, particularly the number of seven, with its several multiplications and divisions. Cicero, in one of his philosophical treatises, calls this number *rerum omnium fere nodus*; and it is to its particular influence with regard to the crisis of distempers, that he alludes in the present passage.

† The consuls entered upon their office on the first day of the new year.

violence having been offered to them, have withdrawn themselves to Cæsar. They took this step immediately after the senate had given it in charge to the consuls*, the prætors, and the tribunes of the people, together with those of us who are invested with proconsular power, to take care of the interests of the republic†. And never, in truth, were our liberties in more imminent danger; as those who are disaffected to the commonwealth never were headed by a chief more capable, or better prepared to support them. We are raising forces with all possible diligence, under the authority and with the assistance of Pompey; who now begins, somewhat too late I fear, to be apprehensive of Cæsar's power. In the midst, however, of these alarming commotions, the senate demanded in a very full house, that a triumph should be immediately decreed to me. But the consul Lentulus, in order to appropriate to himself a greater share in conferring this honour, told them, that he would propose it himself in proper form, as soon as he should have dispatched the affairs that were necessary in the present conjuncture. In the mean time, I act with great moderation: and this conduct renders my influence with both parties so much the stronger. The several districts of Italy are assigned to our respective protections; and Capua is the department I have taken for mine.

I thought it proper to give you this general information of public affairs: to which I will only add my request, that you would take care of your health, and write to me by every opportunity. Again and again I bid you farewell.

LETTER XXXV.

To Terentia and to Tullia.

Minturnæ, Jan. the 25th. [A. U. 704.]

IN what manner it may be proper to dispose of yourselves during the present conjuncture, is a question which must now be decided by your own judgments as much as by mine. Should Cæsar

advance to Rome without committing hostilities, you may certainly for the present at least remain there unmolested: but if this madman should give up the city to the rapine of his soldiers, I must doubt whether even Dolabella's credit and authority will be sufficient to protect you. I am under some apprehension likewise, lest whilst you are deliberating in what manner to act, you should find yourself so surrounded with the army as to render it impossible to withdraw, though you should be ever so much inclined. The next question is (and it is a question which you yourselves are best able to determine), whether any ladies of your rank venture to continue in the city: if not, will it be consistent with your character to appear singular in that point? But be that as it will, you cannot, I think, as affairs are now situated, be more commodiously placed, than either with me or at some of our farms in this district; supposing, I mean, that I should be able to maintain my present post. I must add likewise, that a short time, 'tis to be feared, will produce a great scarcity in Rome. However, I should be glad you would take the sentiments of Atticus, or Camillus, or any other friend whom you may choose to consult upon this subject. In the mean while, let me conjure you both, to keep up your spirits. The coming over of Labienus to our party, has given affairs a much better aspect. And Piso having withdrawn himself from the city, is likewise another very favourable circumstance: as it is a plain indication, that he disapproves the impious measures of his son-in-law.

I intreat you, my dearest creatures, to write to me as frequently as possible, and let me know how it is with you, as well as what is going forward in Rome. My brother and nephew, together with Rufus, affectionately salute you. Farewell.

LETTER XXXVI.

To the same.

Formiæ ‡, the 25th. [A. U. 704.]

IT well deserves consideration, whether it will be more prudent for you to con-

* The consuls of this year were Clodius Marcellus, and Cornelius Lentulus Cras.

† By this decree the magistrates therein named were invested with a discretionary power of acting as they should judge proper in the present exigency of public affairs: a decree to which the senate never had recourse but in cases of the utmost danger and distress.

‡ A maritime city in Campania, not far from Minturnæ, the place from whence the preceding letter is dated.

tinue in Rome, or to remove to some secure place within my department; and it is a consideration, my dearest creatures, in which your own judgments must assist mine. What occurs to my present thoughts is this: on the one hand, as you will probably find a safe protection in Dolabella, your residing in Rome may prove a mean of securing our house from being plundered, should the soldiers be suffered to commit any violences of that kind. But on the other, when I reflect that all the worthier part of the republic have withdrawn themselves and their families from the city; I am inclined to advise you to follow their example. I must add likewise, that there are several towns in this canton of Italy under my command, which are particularly in our interest: as also, that great part of our estate lies in the same district. If therefore you should remove thither, you may not only very frequently be with me, but whenever we shall be obliged to separate, you may be safely lodged at one or other of my farms. However, I am utterly unable to determine, at present, which of these schemes is preferable: only let me intreat you to observe what steps other ladies of your rank pursue in this conjuncture: and be cautious likewise that you be not prevented from retiring, should it prove your choice. In the mean time, I hope you will maturely deliberate upon this point between yourselves; and take the opinion also of our friends. At all events, I desire you would direct Philotimus to procure a strong guard to defend our house; to which request I must add, that you would engage a proper number of regular couriers, in order to give me the satisfaction of hearing from you every day. But above all, let me conjure you both, to take care of your healths as you wish to preserve mine. Farewell.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Rufus.

(A. U. 704.)

THOUGH I never once doubted that I enjoyed the highest rank in your friendship, yet every day's experience strengthens me in that persuasion. You assured me, I remember, in one of your letters, that you should be more assiduous in giving me proofs of your affection

now, than when you were my quaestor, as they would more indisputably appear to be the free result of a disinterested esteem. And though nothing, I thought, could exceed your good offices to me in the province, yet you have since fully evinced the sincerity of this promise. Accordingly it was with great pleasure I observed the friendly impatience with which you expected my arrival in Rome, when I had thoughts of going thither; as well as the joy you afterwards expressed at my having laid aside that design, when affairs had taken a different turn from what you imagined. But your last letter was particularly acceptable to me, as an instance both of your affection and your judgment. It affords me much satisfaction indeed, to find on the one hand, that you consider your true interest (as every great and honest mind ought always to consider it) as inseparably connected with a rectitude of conduct; and on the other, that you promise to accompany me, whithersoever I may determine to steer. Nothing can be more agreeable to my inclination, nor, I trust, to your honour, than your executing this resolution. Mine has been fixed for some time: and it was not with any design of concealing it from you, that I did not acquaint you with it before. My only reason was, that in public conjunctures of this kind, the communications of one's intentions to a friend, looks like admonishing, or rather indeed pressing him to share in the difficulties and the dangers of one's schemes. I cannot, however, but willingly embrace an offer which proceeds from so affectionate and generous a disposition: though I must add at the same time (that I may not transgress the modest limits I have set to my requests of this nature), that I by no means urge your compliance. If you shall think proper to pursue the measures you propose, I shall esteem myself greatly indebted to you: if not, I shall very readily excuse you. For though I shall look upon the former as a tribute which you could not well refuse to my friendship; yet I shall consider the latter likewise as the same reasonable concession to your fears. It must be owned, there is great difficulty how to act upon this occasion. 'Tis true, what honour would direct, is very apparent; but the prudential part is far from being a point so clear. However, if we would act up as we ought, to the dictates of that philosophy

phy we have mutually cultivated, we cannot once hesitate in thinking, that the worthiest measures must upon the whole be the most expedient. If you are inclined then to embark with me, you must come hither immediately; but if it should not suit you to be thus expeditious, I will send you an exact account of my route. To be short, in whatever manner you may decide, I shall always consider you as my friend: but much more so, if you should determine as I wish. Farewel.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Terentia.

June the 11th. [A. U. 704.]

I AM entirely free from the disorder in my stomach; which was the more painful, as I saw it occasioned both you and that dear girl whom I love better than my life, so much uneasiness. I discovered the cause of this complaint the night after I left you, having discharged a great quantity of phlegm. This gave me so immediate a relief, that I cannot but believe I owe my cure to some heavenly interposition: to Apollo, no doubt, and Æsculapius. You will offer up your grateful tributes therefore to these restoring powers, with all the ardency of your usual devotion.

I am this moment embarked*; and have procured a ship which I hope is well able to perform her voyage. As soon as I shall have finished this letter, I propose to write to several of my friends, recommending you and our dearest Tullia in the strongest terms to their protection. In the mean time, I should exhort you to keep up your spirits, if I did not know that you are both animated with a more than manly fortitude. And indeed I hope there is a fair prospect of your remaining in Italy without any inconvenience, and of my returning to the defence of the republic, in conjunction with those who are no less faithfully devoted to its interest.

After earnestly recommending to you the care of your health, let me make it my next request, that you would dispose of yourself in such of my villas as are at

* In order to join Pompey in Greece; who had left Italy about three months before the date of this letter.

the greatest distance from the army. And if provisions should become scarce in Rome, I should think you will find it most convenient to remove with your servants to Arpinum†.

The amiable young Cicero most tenderly salutes you. Again and again I bid you farewell.

LETTER XXXIX.

To the same‡.

[A. U. 704.]

I AM informed by the letters of my friends as well as by other accounts, that you have had a sudden attack of a fever. I intreat you therefore to employ the utmost care in re-establishing your health.

The early notice you gave me of Cæsar's letter, was extremely agreeable to me: and let me desire you would send me the same expeditious intelligence, if any thing should hereafter occur that concerns me to know. Once more I conjure you to take care of your health. Farewel.

LETTER XL.

To the same§.

[A. U. 704.]

I INTREAT you to take all proper measures for the recovery of your health. Let me request likewise, that you would provide whatever may be necessary in the present conjuncture: and that you would send me frequent accounts how every thing goes on. Farewel.

LETTER XLI.

To the same.

July the 15th. (A. U. 704.)

I HAVE seldom an opportunity of writing; and scarce any thing to say that I choose to trust in a letter. I find by your last, that you cannot meet with a

† A city in the country of the Volsci: a district of Italy which now comprehends part of the Campagna di Roma, and of the Terra di Lavoro. Cicero was born in this town, which still subsists under the name of Arpino.

‡ This letter was written by Cicero in the camp at Dyrrachium.

§ This letter was probably written soon after the foregoing, and from the same place.

purchaser for any of our farms. I beg therefore you would consider of some other method of raising money, in order to satisfy that person, who you are sensible I am very desirous should be paid*.

I am by no means surprised that you should have received the thanks of our friend; as I dare say she had great reason to acknowledge your kindness.

If Pollux† is not yet set out, I desire you would exercise your authority, and force the loiterer to depart immediately. Farewel.

LETTER XLII.

To Terentia.

Brundisium, Nov. the 5th. [A. U. 704.]
MAY the joy you express at my safe arrival in Italy ‡ be never interrupted! But my mind was so much discomposed by those atrocious injuries I had received, that I have taken a step, I fear, which may be attended with great difficulties. Let me then intreat your utmost assistance: though I must confess, at the same time, that I know not wherein it can avail me.

I would by no means have you think of coming hither. For the journey is both long and dangerous: and I do not see in what manner you could be of any service. Farewel.

LETTER XLIII.

To the same.

[A. U. 704.]
THE ill state of health into which Tullia is fallen, is a very severe addition to the many and great disquietudes that afflict my mind. But I need say nothing farther upon this subject: as I am sure

* This letter, as well as the two former, was written while Cicero was with Pompey in Greece. The business at which he so obscurely hints has been thought to relate to the payment of part of Tullia's portion to Dolabella.

† It appears by a letter to Atticus, that this person acted as a sort of steward in Cicero's family.

‡ After the battle of Pharsalia, Cicero would not engage himself any farther with the Pompeian party; but having endeavoured to make his peace with Caesar by the mediation of Dolabella, he seems to have received no other answer, than an order to return immediately into Italy. And this he accordingly did a few days before the date of the present letter.

her welfare is no less a part of your tender concern than it is of mine.

I agree both with you and her in thinking it proper that I should advance nearer to Rome: and I should have done so before now, if I had not been prevented by several difficulties, which I am not yet able to remove. But I am in expectation of a letter from Atticus, with his sentiments upon this subject: and I beg you would forward it to me by the earliest opportunity. Farewel.

LETTER XLIV.

To the same.

[A. U. 704.]
IN addition to my other misfortunes, I have now to lament the illness both of Dolabella and Tullia. The whole frame of my mind is indeed so utterly discomposed, that I know not what to resolve, or how to act, in any of my affairs. I can only conjure you to take care of yourself and of Tullia. Farewel.

LETTER XLV.

To the same.

[A. U. 704.]
IF any thing occurred worth communicating to you, my letters would be more frequent and much longer. But I need not tell you the situation of my affairs; and as to the effect they have upon my mind, I leave it to Leptæ and Trebatius to inform you. I have only to add my intreaties, that you would take care of your own and Tullia's health. Farewell.

LETTER XLVI.

To Titius.

[A. U. 704.]
THERE is none of your friends less capable than I am, to offer consolation to you under your present affliction; as the share I take in your loss renders me greatly in need of the same good office myself. However, as my grief does not rise to the same extreme degree as yours, I should not think I discharged the duty which my connection and friendship with you require, if I remained altogether silent at a time when you are thus overwhelmed

whelmed with sorrow. I determined therefore to suggest a few reflections to you which may alleviate at least, if not entirely remove, the anguish of your heart.

There is no maxim of consolation more common, yet at the same time there is none which deserves to be more frequently in our thoughts, than that we ought to remember, "We are men;" that is, creatures who are born to be exposed to calamities of every kind: and therefore, "that it becomes us to submit to the conditions by which we hold our existence, without being too much dejected by accidents which no prudence can prevent." In a word, that we should learn by "reflecting on the misfortunes which have attended others, that there is nothing singular in those which befall ourselves." But neither these, nor other arguments to the same purpose which are inculcated in the writings of the philosophers, seem to have so strong a claim to success, as those which may be drawn from the present unhappy situation of public affairs, and that endless series of misfortunes which is rising upon our country. They are such indeed, that one cannot but account those to be most fortunate, who never knew what it was to be a parent: and as to those persons who are deprived of their children, in these times of general anarchy and mis-rule, they have much less reason to regret their loss, than if it had happened in a more flourishing period of the commonwealth, or while yet the republic had any existence. If your tears flow, indeed, from this accident merely as it affects your own personal happiness, it may be difficult perhaps entirely to restrain them. But if your sorrow takes its rise from a more enlarged and benevolent principle; if it be for the sake of the dead themselves that you lament, it may be an easier task to assuage your grief. I shall not here insist upon an argument, which I have frequently heard maintained in speculative conversations, as well as often read likewise in treatises that have been written upon the subject. "Death," say those philosophers, "cannot be considered as an evil: because if any consciousness remains after our dissolution, it is rather an entrance into immortality,

"than an extinction of life: and if none remains, there can be no misery where there is no sensibility." Not to insist, I say, upon any reasonings of this nature; let me remind you of an argument which I can urge with much more confidence. He who has made his exit from a scene where such dreadful confusion prevails, and where so many approaching calamities are in prospect, cannot possibly, it should seem, be a loser by the exchange. Let me ask, not only where honour, virtue, and probity, where true philosophy and the useful arts, can now fly for refuge; but where even our liberties and our lives can be secure? For my own part I have never once heard of the death of any youth during this last sad year, whom I have not considered as kindly delivered by the immortal gods from the miseries of these wretched times. If therefore you can be persuaded to think that their condition is by no means unhappy, whose loss you so tenderly deplore; it must undoubtedly prove a very considerable abatement of your present affliction. For it will then entirely arise from what you feel upon your own account; and have no relation to the persons whose death you regret. Now it would ill agree with those wise and generous maxims which have ever inspired your breast, to be too sensible of misfortunes which terminate in your own person, and affect not the happiness of those you love. You have upon all occasions both public and private, shewn yourself animated with the firmest fortitude: and it becomes you to act up to the character you have thus justly acquired. Time necessarily wears out the deepest impressions of sorrow: and the weakest mother that ever lost a child, has found some period to her grief. But we should wisely anticipate that effect which a certain revolution of days will undoubtedly produce: and not wait for a remedy from time, which we may much sooner receive from reason.

If what I have said can any thing avail in lessening the weight of your affliction, I shall have obtained my wish: if not, I shall at least have discharged the duties of that friendship and affection which, believe me, I ever have preserved, and ever shall preserve towards you. Farewell.

LETTER XLVII.

To Terentia.

December the 31st. [A. U. 705.]

MY affairs are at present in such a situation, that I have no reason to expect a letter on your part, and have nothing to communicate to you on mine. Yet I know not how it is, I can no more forbear flattering myself that I may hear from you, than I can refrain from writing to you whenever I meet with a conveyance.

Volumnia ought to have shown herself more zealous for your interest: and in the particular instance you mention, she might have acted with greater care and caution. This however is but a slight grievance amongst others which I far more severely feel and lament. They have the effect upon me, indeed, which those persons undoubtedly wished, who compelled me into measures utterly opposite to my own sentiments. Farewel.

LETTER XLVIII.

To the same.

[A. U. 706.]

TULLIA arrived here * on the 12th of this month †. It extremely affected me to see a woman of her singular and amiable virtues reduced (and reduced too by my own negligence) to a situation far other than is agreeable to her rank and filial piety ‡.

I have some thoughts of sending my son, accompanied by Sallustius, with a letter to Cæsar §; and if I should execute this design, I will let you know when he sets out. In the mean time be careful of your health, I conjure you. Farewel.

* Brundisium; where Cicero was still waiting for Cæsar's arrival from Egypt.

† June.

‡ Dolabella was greatly embarrassed in his affairs; and it seems by this passage as if he had not allowed Tullia a maintenance during his absence abroad, sufficient to support her rank and dignity.

§ In order to supplicate Cæsar's pardon, for having engaged against him on the side of Pompey.

LETTER XLIX.

To the same.

June the 20th. [A. U. 706.]

I HAD determined, agreeably to what I mentioned in my former, to send my son to meet Cæsar on his return to Italy. But I have since altered my resolution; as I hear no news of his arrival. For the rest I refer you to Sicca, who will inform you what measures I think necessary to be taken: though I must add, that nothing new has occurred since I wrote last. Tullia is still with me.—Adieu, and take all possible care of your health.

LETTER L.

To the same.

July the 9th. [A. U. 706.]

I WROTE to Atticus (somewhat later indeed than I ought) concerning the affair you mention. When you talk with him upon that head, he will inform you of my inclinations: and I need not be more explicit here, after having written so fully to him. Let me know as soon as possible what steps are taken in that business; and acquaint me at the same time with every thing else which concerns me. I have only to add my request, that you would be careful of your health. Farewel.

LETTER LI.

To the same.

July the 10th. [A. U. 706.]

IN answer to what you object concerning the divorce I mentioned in my last ||, I can only say that I am perfectly ignorant what power Dolabella may at this time possess, or what ferments there may be among the populace. However, if you think there is any thing to be apprehended from his resentment, let the matter rest; and perhaps the first proposal may come from himself. Nevertheless, I leave you to act as you shall judge proper; not doubting that you will take such measures in this most unfortunate affair, as shall appear to be attended with the fewest unhappy consequences. Farewel.

|| Between Tullia and Dolabella.

LETTER LII.

To the same.

August the 11th. (A. U. 706.)

I HAVE not yet heard any news either of Cæsar's arrival, or of his letter, which Philotinus, I was informed, had in charge to deliver to me. But be assured, you shall immediately receive the first certain intelligence I shall be able to send you. Take care of your health. Adieu.

LETTER LIII.

To the same.

August the 12th. (A. U. 706.)

I HAVE at last received a letter from Cæsar; and written in no unfavourable terms. It is now said, that he will be in Italy much sooner than was expected. I have not yet resolved whether to wait for him here, or to meet him on his way: but as soon as I shall have determined that point I will let you know.

I beg you would immediately send back this messenger: and let me conjure you at the same time to take all possible care of your health. Farewel.

LETTER LIV.

To the same.

September the 1st. (A. U. 706.)

I AM in daily expectation of my couriers, whose return will, perhaps, render me less doubtful what course to pursue *. As soon as they shall arrive, I will give you immediate notice. Meanwhile, be careful of your health. Farewel.

LETTER LV.

To the same.

Venusia †, October the 1st. [A. U. 706.]

I PURPOSE to be at my Tusculan villa about the 7th or 8th of this month. I beg that every thing may be ready for my reception: as I shall perhaps bring several friends with me; and I may probably too continue there some time. If a vase is wanting in the bath, let it be supplied with one; and I desire you would

likewise provide whatever else may be necessary for the health and entertainment of my guests. Farewel.

LETTER LVI.

To Trebonius ‡.

(A. U. 706.)

I READ your letter, but particularly the treatise that attended it §, with great pleasure. It was a pleasure, nevertheless, not without its alloy: as I could not but regret that you should leave us at a time when you had thus inflamed my heart, I do not say with a stronger affection (for that, in truth, could admit of no increase), but with a more ardent desire of enjoying your company. My single consolation arises from the hope, that we shall endeavour to alleviate the pain of this absence by a mutual exchange of long and frequent letters. Whilst I promise this on my part, I assure myself of the same on yours: as indeed you have left me no room to doubt how highly I stand in your regard. Need I mention those public instances I formerly received of your friendship, when you shewed the world that you considered my enemies as your own; when you stood forth my generous advocate in the assemblies of the people; when you acted with that spirit which the consuls ought to have shewn, in maintaining the cause of liberty by supporting mine; and though only a quæstor, yet refused to submit to the superior authority of a tribune, whilst your colleague at the same time meanly yielded to his measures? Need I mention (what I shall always however most gratefully remember) the more recent instances of your regard to me, in the solicitude you expressed for my safety when I engaged in the late war; in the joy you shewed when I returned into Italy ||; in your friendly participation of all those cares and disquietudes with which I was at that time oppressed; and in a word, in your kind intent of visiting me at Brundisium ¶, if you had not been suddenly ordered into Spain?

‡ He was tribune in the year of Rome 698; at which time he distinguished himself by being the principal promoter of those unconstitutional grants that were made by the people to Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus, for the enlargement of their power and dignities.

§ A collection of Cicero's *Bons Mots*.

|| After the battle of Pharsalia.

¶ When he was waiting the arrival of Cæsar.

* Whether to wait at Brundisium the arrival of Cæsar, or to set out in order to meet him.

† Now called Venosa: a town in the kingdom of Naples, situated at the foot of the Apennine mountains.

To omit, I say, these various and inestimable proofs of your friendship; is not the treatise you have now sent me a most conspicuous evidence of the share I enjoy in your heart? It is so indeed in a double view; and not only as you are so partial as to be the constant, and perhaps single admirer of my wit, but as you have placed it likewise in so advantageous a light, as to render it, whatever it may be in itself, extremely agreeable. The truth of it is, your manner of relating my pleasantries, is no less humorous than the conceits you celebrate; and half the reader's mirth is exhausted ere he arrives at my joke. In short, if I had no other obligation to you for making this collection, than your having suffered me to be so long present to your thoughts, I should be utterly insensible if it were not to impress upon me the most affectionate sentiments. When I consider, indeed, that nothing but the warmest attachment could have engaged you in such a work, I cannot suppose any man to have a greater regard for himself, than you have thus discovered for me. I wish it may be in my power to make you as ample a return in every other instance, as I most certainly do in the affection of my heart; a return with which I trust, however, you will be perfectly well satisfied.

But to return from your performances to your very agreeable letter: full as it was, I may yet answer it in few words. Let me assure you then, in the first place, than I no more imagined the letter which I sent to Calvus* would be made public, that I suspect that this will: and you are sensible that a letter designed to go no farther than the hand to which it is addressed, is written in a very different manner from one intended for general inspection. But you think, it seems, that I have spoken in higher terms of his abilities than truth will justify. It was my real opinion, however, that he possessed a great genius: and notwithstanding that he misapplied it by a wrong choice of that particular species of eloquence which he adopted, yet he certainly discovered great judgment in his execution. In a word, his compositions were marked with a vein of uncommon eru-

dition; but they wanted a certain strength and spirit of colouring to render them perfectly finished. It was the attainment therefore of this quality, that I endeavoured to recommend to his pursuit: and the seasoning of advice with applause, has a wonderful efficacy in firing the genius and animating the efforts of those one wishes to persuade. This was the true motive of the praises I bestowed upon Calvus; of whose talents I really had a very high opinion.

I have only farther to assure you, that my affectionate wishes attend you in your journey; that I shall impatiently expect your return; that I shall faithfully preserve you in my remembrance; and that I shall soothe the uneasiness of your absence by keeping up this epistolary commerce. Let me intreat you to reflect on your part, on the many great and good offices I have received at your hands: and which though *you* may forget, I never can, without being guilty of a most unpardonable ingratitude. It is impossible indeed you should reflect on the obligations you have conferred upon me, without believing, not only that I have some merit, but that I think of you with the highest esteem and affection. Farewel.

LETTER LVII.

To Lucius Papirius Patus.

(A. U. 706.)

Is it true, my friend, that you look upon yourself as having been guilty of a most ridiculous piece of folly, in attempting to imitate the thunder, as you call it, of my eloquence? With reason indeed you might have thought so, had you failed in your attempt: but since you have excelled the model you had in view, the disgrace surely is on my side, not on yours. The verse therefore which you apply to yourself from one of Trabea's comedies, may with much more justice be turned upon me: as my own eloquence falls far short of that perfection at which I aim. But tell me, what sort of figure do my letters make; are they not written, think you, in the true familiar? They do not constantly, however, preserve one uniform manner; as this species of composition bears no resemblance to that of the oratorical kind: though indeed in judicial matters, we vary our style according to the nature of the causes in which we are engaged.

* A very celebrated orator; who though not much above thirty when he died (which was a short time before this letter was written), yet left behind him a large collection of orations.

engaged. Those, for example, in which private interests of little moment are concerned, we treat with a suitable simplicity of diction; but where the reputation or the life of our client is in question, we rise into greater pomp and dignity of phrase. But whatever may be the subject of my letters, they still speak the language of conversation. Farewel.

LETTER LVIII.

To Lucius Mescinius.

(A. U. 707.)

YOUR letter afforded me great pleasure, as it gave me an assurance (tho' indeed I wanted none) that you earnestly wish for my company. Believe me, I am equally desirous of yours: and in truth, when there was a much greater abundance of patriot citizens and agreeable companions who were in the number of my friends, there was no man with whom I rather chose to associate, and few whose company I liked so well. But now that death, absence, or change of disposition, has so greatly contracted this social circle, I should prefer a single day with you, to a whole life with the generality of those with whom I am at present obliged to live*. Solitude itself indeed (if solitude, alas! I were at liberty to enjoy) would be far more eligible than the conversation of those who frequent my house; one or two of them at most excepted. I seek my relief therefore (where I would advise you to look for yours) in amusements of a literary kind, and in the consciousness of having always intended well to my country. I have the satisfaction to reflect (as I dare say you will readily believe), that I never sacrificed the public good to my own private views; that if a certain person (whom for my sake, I am sure, you never loved) had not looked upon me with a jealous eye†, both himself and every friend to liberty had been happy: that I always endeavoured that it should not be in the power of any man to disturb the public tranquillity; and in a word, that when I perceived those arms which I

had ever dreaded, would prove an overmatch for that patriot-coalition I had myself formed in the republic, I thought it better to accept of a safe peace upon any terms, than impotently to contend with a superior force. But I hope shortly to talk over these and many more points with you in person. Nothing indeed detains me in Rome, but to wait the event of the war in Africa; which, I imagine, must now be soon decided. And though it seems of little importance on which side the victory shall turn, yet I think it may be of some advantage to be near my friends when the news shall arrive, in order to consult with them on the measures it may be advisable for me to pursue. Affairs are now reduced to such an unhappy situation, that though there is a considerable difference, 'tis true, between the cause of the contending parties, I believe there will be very little as to the consequence of their success. However, though my spirits were too much dejected, perhaps, whilst our affairs remained in suspense; I find myself much more composed now that they are utterly desperate. Your last letter has contributed to confirm me in this disposition; as it is an instance of the magnanimity with which you support your unjust disgrace‡. It is with particular satisfaction I observe that you owe this heroic calmness not only to philosophy, but to temper. For I will confess, that I imagined your mind was softened with that too delicate sensibility which we who passed our lives in the ease and freedom of Rome, were apt in general to contract. But as we bore our prosperous days with moderation, it becomes us to bear our adverse fortune, or more properly indeed our irretrievable ruin, with fortitude. This advantage we may at least derive from our extreme calamities; that they will teach us to look upon death with contempt: which even if we were happy we ought to despise, as a state of total insensibility; but which, under our present afflictions, should be the object of our constant wishes. Let not any fears then, I conjure you by your affection for me, disturb the peace of your retirement: and be well persuaded, nothing can befall a man that deserves to raise his dread and horror, but (what I

* The chiefs of the Caesarian party; with whom Cicero now found it convenient to cultivate a friendship, in order to ingratiate himself with Caesar.

† Pompey, who being jealous of the popularity which Cicero had acquired during his consulship, struck in with the designs of Caesar, and others who had formed a party against our author.

‡ Mescinius, it is probable, was banished by Caesar, as a partisan of Pompey, to a certain distance from Rome.

am sure ever was, and ever will be far from you) the reproaches of a guilty heart.

I purpose to pay you a visit very soon, if nothing should happen to make it necessary for me to change my resolution: and if there should, I will immediately let you know. But I hope you will not, whilst you are in so weak a condition, be tempted, by your impatience of seeing me, to remove from your present situation: at least not without previously consulting me. In the mean time, continue to love me; and take care both of your health and your repose. Farewel.

LETTER LIX.

To Varro.

[A. U. 707.]

THOUGH I have nothing to write, yet I could not suffer Caninius to pay you a visit, without taking the opportunity of conveying a letter by his hands. And now I know not what else to say, but that I propose to be with you very soon: an information, however, which I am persuaded you will be glad to receive. But will it be altogether decent to appear in so gay a scene* at a time when Rome is in such a general flame? And shall we not furnish an occasion of censure to those, who do not know that we observe the same sober philosophical life, in all seasons, and in every place? Yet after all, what imports it, since the world will talk of us, in spite of our utmost caution? And indeed, whilst our censurers are immersed in every kind of flagitious debauchery, it is much worth our concern, truly, what they say of our innocent relaxations. In just contempt therefore of these illiterate barbarians, it is my resolution to join you very speedily. I know not how it is indeed, but it should seem that our favourite studies are attended with much greater advantages in these wretched times, than formerly; whether it be that they are now our only resource; or that we were less sensible of their salutary effects, when we were in too happy a state to have occasion to experience them.

* Varro seems to have requested Cæsar to give him a meeting at Baia, a place much frequented by the Romans on account of its hot baths: as the agreeableness of its situation on the bay of Naples, rendered it at the same time the general resort of the pleasurable world.

But this is sending owls to Athens†, as we say; and suggesting reflections which your own mind will far better supply. All that I mean by them, however, is to draw a letter from you in return, at the same time that I give you notice to expect me soon. Farewel.

LETTER LX.

To the same.

[A. U. 707.]

OUR friend Caninius paid me a visit some time ago very late in the evening, and informed me that he purposed to set out for your house the next morning. I told him I would give him two or three lines to deliver to you, and desired he would call for them in the morning. Accordingly I wrote to you that night‡: but as he did not return, I imagined he had forgotten his promise; and should therefore have sent that letter by one of my own domestics, if Caninius had not assured me of your intention to leave Tusculum the next morning. However, after a few days had intervened, and I had given over all expectations of Caninius, he made me a second visit, and acquainted me that he was instantly setting out to you. But notwithstanding the letter I had written was then become altogether out of date, especially after the arrival of such important news§; yet as I was unwilling that any of my profound lucubrations should be lost, I delivered it into the hands of that very learned and affectionate friend of yours; who I suppose has acquainted you with the conversation which passed between us at the same time.

I think it most prudent for both of us to avoid the view at least, if we cannot so easily escape the remarks, of the world. For those who are elevated with this victory look down upon us with an air of triumph: and those who regret it, are displeased that we did not sacrifice our lives in the cause. But you will ask, perhaps (as it is in Rome that we are particularly exposed to these mortifications), why I have not followed your example

† A proverbial expression of the same import with that of "sending coals to Newcastle." It alludes to the Athenian coin, which was stamped (as Manutius observes) with the figure of an owl.

‡ Probably the preceding letter.

§ Concerning Cæsar's defeat of Scipio in Africa.

in retiring from the city? But tell me, my friend, superior as your judgment confessedly is, did you never find yourself mistaken? Or who is there, in times of such total darkness and confusion, that can always be sure of directing his steps aright? I have long thought, indeed, that it would be happy for me to retire where I might neither see nor hear what passes in Rome. But my groundless suspicions discouraged me from executing this scheme: as I was apprehensive that those who might accidentally meet me on my way, would put such constructions upon my retreat as best suited with their own purposes. Some, I imagined, would suspect, or at least pretend to suspect, that I was either driven from Rome by my fears, or withdrew in order to form some revolution abroad: and perhaps too, would report, that I had actually provided a ship for that purpose. Others, I feared, who knew me best, and might be disposed to think most favourably of my actions, would be apt to impute my recess to an abhorrence of a certain party*. It is these apprehensions that have hitherto, contrary to my inclinations indeed, detained me in Rome: but custom, however, has familiarised the displeasing scene, and gradually hardened me into a less exquisite sensibility.

Thus I have laid before you the motives which induced me to continue here. As to what relates to your own conduct, I would advise you to remain in your present retirement, till the warmth of our public exultation shall be somewhat abated, and it shall certainly be known in what manner affairs abroad are terminated; for terminated, I am well persuaded, they are†. Much will depend on the general result of this battle, and the temper in which Cæsar may return. And though I see already what is abundantly sufficient to determine my sentiments as to that point, yet I think it most advisable to wait the event. In the mean time I should be glad you would postpone your journey to Baïæ, till the first transports of this clamorous joy have subsided; as it will have a better appearance to meet you at those waters, when I may seem to go thither rather to join

with you in lamenting the public misfortunes, than to participate in the pleasures of the place. But this I submit to your more enlightened judgment: only let us agree to pass our lives together in those studies, which were once indeed nothing more than our amusement, but must now, alas! prove our principal support. Let us be ready at the same time, whenever we shall be called upon, to contribute not only our counsels, but our labours, in repairing the ruins of the republic. But if none shall require our services for this purpose, let us employ our time and our thoughts upon moral and political inquiries. If we cannot benefit the commonwealth in the forum and the senate, let us endeavour at least to do so by our studies and our writings; and, after the example of the most learned among the ancients, contribute to the welfare of our country by useful disquisitions concerning laws and government.

And now, having thus acquainted you with my sentiments and purposes, I shall be extremely obliged to you for letting me know yours in return. Farewel.

LETTER LXI.

To the same.

[A. U. 707.]

OUR friend Caninius acquainted me with your request, that I would write to you whenever there was any news which I thought it concerned you to know. You are already informed, that we are in daily expectation of Cæsar‡; but I am now to tell you, that as it was his intention, it seems, to have landed at Alsium§, his friends have written to dissuade him from that design. They think that his coming on shore at that place will prove extremely troublesome to himself, as well as very much incommode many others; and have therefore recommended Ostia|| as a more convenient port. For my own part, I can see no difference.

‡ Cæsar returned victorious from Africa, about the 26th of July in the present year: so that this letter was probably written either in the beginning of that month, or the latter end of June.

§ The situation of this place is not exactly known: some geographers suppose it to be the same town which is now called *Severa*, a sea-port about twenty-five miles distant from Rome, on the western coast of Italy.

|| It still retains its ancient name; and is situated at the mouth of the Tiber.

* The Cæsareans.

† When this letter was written there seems to have been only some general accounts arrived of Cæsar's success in Africa; but the particulars of the battle were not yet known.

Hirtius*, however, assures me, that himself as well as Balbus and Oppius (who, let me observe by the way, are every one of them greatly in your interest), have written to Cæsar for this purpose. I thought proper therefore to send you this piece of intelligence for two reasons. In the first place, that you might know where to engage a lodging; or rather, that you might secure one in both these towns; for it is extremely uncertain at which of them Cæsar will disembark. And in the next place, in order to indulge a little piece of vanity, by shewing you, that I am so well with these favourites of Cæsar, as to be admitted into their privy council. To speak seriously, I see no reason to decline their friendship; for surely there is a wide difference between submitting to evils we cannot remedy, and approving measures that we ought to condemn: though, to confess the truth, I do not know there are any that I can justly blame, except those which involved us in the civil wars; for these, it must be owned, were altogether voluntary. I saw indeed (what your distance from Rome prevented you from observing†) that our party were eager for war; while Cæsar, on the contrary, appeared less inclined than afraid to have recourse to arms. Thus far, therefore, our calamities might have been prevented; but all beyond was unavoidable; for one side or the other must necessarily prove superior. Now, we both of us, I am sure, always lamented those infinite mischiefs that would ensue, whichever general of the two contending armies should happen to fall in battle; as we were well convinced that of all the complicated evils which attend a civil war, victory is the supreme. I dreaded it indeed even on that side which both you and I thought proper to join; as they threatened most cruel vengeance on those who stood neuter, and were no less offended at your sentiments than at my speeches. But had they gained this last battle, we should still more severely have experienced the effects of their power; as our late conduct had incensed them to the highest degree. Yet what measures have we taken for our own security, that we did not warmly

recommend for theirs? And how have they more advantaged the republic by having recourse to Juba and his elephants‡, than if they had perished by their own swords, or submitted to live under the present system of affairs, with some hopes at least, if not with the fairest? But they may tell us perhaps (and indeed with truth), that the government under which we have chosen to live, is altogether turbulent and unsettled. Let this objection, however, have weight with those who have treasured up no stores in their minds to support themselves under all the possible vicissitudes of human affairs: a reflection which brings me round to what I had principally in view, when I undesignedly wandered into this long digression. I was going to have said, that as I always looked upon your character with great admiration, so nothing raises it higher in my esteem, than to observe that you are almost the only person in these tempestuous days, who has wisely retreated into harbour, and are enjoying the happy fruits of those important studies which are attended with more public advantage, as well as private satisfaction, than all the ambitious exploits or voluptuous indulgencies of these licentious victors. The contemplative hours you spent at your Tusculan villa are, in my estimation indeed, what alone deserve to be called life; and I would willingly renounce the whole wealth and splendour of the world, to be at liberty to pass my time in the same philosophical manner. I follow your example, however, as far as the circumstances in which I am placed will permit; and have recourse with great satisfaction of mind, to my favourite studies. Since our country, indeed, either cannot or will not accept our services; who shall condemn us for returning to that contemplative privacy which many philosophers have thought preferable (I will not say with reason, however they have preferred) even to the most public and patriot labours? And why should we not indulge ourselves in those learned inquiries, which some of the greatest men have deemed a just dispensation from all public employment; when it is a liberty

* He lived in great intimacy with Cæsar, and had served under him in quality of one of his lieutenants in Gaul.

† Varro, at the breaking out of the civil war, was in Spain; where he resided in quality of one of Pompey's lieutenants.

‡ These elephants were drawn up in the front of the right and left wing of Scipio's army. But being driven back upon the line behind them, they put the ranks into great confusion; and instead of proving any advantage to Scipio, contributed to facilitate his defeat.

at the same time which the common-wealth itself is willing to allow us?—But I am going beyond the commission which Caninius gave me: and while he only desired that I would acquaint you with those articles of which you were not already apprised, I am telling you what you know far better than I can inform you. For the future, I shall confine myself more strictly to your request; and will not fail of communicating to you whatever intelligence I may learn, which I shall think it imports you to know. Farewel.

LETTER LXII.

To *Papirius Pætus*.

(A. U. 707.)

YOUR letter afforded me a very agreeable instance of your friendship, in the concern it expressed lest I should be uneasy at the report which had been brought hither by Silius*. I was before indeed perfectly sensible how much you were disturbed at this circumstance, by your care in sending me duplicates of a former letter upon the same subject: and I then returned such an answer as I thought would be sufficient to abate at least, if not entirely remove, this your generous solicitude. But since I perceive, by your last letter, how much this affair still dwells upon your mind; let me assure you, my dear Pætus, that I have employed every artifice (for we must now, my friend, be armed with cunning as well as prudence) to conciliate the good graces of the persons you mention; and, if I mistake not, my endeavours have not proved in vain. I receive indeed so many marks of respect and esteem from those who are most in Cæsar's favour, that I cannot but flatter myself they have a true regard for me. It must be confessed at the same time, that a pretended affection is not easily discernible from a real one, unless in seasons of distress. For adversity is to friendship what fire is to gold; the only infallible test to discover the genuine from the counterfeit; in all other circumstances they both bear the same common signatures. I have one strong reason, however, to persuade me of their sincerity; as neither their situation nor mine can by any means tempt them to dissemble with

me. As to that person† in whom all power is now centered, I am not sensible that I have any thing to fear from him; or nothing more, at least, than what arises from that general precarious state in which all things must stand where the fence of laws is broken down; and from its being impossible to pronounce with assurance concerning any event, which depends wholly upon the will, not to say the caprice, of another. But this I can with confidence affirm, that I have not in any single instance given him just occasion to take offence; and in the article you point out, I have been particularly cautious. There was a time, 'tis true, when I thought it well became me, by whom Rome itself was free‡, to speak my sentiments with freedom: but now that our liberties are no more, I deem it equally agreeable to my present situation, not to say any thing that may disgust either Cæsar or his favourites. But were I to suppress every rising railery that might pique those at whom it is directed, I must renounce, you know, all my reputation as a wit. And in good earnest, it is a character upon which I do not set so high a value, as to be unwilling to resign it if it were in my power. However, I am in no danger of suffering in Cæsar's opinion, by being represented as the author of any sarcasms to which I have no claim; for his judgment is much too penetrating ever to be deceived by any imposition of this nature. I remember your brother Servius, whom I look upon to have been one of the most learned critics that this age has produced, was so conversant in the writings of the poets, and had acquired such an excellent and judicious ear, that he could immediately distinguish the numbers of Plautus from those of any other author. Thus Cæsar, I am told, when he made his large collection of apophthegms§, constantly rejected any piece of wit that was brought to him as mine, if it happened to be spurious: a distinction which he is much more able to make at present, as his particular friends pass almost every day of their lives in my

† Cæsar.

‡ Alluding to his services in the suppression of Cataline's conspiracy.

§ This collection was made by Cæsar when he was very young; and probably it was a performance by no means to his honour. For Augustus, into whose hands it came after his death, would not suffer it to be published.

* Silius, it should seem, had brought an account from the army, that some witticisms of Cicero had been reported to Cæsar, which had given him offence.

company. As our conversation generally turns upon a variety of subjects, I frequently strike out thoughts which they look upon as not altogether void, perhaps, of spirit and ingenuity. Now these little sallies of pleasantry, together with the general occurrences of Rome, are constantly transmitted to Cæsar, in pursuance of his own express direction: so that if any thing of this kind be mentioned by others as coming from me, he always disregards it. You see, then, that the lines you quote with so much propriety from the tragedy of Cnœmaus*, contain a caution altogether unnecessary. For tell me, my friend, what jealousies can I possibly create? Or who will look with envy upon a man in my humble situation? But granting that I were in ever so enviable a state; yet let me observe, that it is the opinion of those philosophers, who alone seem to have understood the true nature of virtue, that a good man is answerable for nothing farther than his own innocence. Now in this respect I think myself doubly irreproachable: in the first place, by having recommended such public measures as were for the interest of the commonwealth; and in the next, that finding I was not sufficiently supported to render my counsels effectual, I did not deem it advisable to contend for them by arms against a superior strength. Most certainly, therefore, I cannot justly be accused of having failed in the duty of a good citizen. The only part then that now remains for me, is to be cautious not to expose myself, by any indiscreet word or action, to the resentment of those in power: a part which I hold likewise to be agreeable to the character of true wisdom. As to the rest; what liberties any man may take in imputing words to me which I never spoke, what credit Cæsar may give to such reports; and how far those who court my friendship, are really sincere; these are points for which it is by no means in my power to be answerable. My tranquillity arises, therefore, from the conscious integrity of my counsels in the times that are past, and from the moderation of my conduct in these that are present. Accordingly, I apply the simile you quote from Accius †, not only to Envy, but to Fortune; that

weak and inconstant power, whom every wise and resolute mind should resist with as much firmness as a rock repels the waves. Grecian story will abundantly supply examples of the greatest men, both at Athens and Syracuse, who have in some sort preserved their independency amidst the general servitude of their respective communities. May I not hope then to be able so to comport myself under the same circumstances, as neither to give offence to our rulers, on the one hand, nor to injure the dignity of my character, on the other?

But to turn from the serious, to the jocose part of your letter.—The strain of pleasantry you break into, immediately after having quoted the tragedy of Cnœmaus, puts me in mind of the modern method of introducing at the end of those graver dramatic pieces, the buffoon humour of our low mimes, instead of the more delicate burlesque of the old Atellan farces‡. Why else do you talk of your paltry polypus§, and your mouldy cheese? In pure good-nature, 'tis true, I formerly submitted to sit down with you to such homely fare: but more refined company has improved me into a better taste. For Mirtius and Dolabella, let me tell you, are my preceptors in the science of the table; as in return, they are my disciples in that of the bar. But I suppose you have already heard, at least if all the town-news be transmitted to you, that they frequently declaim at my house||, and that I as often sup at theirs. You must not however hope to escape my intended visit, by pleading poverty in bar to the admission of so luxurious a guest. Whilst you were raising a fortune indeed, I bore with your parsimonious humour: but now that you are in circumstances to support the loss of half your wealth, I expect that you receive me in

‡ These Atellan farces, which in the earlier periods of the Roman stage were acted at the end of the more serious dramatic performances, derived their name from Atella, a town in Italy; from whence they were first introduced at Rome. They consisted of a more liberal and genteel kind of humour than the mimes: a species of comedy, which seems to have taken its subject from low life.

§ A sea-fish so extremely tough, that it was necessary to beat it a considerable time before it could be rendered fit for the table.

|| Cicero had lately instituted a kind of academy for eloquence in his own house; at which several of the leading young men in Rome used to meet, in order to exercise themselves in the art of oratory.

* Written by Accius, a tragic poet, who flourished about the year of Rome 617.

† The poet mentioned in the preceding remark.

another manner than you would one of your compounding debtors*. And tho' your finances may somewhat suffer by my visit, remember it is better they should be impaired by treating a friend, than by lending to a stranger. I do not insist, however, that you spread your table with so unbounded a profusion as to furnish out a splendid treat with the remains; I am so wonderfully moderate, as to desire nothing more than what is perfectly elegant and exquisite in its kind. I remember to have heard you describe an entertainment which was given by Phameas. Let yours be the exact copy of his: only I should be glad not to wait for it quite so long. Should you still persist, after all, to invite me, as usual, to a penurious supper, dished out by the sparing hand of maternal economy; even this, perhaps, I may be able to support. But I would fain see that hero bold who should dare to set before me the villainous trash you mention; or even one of your boasted polypuses, with an hue as florid as vermillioned Jove†. Take my word for it, my friend, your prudence will not suffer you to be thus adventurous. Fame, no doubt, will have proclaimed at your villa my late conversion to luxury, long before my arrival: and you will shiver at the sound of her tremendous report. Nor must you flatter yourself with the hope of abating the edge of my appetite, by your cloying sweet wines before supper: a silly custom which I have now entirely renounced: being much wiser than when I used to damp my stomach with your antepasts of olives and Lucanian sausages.—But not to run on any longer in this jocose strain; my only serious wish is, that I may be able to make you a visit. You may compose your countenance, therefore, and return to your mouldy cheese in full security: for my being your guest will

* This alludes to a law which Cæsar passed in favour of those who had contracted debts before the commencement of the civil war. By this law commissioners were appointed to take an account of the estate and effects of these debtors, which were to be assigned to their respective creditors according to their valuation before the civil war broke out; and whatever sums had been paid for interest, were to be considered as in discharge of the principal. By this ordinance *Pastus*, it seems, had been a particular sufferer.

† *Pliny*, the naturalist, mentions a statue of *Jupiter* erected in the Capitol, which on certain festival days it was customary to paint with vermillion.

occasion you, as usual, no other expence than that of heating your baths. As for all the rest, you are to look upon it as mere pleasantry.

The trouble you have given yourself about *Selicius's villa*‡, is extremely obliging; as your description of it was excessively droll. I believe therefore, from the account you give me, I shall renounce all thoughts of making that purchase: for though the country, it seems, abounds in salt, the neighbourhood, I find, is but *insipid*. Farewel.

L E T T E R LXIII.

To Volumnius.

[A. U. 707.]

YOU have little reason, believe me, to regret the not being present at my declamations; and if you should really envy *Ibirtius*, as you assure me you should if you did not love him, it must be much more for his own eloquence, than as he is an auditor of mine. In truth, my dear *Volumnius*, either I am utterly void of all genius, or incapable of exercising it to my satisfaction, now that I have lost those illustrious fellow-labourers at the bar, that fired me with emulation when I used to gain your judicious applause. If ever, indeed, I displayed the powers of eloquence with advantage to my reputation, let me send a sigh when I reflect, with the fallen *Philoctetes* in the play, that

These potent shafts, the heroes' wonted dread,
Now spend on me, their war their idle force;
Aim'd at the weak inhabitants of air!

However, if you will give me your company here, my spirits will be more enlivened; though I need not add, that you will find me engaged in a multitude of very important occupations. But if I can once get to the end of them (as I most earnestly wish), I shall bid a long farewell both to the forum and the senate, and chiefly devote my time to you and some few others of our common friends. In this number are *Cassius* and *Dolabella*, who are united with us in the same favourite studies, and to whose performances I with great pleasure attend. But we want the assistance of your refined judgment, and of that uncommon erudition which has often struck me with awe

‡ In Naples.

when I have been delivering my sentiments before you. I have determined then, if I should obtain the consent, or at least the permission of Cæsar, to retire from that stage on which I have frequently performed a part that he himself has applauded. It is my resolution, indeed, totally to conceal myself in the secret shades of philosophy; where I hope to enjoy, with you and some others of the same contemplative disposition, the honourable fruits of a studious leisure.

I am sorry you shortened your last letter in the apprehension that I should not have patience to read a longer. But assure yourself for the future, that the longer yours are, the more acceptable they will always prove to me. Farewel.

LETTER LXIV.

To Papirius Pætus.

[A. U. 707.]

YOUR letter gave me a double pleasure: for it not only diverted me extremely, but was a proof likewise that you are so well recovered as to be able to indulge your usual gaiety. I was well contented at the same time to find myself the subject of your raillery; and, in truth, the repeated provocations I had given you, were sufficient to call forth all the severity of your satire. My only regret is, that I am prevented from taking my intended journey into your part of the world; where I proposed to have made myself, I do not say your guest, but one of your family. You would have found me wonderfully changed from the man I formerly was, when you used to cram me with your cloying antepasts*. For I now more prudently sit down to table with an appetite altogether unimpaired, and most heroically make my way through every dish that comes before me, from the egg† that leads the van, to the roast veal that brings up the

* These antepasts seem to have been a kind of collation preparatory to the principal entertainment. They generally consisted, it is probable, of such dishes as were provocatives to appetite: but prudent economists, as may be collected from the turn of Cicero's raillery, sometimes contrived them in such a manner as to damp rather than improve the stomach of their guests.

† The first dish at every Roman table was constantly eggs; which maintained their post of honour even at the most magnificent entertainments.

rear‡. The temperate and unexpensive guest whom you were wont to applaud, is now no more. I have bidden a total farewell to all the cares of the patriot; and have joined the professed enemies of my former principles; in short, I am become an absolute Epicurean. You are by no means however to consider me as a friend to that injudicious profusion, which is now the prevailing taste of our modern entertainments: on the contrary, it is that more elegant luxury I admire, which you formerly used to display when your finances were more flourishing, though your farms were not more numerous than at present. Be prepared therefore for my reception accordingly; and remember you are to entertain a man who has not only a most enormous appetite, but who has some little knowledge, let me tell you, in the science of elegant eating. You know there is a peculiar air of self-sufficiency, that generally distinguishes those who enter late into the study of any art. You will not wonder, therefore, when I take upon me to inform you, that you must banish your cakes and your sweetmeats, as articles that are now utterly discarded from all fashionable bills of fare. I am become indeed such a proficient in this science, that I frequently venture to invite to my table those refined friends of yours, the delicate Verrius and Camillus. Nay I am bolder still, and have presumed to give a supper even to Hirtius himself; though, I must own, I could not advance so far as to honour him with a peacock. To tell you the truth, my honest cook had not skill enough to imitate any other part of his splendid entertainments, except only his smoking soups.

But to give you a general sketch of my manner of life; I spend the first part of the morning in receiving the compliments of several, both of our dejected patriots and our gay victors: the latter of whom treat me with great marks of civility and esteem. As soon as that ceremony is over, I retire to my library; where I employ myself either with my books or my pen. And here I am sometimes surrounded by an audience, who look upon me as a man of most profound erudition, for no other reason, perhaps, than because

‡ It appears by a passage which Mammius cites from Tertullian, that the Romans usually concluded their feasts with boiled or roast meat.

I am not altogether so ignorant as themselves. The rest of my time I wholly devote to indulgences of a less intellectual kind. I have sufficiently indeed paid the tribute of sorrow to my unhappy country; the miseries whereof I have longer and more bitterly lamented, than ever tender mother bewailed the loss of her only son.

Let me desire you, as you would secure your magazine of provisions from falling into my hands, to take care of your health; for I have most unmercifully resolved that no pretence of indisposition shall preserve your larder from my depredations. Farewel.

LETTER LXV.

To Gallus.

[A. U. 707.]

I AM much surprised at your reproaches; as I am sure they are altogether without foundation. But were they ever so just, they would come with a very ill grace from you, who ought to have remembered those marks of distinction you received from me during my consulate. It seems, however (for so you are pleased to inform me), that Cæsar will certainly restore you. I know you are never sparing of your boasts: but I know too, that they have the ill luck never to be credited. It is in the same spirit you remind me, that you offered yourself as a candidate for the tribunitial office, merely in order to serve me*. Now to shew you how much I am in your interest, I wish you were a tribune still: as in that case you could not be at a loss for an *intercessor*†. You go on to reproach me, with not daring to speak my sentiments. In proof however of the contrary, I need only refer you to the reply I made, when you had the front to solicit my assistance.

Thus (to let you see how absolutely impotent you are, where you most affect to appear formidable), I thought

* Probably during Cicero's exile.

† Cicero's witticism in this passage, turns upon the double sense of the word *intercessor*: which, besides its general meaning, has relation likewise to a particular privilege annexed to the tribunitial office. For every tribune had the liberty of interposing his negative upon the proceedings of the senate: which act was called *intercessio*, and the person who executed it was said to be the *intercessor* of the particular law, or other matter in deliberation.

proper to answer you in your own style. If you had made your remonstrances in the spirit of good manners, I should with pleasure, as I could with ease, have vindicated myself from your charge: and in truth, it is not your conduct, but your language, that I have reason to resent. I am astonished indeed that you, of all men living, should accuse me of want of freedom, who are sensible it is by my means that there is any freedom left in the republic‡. I say *you of all men living*: because, if the informations you gave me concerning Cataline's conspiracy were false; where are the services of which you remind me? If they were true, you yourself are the best judge how great those obligations are which I have conferred upon every Roman in general. Farewel.

LETTER LXVI.

To Cæsar.

[A. U. 708.]

I VERY particularly recommend to your favour the son of our worthy and common friend Præcilius: a youth whose modest and polite behaviour, together with his singular attachment to myself, have exceedingly endeared him to me. His father likewise, as experience has now fully convinced me, was always my most sincere well-wisher. For to confess the truth, he was the first and most zealous of those who used both to rally and reproach me for not joining in your cause: especially after you had invited me by so many honourable overtures. But,

All unavailing prov'd his every art,
To shake the purpose of his steadfast heart.
Hom. Odyss. vii. 258.

For whilst the gallant chiefs of our party were on the other side perpetually exclaiming to me,

Rise thou, distinguish'd 'midst the sons of fame,
And fair transmit to times unborn thy name.
Hom. Odyss. i. 302.

Too easy dupe of flattery's specious voice,
Darkling I stray'd from wisdom's better choice.
Hom. Odyss. xxiv. 314.

And fain would they still raise my spirits, while they endeavour, insensible as I

‡ Alluding to his having suppressed Cataline's conspiracy.

now am to the charms of glory, to rekindle that passion in my heart. With this view they are ever repeating,

O let me not inglorious sink in death,
And yield like vulgar souls my parting breath:
In some brave effort give me to expire,
That distant ages may the deed admire!

HOM. II. xxii.

But I am immoveable, as you see, by all their persuasions. Renouncing, therefore, the pompous heroics of Homer, I turn to the just maxims of Euripides, and say with that poet,

Curse on the sage, who, impotently wise,
O'erlooks the paths where humbler prudence
lies.

My old friend Præcilius is a great admirer of the sentiment in these lines; insisting, that a patriot may preserve a prudential regard to his own safety, and yet,

Above his peers the first in honour shine.

HOM. II. vi. 208.

But to return from this digression: you will greatly oblige me by extending to this young man that uncommon generosity which so peculiarly marks your character; and by suffering my recommendation to increase the number of those favours which I am persuaded you are disposed to confer upon him for the sake of his family.

I have not addressed you in the usual style of recommendatory letters, that you might see I did not intend this as an application of common form. Farewel.

LETTER LXVII.

To *Cæsar*.

[A. U. 708.]

AMONGST all our young nobility, Publius Crassus was one for whom I entertained the highest regard; and indeed he amply justified, in his more mature years, the favourable opinion I had conceived of him from his infancy. It was during his life that his freedman Apollonius first recommended himself to my esteem; for he was zealously attached to the interest of his patron, and perfectly well qualified to assist him in those noble studies to which he was devoted; accordingly Crassus was extremely fond of him. But Apollonius, after the death of his patron, proved himself still more worthy of my protection and friendship;

as he distinguished with peculiar marks of respect all who loved Crassus, or had been beloved by him. It was this that induced Apollonius to follow me into Cilicia: where, upon many occasions, I received singular advantage from his faithful and judicious services. If I mistake not, his most sincere and zealous offices were not wanting to you likewise in the Alexandrine war, and it is in the hope of your thinking so, that he has resolved, in concurrence with my sentiments, but chiefly indeed from his own, to wait upon you in Spain. I would not promise, however, to recommend him to your favour. Not that I suspected my applications would be void of weight; but I thought they would be unnecessary in behalf of a man who had served in the army under you, and whom, from your regard to the memory of Crassus, you would undoubtedly consider as a friend of your own. Besides, I knew he could easily procure letters of this kind from many other hands. But as he greatly values my good opinion, and as I am sensible it has some influence upon yours, I very willingly give him my testimonial. Let me assure you then, that I know him to be a man of literature, and one who has applied himself to the polite arts from his earliest youth. For when he was a boy he frequently visited at my house with Diodotus the Stoic: a philosopher, in my judgment, of consummate erudition. Apollonius, inflamed with zeal for the glory of your actions, is greatly desirous of recording them in Greek; and I think him very capable of the undertaking. He has an excellent genius, and has been particularly conversant in studies of the historical kind: as he is wonderfully ambitious likewise of doing justice to your immortal fame. These are my sincere sentiments of the man; but how far he deserves them, your own superior judgment will best determine. But though I told Apollonius that I should not particularly recommend him to your favour; yet I cannot forbear assuring you, that every instance of your generosity towards him will extremely oblige me. Farewel.

LETTER LXVIII.

*Quintius Cicero to Marcus Cicero *.*

I PROTEST to you, my dear brother, you have performed an act extremely agreeable to me in giving Tiro his freedom; as a state of servitude was a situation far unworthy of his merit. Believe me, I felt the highest complacency, when I found by his letter and yours, that you rather chose we should look upon him in the number of our friends, than in that of our slaves: and I both congratulate and thank you for this instance of your generosity towards him. If I receive so much satisfaction from the services of my freedman Statius; how much more valuable must the same good qualities appear in Tiro, as they have the additional advantages of his learning, his wit, and his politeness, to recommend them? I have many powerful motives for the affection I bear you; and this mark of your beneficence to Tiro, together with your giving me part (as indeed you had reason) in the family-joy upon this occasion, still increases the number. In a word, I saw and admired all the amiable qualities of your heart, in the letter you wrote to me on the subject.

I have promised my best services to the slaves of Sabînus; and it is a promise I will most assuredly make good. Farewel.

LETTER LXIX.

To Tiro.

[A. U. 708.]

YOUR letter encourages me to hope that you find yourself better; I am sure, at least, I most sincerely wish that you may. I intreat you, therefore, to consecrate all your cares to that end; and by no means indulge so mistaken a suspicion as that I am displeased you are not with me. With me you are, in the best sense of that expression, if you are taking care of your health; which I had much rather you should attend, than on myself. For though I always both see and hear you with pleasure; that pleasure will be greatly increased, when I shall have the satisfaction at the same time to be assured that you are perfectly well.

* The date of this letter is altogether uncertain.

My work is at present suspended †, as I cannot make use of my own hand: however, I employ myself a good deal in reading. If your transcribers should be puzzled with my manuscript, I beg you would give them your assistance: as indeed there is an interlineation relating to a circumstance in Cato's behaviour when he was only four years of age, that I could scarce decypher myself. You will continue your care likewise, that the dining-room be in proper order for the reception of our guests: in which number, I dare say I may reckon Tertia, provided Publius be not invited.

That strange fellow Demetrius was always, I know, the very reverse of his namesake of Phaleris: but I find he is now grown more insufferable than ever, and is degenerated into an arrant Bilienus ‡. I resign the management of him therefore entirely into your hands; and you will pay your court to him accordingly. But—*however—d'ye see—and as to that*—(to present you with a few of his own elegant expletives) if you should have any conversation with him, let me know, that it may furnish me with the subject of a letter, and at the same time afford me the pleasure of reading so much longer an one from yourself. In the mean while take care of your health, my dear Tiro, I conjure you; and be well persuaded, that you cannot render me a more pleasing service. Farewel.

LETTER LXX.

To Dolabella §.

[A. U. 708.]

Oh! that the silence you so kindly regret, had been occasioned by my own death, rather than by the severe loss I have suffered ¶; a loss I should be better able to support, if I had you with me. For your judicious counsels, and singular affection towards me, would greatly contribute to alleviate its weight. This good office indeed I may yet per-

† The work to which Cicero alludes, was probably a panegyric upon Cato; which he wrote and published about this time.

‡ Who this person and Demetrius were, is utterly unknown; but it is probable that the ridiculous part of their characters, to which Cicero here alludes, was that of being very dull and inelegant orators.

§ He was at this time with Caesar in Spain.

¶ The death of his daughter Tullia.

haps receive; for as I imagine we shall soon see you here, you will find me still so deeply affected, as to have an opportunity of affording me great assistance. Not that this affliction has so broken my spirit as to render me unmindful that I am a man, or apprehensive that I must totally sink under its pressure. But all that cheerfulness and vivacity of temper, which you once so particularly admired, has now, alas! entirely forsaken me. My fortitude and resolution, nevertheless (if these virtues were ever mine), I still retain, and retain them too in the same vigour as when you left me.

As to those battles which, you tell me, you have sustained upon my account; I am far less solicitous that you should confute my detractors, than that the world should know (as it unquestionably does) that I enjoy a place in your affection: and may you still continue to render that truth conspicuous. To this request I will add another, and entreat you to excuse me for not sending you a longer letter. I shorten it, not only as imagining we shall soon meet, but because my mind is at present by no means sufficiently composed for writing. Farewell.

L E T T E R LXXI.

Servius Sulpicius to Cicero.

[A. U. 708.]

I RECEIVED the news of your daughter's death, with all the concern it so justly deserves; and indeed I cannot but consider it as a misfortune in which I bear an equal share with yourself. If I had been near you when this fatal accident happened, I should not only have mingled my tears with yours, but assisted you with all the consolation in my power. I am sensible, at the same time, that offices of this kind afford at best but a wretched relief; for as none are qualified to perform them, but those who stand near to us by the ties either of blood or affection, such persons are generally too much afflicted themselves to be capable of administering comfort to others. Nevertheless, I thought proper to suggest a few reflections which occurred to me upon this occasion: not as imagining they would be new to you, but believing that in your present discomposure of mind, they might possibly have escaped your attention. Tell me then, my friend, wherefore do you indulge this excess of sorrow? Reflect, I intreat you, in what

manner fortune has dealt with every one of us; that she has deprived us of what ought to be no less dear than our children, and overwhelmed in one general ruin our honours, our liberties, and our country. And after these losses, is it possible that any other should increase our tears? Is it possible that a mind long exercised in calamities so truly severe, should not become totally callous and indifferent to every event? But you will tell me, perhaps, that your grief arises not so much on your own account, as on that of Tullia. Yet surely you must often, as well as myself, have had occasion in these wretched times to reflect, that their condition by no means deserves to be regretted, whom death has gently removed from this unhappy scene. What is there, let me ask, in the present circumstances of our country, that could have rendered life greatly desirable to your daughter? What pleasing hopes, what agreeable views, what rational satisfaction could she possibly have proposed to herself from a more extended period? Was it in the prospect of conjugal happiness in the society of some distinguished youth? as if, indeed, you could have found a son-in-law amongst our present set of young men, worthy of being entrusted with the care of your daughter! Or was it in the expectation of being the joyful mother of a flourishing race, who might possess their patrimony with independence, who might gradually rise through the several dignities of the state, and exert the liberty to which they were born in the service and defence of their friends and country? But is there one amongst all these desirable privileges, of which we were not deprived before she was in a capacity of transmitting them to her descendants? Yet after all, you may still allege, perhaps, that the loss of our children is a severe affliction; and unquestionably it would be so, if it were not a much greater to see them live to endure those indignities which their parents suffer.

I lately fell into a reflection, which as it afforded great relief to the disquietude of my own heart, it may possibly contribute likewise to assuage the anguish of yours. In my return out of Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara*, I amused myself with contemplating

* Ægina, now called Engia, is an island situated in the gulf that runs between the Pelopon-

plating the circumjacent countries. Behind me lay Ægina, before me Megara; on my right I saw Piræus*, and on my left Corinth†. These cities, once so flourishing and magnificent, now presented nothing to my view but a sad spectacle of desolation. "Alas," I said to myself, "shall such a short-lived creature as man complain, when one of his species falls either by the hand of violence, or by the common course of nature: whilst in this narrow compass so many great and glorious cities, formed for a much longer duration, thus lie extended in ruins? Remember then, oh my heart! the general lot to which man is born; and let that thought suppress thy unreasonable murmurs." Believe me, I found my mind greatly refreshed and comforted by these reflections. Let me advise you in the same manner to represent to yourself, what numbers of our illustrious countrymen have lately been cut off at once‡; how much the strength of the Roman republic is impaired, and what dreadful devastation has gone forth throughout all its provinces! And can you, with the impression of these greater calamities upon your mind, be so immoderately afflicted for the loss of a single individual, a poor, little, tender woman? who, if she had not died at this time, must in a few fleeting years more have inevitably undergone that common fate to which she was born.

Reasonable, however, as these reflections are, I would call you from them a while, in order to lead your thoughts to others more peculiarly suitable to your circumstances and character. Remember then, that your daughter lived as long as life was worth possessing, that is, till liberty was no more: that she lived to see you in the illustrious offices of prætor, consul, and augur; to be married to some of the noblest youths in Rome§; to be blessed with almost every valuable enjoyment; and at length to expire with the republic itself. Tell me now, what is there in this view of her fate, that could give either her or yourself just rea-

son to complain? In fine, do not forget that you are Cicero, the wise, the philosophical Cicero, who were wont to give advice to others; nor resemble those unskilful empirics, who at the same time that they pretend to be furnished with remedies for other men's disorders, are altogether incapable of finding a cure for their own. On the contrary, apply to your private use those judicious precepts you have administered to the public. Time necessarily weakens the strongest impressions of sorrow; but it would be a reproach to your character not to anticipate this its certain effect, by the force of your own good sense and judgment. If the dead retain any consciousness of what is here transacted, your daughter's affliction, I am sure, was such, both to you and to all her relations, that she can by no means desire you should abandon yourself to this excess of grief. Restrain it then, I conjure you, for her sake, and for the sake of the rest of your family and friends, who lament to see you thus afflicted. Restrain it too, I beseech you, for the sake of your country; that whenever the opportunity shall serve, it may reap the benefit of your counsels and assistance. In short, since such is our fortune that we must necessarily submit to the present system of public affairs, suffer it not to be suspected, that it is not so much the death of your daughter, as the fate of the republic, and the success of our victors, that you deplore.

But it would be ill manners to dwell any longer upon this subject, as I should seem to question the efficacy of your own good sense. I will only add, therefore, that as we have often seen you bear prosperity in the noblest manner, and with the highest applause; shew us likewise that you are not too sensible of adversity, but know how to support it with the same advantage to your character. In a word, let it not be said, that fortitude is the single virtue to which my friend is a stranger.

As for what concerns myself, I will send you an account of the state of this province, and of what is transacting in this part of the world, as soon as I shall hear that you are sufficiently composed to receive the information. Farewel.

nessus and Attica, to which it gives its name. Megara was a city near the isthmus of Corinth.

* A celebrated sea-port at a small distance from Athens, now called Port Lion.

† A city in the Peloponnesus.

‡ In the civil wars.

§ To Piso, Crassipes, and Dolabella.

LETTER LXXII.

To Servius Sulpicius.

(A. U. 708.)

I JOIN with you, my dear Sulpicius, in wishing that you had been in Rome when this most severe calamity befel me. I am sensible of the advantage I should have received from your presence, and I had almost said your equal participation of my grief, by having found myself somewhat more composed after I had read your letter. It furnished me indeed with arguments extremely proper to sooth the anguish of affliction; and evidently flowed from a heart that sympathized with the sorrows it endeavoured to assuage. But although I could not enjoy the benefit of your own good offices in person, I had the advantage, however, of your son's; who gave me a proof, by every tender assistance that could be contributed upon so melancholy an occasion, how much he imagined that he was acting agreeably to your sentiments, when he thus discovered the affection of his own. More pleasing instances of his friendship I have frequently received, but never any that were more obliging. As to those for which I am indebted to yourself, it is not only the force of your reasonings, and the very considerable share you take in my afflictions, that have contributed to compose my mind; it is the deference likewise which I always pay to the authority of your sentiments. For knowing, as I perfectly do, the superior wisdom with which you are enlightened, I should be ashamed not to support my distresses in the manner you think I ought. I will acknowledge nevertheless, that they sometimes almost entirely overcome me: and I am scarce able to resist the force of my grief when I reflect, that I am destitute of those consolations which attended others, whose examples I propose to my imitation. Thus Quintus Maximus lost a son of consular rank, and distinguished by many brave and illustrious actions; Lucius Paulus was deprived of two sons in the space of a single week; and your relation Gallus, together with Marcus Cato, had both of them the unhappiness to survive their respective sons, who were endowed with the highest abilities and virtues. Yet these unfortunate parents lived in times when the honours they derived from the republic might in some measure alleviate

the weight of their domestic misfortunes. But as for myself, after having been stripped of those dignities you mention, and which I had acquired by the most laborious exertion of my abilities, I had one only consolation remaining: and of that I am now bereaved. I could no longer divert the disquietude of my thoughts, by employing myself in the causes of my friends, or the business of the state: for I could no longer with any satisfaction appear either in the forum or the senate. In short, I justly considered myself as cut off from the benefit of all those alleviating occupations in which fortune and industry had qualified me to engage. But I considered too, that this was a deprivation which I suffered in common with yourself and some others: and whilst I was endeavouring to reconcile my mind to a patient endurance of those ills; there was one to whose tender offices I could have recourse, and in the sweetness of whose conversation I could discharge all the cares and anxiety of my heart. But this last fatal stab to my peace has torn open those wounds which seemed in some measure to have been tolerably healed. For I can now no longer lose my private sorrows in the prosperity of the commonwealth, as I was wont to dispel the uneasiness I suffered upon the public account, in the happiness I received at home. Accordingly I have equally banished myself from my house*, and from the public; as finding no relief in either, from the calamities I lament in both. It is this, therefore, that heightens my desire of seeing you here; as nothing can afford me a more effectual consolation than the renewal of our friendly intercourse: a happiness which I hope, and am informed indeed, that I shall shortly enjoy. Among the many reasons I have for impatiently wishing your arrival, one is, that we may previously concert together our scheme of conduct in the present conjuncture; which, however, must now be entirely accommodated to another's will. This person †, 'tis true, is a man of great abilities and generosity; and one, if I mistake not, who is by no means my enemy; and I am sure he is extremely your friend.

* Cicero, upon the death of his daughter, retired from his own house, to one belonging to Atticus near Rome: from which, perhaps, this letter was written.

† Caesar.

Nevertheless

Nevertheless it requires much consideration, I do not say in what manner we shall act with respect to public affairs, but by what methods we may best obtain his permission to retire from them. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIII.

To Lucius Luccæius.

[A. U. 708.]

ALL the letters I have received from you upon the subject of my late misfortune, were extremely acceptable to me, as instances of the highest affection and good sense. But the great advantage I have derived from them, principally results from the animating contempt with which you look down upon human affairs, and that exemplary fortitude which arms you against all the various assaults of fortune. I esteem it the most glorious privilege of philosophy to be thus superior to external accidents, and to depend for happiness on ourselves alone: a sentiment, which, although it was too deeply planted in my heart to be totally eradicated, has been somewhat weakened, I confess, by the violence of those repeated storms to which I have been lately exposed. But you have endeavoured, and with great success indeed, to restore it to all its usual strength and vigour. I cannot therefore either too often or too strongly assure you, that nothing could give me a higher satisfaction than your letter. But powerful as the various arguments of consolation are which you have collected for my use, and elegantly as you have enforced them; I must acknowledge, that nothing proved more effectual than that firmness of mind which I remarked in your letters, and which I should esteem as the utmost reproach not to imitate. But if I imitate, I must necessarily excel my guide and instructor in this lesson of fortitude: for I am altogether unsupported by the same hopes which I find you entertain, that public affairs will improve. Those illustrations indeed which you draw from the gladiatorial combats, together with the whole tendency of your reasoning in general, all concur in forbidding me to despair of the commonwealth. It would be nothing extraordinary, therefore, if you should be more composed than myself, whilst you are in possession of these pleasing hopes: the only wonder is, how

you can possibly entertain any. For say, my friend, what is there of our constitution that is not utterly subverted? Look round the republic and tell me (you who so well understand the nature of our government) what part of it remains unbroken or unimpaired? Most unquestionably there is not one: as I would prove in detail, if I imagined my own discernment was superior to yours, or were capable (notwithstanding all your powerful admonitions and precepts) to dwell upon so melancholy a subject without being extremely affected. But I will bear my domestic misfortunes in the manner you assure me that I ought: and as to those of the public, I shall support them, perhaps, with greater equanimity than even my friend. For (to repeat it again) you are not, it seems, without some sort of hopes; whereas for myself, I have absolutely none; and shall therefore, in pursuance of your advice, preserve my spirits even in the midst of despair. The pleasing recollection of those actions you recall to my remembrance, and which, indeed, I performed chiefly by your encouragement and commendation, will greatly contribute to this end. To say the truth, I have done every thing for the service of my country that I ought, and more than could have been expected from the courage and counsels of any man. You will pardon me, I hope, for speaking in this advantageous manner of my own conduct: but as you advise me to alleviate my present uneasiness by a retrospect of my past actions, I will confess, that in thus commemorating them, I find great consolation.

I shall punctually observe your admonitions, by calling off my mind as much as possible from every thing that may disturb its peace, and fixing it on those speculations which are at once an ornament to prosperity and the support of adversity. For this purpose I shall endeavour to spend as much of my time with you, as our health and years will mutually permit: and if we cannot meet so often as I am sure we both wish, we shall always at least seem present to each other by a sympathy of hearts, and an union in the same philosophical contemplations. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIV.

Luccius to Cicero.

[A. U. 705.]

I SHALL rejoice to hear that you are well. As to my own health, it is much as usual; or rather, I think, somewhat worse.

I have frequently called at your door; and am much surprised to find that you have not been in Rome since Caesar left it. What is it that so strongly draws you from hence? If any of your usual engagements of the literary kind renders you thus enamoured of solitude, I am so far from condemning your retirement, that I think of it with pleasure. There is no sort of life indeed that can be more agreeable, not only in times so disturbed as the present, but even in those of the most desirable calm and serenity; especially to a mind like yours, which may have occasion for repose from its public labours, and which is always capable of producing something that will afford both pleasure to others and honour to yourself. But if you have withdrawn from the world, in order to give a free vent to those tears which you so immoderately indulged when you were here, I shall lament indeed your grief; but (if you will allow me to speak the truth) I never can excuse it. For tell me, my friend, is it possible that a man of your uncommon discernment should not perceive what is obvious to all mankind? Is it possible you can be ignorant that your perpetual complaints can profit nothing, and only serve to increase those disquietudes which your good sense requires you to subdue? But if arguments cannot prevail, intreaties perhaps may. Let me conjure you then by all the regard you bear me, to dispel this gloom that hangs upon your heart; to return to that society and to those occupations which were either common to us both, or peculiar to yourself. But though I would fain dissuade you from continuing your present way of life, yet I would by no means suffer my zeal to be troublesome. In the difficulty therefore of steering between these two inclinations, I will only add my request, that you would either comply with my advice, or excuse me for offering it. Farewell.

LETTER LXXV.

To Lucius Luccius.

[A. U. 708.]

EVERY part of your last letter glowed with that warmth of friendship, which, though it was by no means new to me, I could not but observe with peculiar satisfaction; I would say *pleasure*, if that were not a word to which I have now for ever bidden adieu: not merely, however, for the cause you suspect, and for which, under the gentlest and most affectionate terms, you in fact very severely reproach me; but because all that ought in reason to assuage the anguish of so deep a wound, is absolutely no more. For whither shall I fly for consolation? Is it to the bosom of my friends? But tell me (for we have generally shared the same common amities together) how few of that number are remaining? how few that have not perished by the sword, or that are not become strangely insensible? You will say, perhaps, that I might seek my relief in your society: and there indeed I would willingly seek it. The same habits and studies, a long intercourse of friendship—in short, is there any sort of bond, any single circumstance of connection wanting to unite us together? Why then are we such strangers to one another? For my own part, I know not: but this I know, that we have hitherto seldom met, I do not say in Rome, where the Forum usually brings every body together*, but when we were near neighbours at Tusculum and Puteola.

I know not by what ill fate it has happened, that at an age when I might expect to flourish in the greatest credit and dignity, I should find myself in so wretched a situation as to be ashamed that I am still in being. Despoiled indeed of every honour and every comfort that adorned my public life, or smoothed my private; what is it that can now afford me any refuge? My books, I imagine you will tell me; and to these indeed I very assiduously apply. For to what else can I

* The Forum was a place of general resort for the whole city. It was here that the lawyers pleaded their causes, that the poets recited their works, and that funeral orations were spoken in honour of the dead. It was here, in short, every thing was going forward that could engage the active or amuse the idle.

possibly have recourse? Yet even these seem to exclude me from that peaceful port which I fain would reach, and reproach me, as it were, for prolonging that life which only increases my sorrows with my years. Can you wonder then that I absent myself from Rome, where there is nothing under my own roof to afford me any satisfaction, and where I abhor both public men and public measures, both the forum and the senate? For this reason it is that I wear away my days in a total application to literary pursuits: not indeed as entertaining so vain a hope, that I may find in them a complete cure for my misfortunes, but in order to obtain at least some little respite from their bitter remembrance.

If those dangers with which we were daily menaced, had not formerly prevented both you and myself from reflecting with that coolness we ought, we should never have been thus separated. Had that proved to have been the case, we should both of us have spared ourselves much uneasiness; as I should not have indulged so many groundless fears for your health, nor you for the consequences of my grief. Let us repair then this unlucky mistake as well as we may: and as nothing can be more suitable to both of us than the company of each other, I purpose to be with you in a few days. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVI.

To Tiro.

[A. U. 708.]

BELIEVE me, my dear Tiro, I am greatly anxious for your health: however, if you persevere in the same cautious regimen which you have hitherto observed, you will soon, I trust, be well. As to my library, I beg you would put the books in order, and take a catalogue of them, when your physician shall give you his consent: for it is by his directions you must now be governed. With respect to the garden, I leave you to adjust matters as you shall judge proper.

I think you might come to Rome on the first of next month, in order to see the gladiatorial combats, and return the following day: but let this be entirely as is most agreeable to your own inclinations.

In the mean time, if you have any affection for me, take care of your health. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVII.

To the same.

[A. U. 708.]

WHY should you not direct your letters to me with the familiar superscription which one friend generally uses to another? However, if you are unwilling to hazard the envy which this privilege may draw upon you, be it as you think proper: though for my own part, it is a maxim which I have generally pursued with respect to myself, to treat envy with the utmost disregard.

I rejoice that you found so much benefit by your sudorific: and should the air of Tusculum be attended with the same happy effect, how infinitely will it increase my fondness for that favourite scene! If you love me then (and if you do not, you are undoubtedly the most successful of all dissemblers), consecrate your whole time to the care of your health; which hitherto indeed your assiduous attendance upon myself has but too much prevented. You well know the rules which it is necessary you should observe for this purpose; and I need not tell you that your diet should be light, and your exercises moderate: that you should keep you body open and your mind amused. Be it your care, in short, to return to me perfectly recovered: and I shall ever afterwards not only love you, but Tusculum so much the more ardently.

I wish you could prevail with your neighbour to take my garden; as it will be the most effectual means of vexing that rascal Helico. This fellow, although he paid a thousand sesterces* for the rent of a piece of cold barren ground, that had not so much as a wall or a shed upon it, or was supplied with a single drop of water, has yet the assurance to laugh at the price I require for mine; notwithstanding all the money I have laid out upon the improvements. But let it be your business to spirit the man into our terms; as it shall be mine to make the same artful attack upon Orho.

Let me know what you have done with respect to the fountain: though possibly

* About 8l. of our money.

this wet season may now have oversupplied it with water. If the weather should prove fair, I will send the dial, together with the books you desire. But how happened it that you took none with you? Was it that you were employed in some poetical composition upon the model of your admired Sophocles? If so, I hope you will soon oblige the world with your performance.

Ligurius, Cæsar's great favourite, is dead. He was a very worthy man, and much my friend. Let me know when I may expect you: in the mean time be careful of your health. Farewell.

LETTER LXXVIII.

To Matius.

[A. U. 708.]

I KNOW not whether it is with greater pain or pleasure, that I reflect on the visit which I lately received from our very good friend, the well-natured Trebatius. He called upon me the next morning after my arrival at Tusculum: and as he was by no means sufficiently recovered from his late indisposition, I could not forbear reproving him for thus hazarding his health. He interrupted me with saying, that nothing was of more importance to him than the business which brought him to my house: and upon my inquiry if any thing new had occurred, he immediately entered into an account of your complaints against me. But before I give them a particular answer, let me begin with a few previous reflections.

Amongst all my acquaintance, I cannot recollect any man with whom I have longer enjoyed a friendship, than with yourself: and although there are several for whom my affection commenced as early, there are few for whom it has risen so high. The truth of it is, I conceived an esteem for you from the first moment I saw you: and I had reason to believe, that you thought of me in the same favourable manner. But your long absence from Rome, which immediately succeeded our first acquaintance, together with that active course of life wherein I was engaged, and which was so entirely different from yours, did not at that time admit of our improving this mutual disposition by a more frequent intercourse. Nevertheless, even so long ago as when

Cæsar was in Gaul, and many years before the commencement of the civil war, I experienced your friendly inclinations towards me. For as you imagined that my union with Cæsar would be greatly advantageous on my side, and not altogether unserviceable on his; you generously recommended me to his favour, and was the cause of his cultivating my friendship. I forbear to mention several instances which occurred at that period, of the unreserved manner in which we both conversed and corresponded together, as they are followed by others of a more important nature. At the opening of the civil war, when you were going to meet Cæsar at Brundisium, you paid me a visit in my Formian villa. This single favour, had it been attended with no other, was, at such a critical juncture, an ample testimony of your affection. But can I ever forget the generous advice you so kindly gave me at the same time, and of which Trebatius, I remember, was himself a witness? Can I ever forget the letter you afterwards wrote to me, when you went to join Cæsar in the district, if I mistake not, of Trebula? It was soon after this, that either by gratitude, by honour, or perhaps by fate, I was determined to follow Pompey into Greece: and was there any instance of an obliging zeal, which you did not exert in my absence both for me and for my family? Was there any one, in short, whom either they or I had more reason to esteem our friend? But I returned to Brundisium: and can I forget (let me ask once more) with what an obliging expedition you hastened, as soon as you heard of my arrival, to meet me at Tarentum? How friendly were your visits! how kind your endeavours to reason me out of that dejection into which the dread of our general calamities had sunk me! At length, however, I returned to Rome; where every proof of the greatest intimacy, and upon occasions too of the most important kind, mutually passed between us. It was by your directions and advice, that I learned to regulate my conduct with respect to Cæsar; and as to other instances of your friendship, where was the man, except Cæsar himself, at whose house you more frequently visited, or upon whom you bestowed so many agreeable hours of your conversation? in some of which, you may remember, it was that you encouraged

couraged me to engage in my philosophical writings. When Cæsar afterwards returned from completing his victories, it was your first and principal endeavour to establish me again in his friendship: and it was an endeavour in which you perfectly well succeeded. But to what purpose, you will ask, perhaps, this long detail? Longer indeed I must acknowledge it is than I was myself aware: however, the use I would make of these several circumstances is, to shew you how much reason I have to be surprised, that you who well know the truth of them, should believe me capable of having acted inconsistently with such powerful ties. But besides these motives of my attachment to you, motives known and visible to the whole world, there are others of a far less conspicuous kind; and which I am at a loss to represent in the terms they deserve. Every part indeed of your character I admire; but when I consider you as the wise, the firm, and the faithful friend; as the polite, the witty, and the learned companion; these, I confess, are the striking points amidst your many other illustrious qualifications, with which I am particularly charmed. But it is time to return to the complaints you have alleged against me. Be assured then, I never once credited the report of your having voted for the law you mentioned to Trebatius: and indeed if I had, I should have been well persuaded that you were induced to concur in promoting it, upon some very just and rational motive. But as the dignity of your character draws upon you the observation of all the world; the malevolence of mankind will sometimes give severer constructions to your actions than most certainly they merit. If no instances of this kind have ever reached your knowledge, I know not in what manner to proceed in my justification. Believe me, however, I have always defended you upon these occasions with the same warmth and spirit with which I am sensible you are wont to oppose, on your part, the calumnies that are thrown out upon myself. Thus with regard to the law I just now mentioned, I have always peremptorily denied the truth of the charge: and as to your having been one of the managers of the late games, I have constantly insisted, that you acted agreeably to those pious offices that are due to the memory of a departed friend. In respect to the latter,

however, you cannot be ignorant, that if Cæsar was really a tyrant (as I think he was), your zeal may be considered in two very different views. It may be said (and it is an argument which I never fail to urge in your favour) that you shewed a very commendable fidelity in thus displaying your affection to a departed friend. On the other hand, it may be alleged (and in fact it is alleged) that the liberties of our country ought to be far preferable even to the life itself of those whom we hold most dear. I wish you had been informed of the part I have always taken whenever this question has been started. But there are two circumstances that reflect the brightest lustre upon your character, and which none of your friends more frequently or more warmly commemorate than myself; I mean your having always most strongly recommended pacific measures to Cæsar, and constantly advised him to use his victory with moderation; in both which the whole world is agreed with me in acknowledging your merit.

I think myself much obliged to our friend Trebatius, for having given me this occasion of justifying myself before you. And you will credit the professions I have here made, unless you imagine me void of every spark both of gratitude and generosity; an opinion than which nothing can be more injurious to my sentiments, or more unworthy of yours. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIX.

Mattius to Cicero.

[A. U. 709.]

I RECEIVED great satisfaction from your letter, as it assured me of my holding that rank in your esteem which I have ever wished and hoped to enjoy. Indeed I never doubted of your good opinion; but the value I set upon it, rendered me solicitous of preserving it without the least blemish. Conscious, however, that I had never given just offence to any candid and honest mind, I was the less disposed to believe that you, whose sentiments are exalted by the cultivation of so many generous arts, could hastily credit any reports to my disadvantage; especially as you were one for whom I had at all times discovered much sincere good will. But as I have the pleasure to find that you think of me agreeably to my

wishes, I will drop this subject, in order to vindicate myself from those calumnies which you have so often, and with such singular generosity, opposed. I am perfectly well apprised of the reflections that have been cast upon me since Cæsar's death. It has been imputed to me, I know, that I lament the loss of my friend, and think with indignation on the murderers of the man I loved. "The welfare of our country," say my accusers (as if they had already made it appear, that the destruction of Cæsar was for the benefit of the commonwealth), "the welfare of our country is to be preferred to all considerations of amity." It may be so; but I will honestly confess, that I am by no means arrived at this elevated strain of patriotism. Nevertheless, I took no part with Cæsar in our civil dissensions; but neither did I desert my friend, because I disliked his measures. The truth is, I was so far from approving the civil war, that I always thought it unjustifiable, and exerted my utmost endeavours to extinguish those sparks by which it was kindled. In conformity to these sentiments, I did not make use of my friend's victory to the gratification of any lucrative or ambitious purposes of my own, as some others most shamefully did, whose interest with Cæsar was much inferior to mine. Far, in truth, from being a gainer by his success, I suffered greatly in my fortunes by that very law which saved many of those who now exult in his death, from the disgrace of being obliged to fly their country*. Let me add, that I recommended the vanquished party to his clemency, with the same warmth and zeal, as if my own preservation had been concerned. Thus desirous that all my fellow citizens might enjoy their lives in full security, can I repress the indignation of my heart against the assassins of that man, from whose generosity this privilege was obtained; especially, as the same hands were lifted up to his destruction, which had first drawn upon him all the odium and envy of his administration? Yet I am threatened, it seems, with their vengeance for daring to condemn the deed. Unexampled insolence! that

some should glory in the perpetration of those crimes, which others should not be permitted even to deplore! The meanest slave has ever been allowed to indulge, without controul, the fears, the sorrows, or the joys of his heart; but these our assertors of *liberty*, as they call themselves, endeavour to extort from me, by their menaces, this common privilege of every creature. Vain and impotent endeavours! no dangers shall intimidate me from acting up to the generous duties of friendship and humanity: persuaded as I have ever been, that death in an honest cause ought never to be shunned, and frequently to be courted. Yet why does it thus move their displeasure, if I only wish that they may repent of what they have perpetrated? for wish I will acknowledge I do, that both they and all the world may regret the death of Cæsar. "But as a member," say they, "of the commonwealth, you ought above all things to desire its preservation." Now that I sincerely do so, if the whole tenour of my past conduct, and all the hopes I can reasonably be supposed to entertain, will not sufficiently evince; I shall not attempt to prove it by my professions. I conjure you then to judge of me, not by what others may say, but by the plain tendency of my actions: and if you believe I have any interest in the tranquillity of the republic, be assured that I will have no communication with those who would impiously disturb its peace. Shall I renounce indeed those patriot principles I steadily pursued in my youth, when warmth and inexperience might have pleaded some excuse for errors? Shall I, in the sober season of declining age, wantonly unravel at once the whole fair texture of my better days? Most assuredly not; nor shall I ever give any other offence than in bewailing the severe catastrophe of a most intimate and illustrious friend! Were I disposed to act otherwise, I should scorn to deny it; nor should it be ever said, that I covered my crimes by hypocrisy, and feared to avow what I scrupled not to commit.

But to proceed to the other articles of the charge against me: it is farther alleged, that I presided at those games which the young Octavius exhibited in honour of Cæsar's victories. The charge, I confess, is true; but what connection has an act of mere private duty with the concerns of the republic? It was an office

* The law alluded to, is probably that which Cæsar enacted for the relief of those who had contracted debts before the commencement of the civil war.

not only due from me to the memory of my departed friend, but which I could not refuse to that illustrious youth, his most worthy heir. I am reproached also with having been frequent in paying my visits of compliment to Antony: yet you will find that the very men who impute this as a mark of disaffection to my country, appeared much more frequently at his levee, either to solicit his favours, or to receive them. But after all, can there be any thing, let me ask, more insufferably arrogant than this accusation? Caesar never opposed my associating with whomsoever I thought proper, even though it were with persons whom he himself disapproved. And shall the men who have cruelly robbed me of one friend, attempt likewise, by their malicious insinuations, to alienate me from another? But the moderation of my conduct will, I doubt not, discredit all reports that may hereafter be raised to my disadvantage; and I am persuaded that even those who hate me for my attachment to Caesar, would rather choose a friend of my disposition than of their own. In fine, if my affairs should permit me, it is my resolution to spend the remainder of my days at Rhodes. But if any accident should render it necessary for me to continue at Rome, my actions shall evince, that I am sincerely desirous of my country's welfare. In the mean time, I am much obliged to Trebatius for supplying you with an occasion of so freely laying open to me the amicable sentiments of your heart; as it affords me an additional reason for cultivating a friendship with one whom I have ever been disposed to esteem. Farewel.

LETTER LXXX.

Cicero the Son, to his dearest Tiro.*

[A. U. 709.]

AFTER having been in daily and earnest expectation of your couriers, they are at length, to my great satisfaction, arrived; having performed their voyage in forty-six days from the time they left you. The joy I received from my dear father's most affectionate letter, was crowned by the very agreeable one

which attended it from yourself. I can no longer repent therefore of having neglected writing to you; as it has proved a mean of furnishing me with an ample proof of your good nature: and it is with much pleasure I find that you admit the apology I made for my silence.

That the advantageous reports you have heard of my conduct, were perfectly agreeable, my dearest Tiro, to your wishes, I can by no means doubt; and it shall be my constant endeavour to confirm and increase the general good opinion which is thus arising in my favour. You may venture therefore with great confidence to be, what you obligingly promise, the herald of my fame. Indeed, I reflect with so much pain and contrition of mind on the errors into which my youth and inexperience have betrayed me, that I not only look upon them with abhorrence, but cannot bear even to hear them mentioned; and I am well convinced that you take a part in the uneasiness which I suffer from this circumstance. It is no wonder you should be solicitous for the welfare of a person, whom both interest and inclination recommend to your good wishes: as I have ever been desirous you should partake of all the advantages that attend me. But if my conduct has formerly given you pain, it shall henceforward, be assured, afford you reason to think of me with double satisfaction.

I live with Cratippus rather as his son than his pupil; and not only attend his lectures with pleasure, but am extremely delighted with the peculiar sweetness of his conversation. Accordingly I spend whole days in his company, and frequently, indeed, the most part of the night; as I intreat him to sup with me as often as his engagements will permit. Since the introduction of this custom, he every now and then unexpectedly steals in upon us while we are at table; and laying aside the severity of the philosopher, enters with great good humour into all the mirth and pleasantries of our conversation. Let me request you then to hasten hither as soon as possible, in order to enjoy with us the society of this most agreeable and excellent man. As to Brutius, I never suffer him to be absent from me a single moment. His company is as entertaining as his conduct is exemplary; and he perfectly well knows how to reconcile mirth and good humour

*He was at this time pursuing his studies at Athens under the direction of Cratippus, one of the most celebrated philosophers of the peripatetic sect.

with the serious disquisitions of philosophy. I have taken a house for him near mine; and assist his narrow fortunes as far as my slender finances will admit*.

I have begun to declaim in Greek under Cassius; as I choose to employ myself in Latin exercises of that kind with Brutius. I live in great familiarity also with those learned and approved friends of Cratippus, whom he brought with him from Mitylene; and pass much of my time likewise with Epicrates, one of the most considerable persons in Athens, together with Leonides, and several others of the same rank and merit. Thus I have given you a general sketch of my life.

As to what you mention concerning Georgias, notwithstanding that he was of service to me in my oratorical exercises, yet my father's commands were superior to all other considerations; and as he peremptorily wrote to me that I should immediately dismiss him†, I have obeyed his injunctions. I would not suffer myself indeed to hesitate a moment, lest my reluctance should raise any suspicions in my father to my disadvantage. Besides, I thought it would ill become me to take upon myself to be a judge of the propriety of his orders. I am extremely obliged to you, however, for the friendly advice you give me in this affair.

I very readily admit the excuse you make on account of your want of leisure, perfectly well knowing how much your time is generally engaged. I am extremely glad to hear that you have bought a farm; and wish you much joy of the purchase. But you must not wonder that I deferred my congratulations to this part of my letter; for you will remember it was about the same place in yours that you communicated to me the occasion of them. You have now a retreat from all

the fatiguing ceremonies of the city, and are become a Roman of the true old rural kind‡. I take pleasure in figuring you to myself in the midst of your country employments, buying your tools of husbandry, dealing out your orders to your bailiff, and carefully treasuring up the fruit-seeds from your desert. To be serious; I sincerely join with you in regretting, that I could not be of service to you upon this occasion. But be assured, my dear Tiro, I shall not fail to assist you, if ever fortune should put it in my power; especially as I am sensible you made this purchase with a view to my use as well as your own.

I am obliged to your care in executing my commission. I desire you would see that I have a writer sent to me who understands Greek; as I lose much time in transcribing my lectures. But above all, I intreat you to take care of your health, that we may have the pleasure of enjoying together many philosophical conversations. I recommend Antherus to your good offices, and bid you farewell.

LETTER LXXXI.

Cicero the Son to Tiro.

[A. U. 709.]

THE reasons you assign for the intermission of your letters are perfectly just: but I hope that these excuses will not very frequently recur. 'Tis true, I receive intelligence of public affairs from particular expresses, as well as from general report; and am continually assured likewise of my father's affection, by his own hand; yet I always take great pleasure in reading a letter from yourself, be it upon ever so trifling a subject. I hope, therefore, since I am thus earnestly desirous of hearing from you, that you will not for the future send me apologies instead of epistles. Farewell.

‡ Alluding, perhaps, to those celebrated Romans in the earlier ages of the republic, who after having been called forth from their farms to the service of their country, discharged with glory the functions of the state, and then returned to their ploughs.

* The allowance which Cicero made to his son during his residence at Athens, was about 700l. a year.

† This unworthy tutor had encouraged his pupil in a passion for drinking; a vice in which the young Cicero, how sincere soever he might have been in his present resolves, most shamefully signalized himself in his more mature years.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ANCIENT AND CLASSICAL.

SECTION II.

From the Letters of PLINY the CONSUL *, to several of his Friends,
as translated by WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq.

LETTER I.

To Caninius Rufus.

HOW stands Comum †, that favourite scene of yours and mine? What becomes of the pleasant villa, the vernal portico, the shady planetree-walk, the crystal canal so agreeably winding

* Pliny was born in the reign of Nero, about the eight hundred and fifteenth year of Rome, and the sixty-second of the Christian æra. As to the time of his death, antiquity has given us no information: but it is conjectured that he died either a little before, or soon after that excellent Prince, his admired Trajan; that is, about the year of Christ one hundred and sixteen.

The elegance of this author's manner adds force to the most interesting, at the same time that it enlivens the most common subjects. But the polite and spirited turn of these letters, is by no means their principal recommendation: they receive a much higher value, as they exhibit one of the most amiable and animating characters in all antiquity. Pliny's whole life seems to have been employed in the exercise of every generous and social affection. To forward modest merit, to encourage ingenious talents, to vindicate oppressed innocence, are some of the glorious purposes to which he devoted his power, his fortune, and his abilities. But how does he rise in our esteem and admiration, when we see him exercising (with a grace that discovers his humanity as well as his politeness) the noblest acts both of public and private munificence, not so much from the abundance of his wealth, as the wisdom of his œconomy!

† The city where Pliny was born: it still subsists, and is now called Como, situated upon the lake Larius, or Lago di Como, in the duchy of Milan.

along its flowery banks, together with the charming lake ‡ below, that serves at once the purposes of use and beauty? What have you to tell me of the firm yet soft gestatio §, the sunny bath, the public saloon, the private dining-room, and all the elegant apartments for repose both at noon and night ||? Do these enjoy my friend, and divide his time with pleasing vicissitude? Or do the affairs of the world, as usual, call you frequently out from this agreeable retreat? If the scene of your enjoyment lies wholly there, you are happy; if not, you are under the common error of mankind. But leave, my friend (for certainly it is high time), the sordid pursuits of life to others, and devote yourself, in this calm and undisturbed recess, entirely to pleasures of the studious kind. Let these employ your idle as well as serious hours; let them be at once your business and your amusement, the subjects of your waking and even sleeping thoughts: produce something that shall be really and for ever your own. All your other possessions will pass on from one master to another: *this* alone, when once it is

‡ The lake Larius, upon the banks of which this villa was situated.

§ A piece of ground set apart for the purpose of exercise, either on horseback, or in their vehicles; it was generally contiguous to their gardens, and laid out in the form of a Circus.

|| It was customary among the Romans to sleep in the middle of the day, and they had apartments for that purpose distinct from their bed-chambers.

yours,

yours, will for ever be so. As I well know the temper and genius of him to whom I am addressing myself, I must exhort you to think as well of your abilities as they deserve: do justice to those excellent talents you possess, and the world, believe me, will certainly do so too. Farewel.

LETTER II.

To Pompeia Celerina.

YOU might perceive by my last short letter, I had no occasion of yours to inform me of the various conveniences you enjoy at your several villas. The elegant accommodations which are to be found at Narnia*, Otriculum†, Carsola‡, Perugia§, particularly the pretty bath at Narnia, I am extremely well acquainted with. The truth is, I have a property in every thing which belongs to you; and I know of no other difference between your house and my own, than that I am more carefully attended in the former than the latter. You may, perhaps, have occasion to make the same observation in your turn, whenever you shall give me your company here; which I wish for, not only that you may partake of *mine* with the same ease and freedom that I do of *yours*, but to awaken the industry of my domestics, who are grown something careless in their attendance upon me. A long course of mild treatment it apt to wear out the impressions of awe in servants; whereas new faces quicken their diligence, as they are generally more inclined to please their master by attention to his guest, than to himself. Farewel.

LETTER III.

To Cornelius Tacitus.

CERTAINLY you will laugh (and laugh you may) when I tell you that your old acquaintance is turned sportsman, and has taken three noble boars. What! (methinks I hear you say with astonishment) Pliny!—*Even he*. However, I indulged at the same time my beloved

inactivity, and while I sat at my nets, you would have found me, not with my spear, but my pen by my side. I mused and wrote, being resolved if I returned with my hands empty, at least to come home with my papers full. Believe me, this manner of studying is not to be despised: you cannot conceive how greatly exercise contributes to enliven the imagination. There is, besides, something in the solemnity of the venerable woods with which one is surrounded, together with that awful silence|| which is observed on these occasions, that strongly inclines the mind to meditation. For the future, therefore, let me advise you, whenever you hunt, to take along with you your pen and paper, as well as your basket and bottle; for be assured you will find Minerva as fond of traversing the hills as Diana. Farewel.

LETTER IV.

To Minutius Fundanus.

WHEN one considers how the time passes at Rome, one cannot but be surprised, that take any single day, and it either is, or at least seems to be, spent reasonably enough; and yet upon casting up the whole sun, the amount will appear quite otherwise. Ask any one how he has been employed to-day? he will tell you, perhaps, "I have been at the ceremony of taking up the *manly robe*¶; "this friend invited me to a wedding; "that desired me to attend the hearing of his cause: one begged me to be witness to his will; another called me to "consultation." These are offices which seem, while one is engaged in them, extremely necessary; and yet when, in the quiet of some retirement, we look back upon the many hours thus employed,

|| By the circumstance of silence here mentioned, as well as by the whole air of this letter, it is plain the hunting here recommended was of a very different kind from what is practised amongst us. It is probable the wild boars were allured into their nets by some kind of prey, with which they were baited, while the sportsman watched at a distance in silence and concealment.

¶ The Roman youths at the age of seventeen changed their habit, and took up the *toga virilis*, or manly gown, upon which occasion they were conducted by the friends of the family with great ceremony either into the Forum or Capitol, and there invested with this new robe.

* Now called Narni, a city in Umbria, in the duchy of Spoleto.

† Otricoli, in the same duchy.

‡ Carsola, in the same duchy.

§ Perugia, in Tuscany.

we cannot but condemn them as solemn impertinences. At such a season one is apt to reflect, How much of my life has been lost in trifles! At least it is a reflection which frequently comes across me at Laurentum, after I have been employing myself in my studies, or even in the necessary care of the animal machine (for the body must be repaired and supported, if we would preserve the mind in all its vigour). In that peaceful retreat, I neither hear nor speak any thing of which I have occasion to repent. I suffer none to repeat to me the whispers of malice; nor do I censure any man, unless myself, when I am dissatisfied with my compositions. There I live undisturbed by rumour, and free from the anxious solitudes of hope or fear, conversing only with myself and my books. True and genuine life! pleasing and honourable repose! More, perhaps, to be desired than the noblest employments! Thou solemn sea and solitary shore, best and most retired scene for contemplation, with how many noble thoughts have you inspired me! Snatch then, my friend, as I have, the first occasion of leaving the noisy town with all its very empty pursuits, and devote your days to study, or even resign them to ease; for as my ingenious friend Attilius pleasantly said, "It is better to do nothing, than to be *doing of nothing.*" Farewel.

LETTER V.

To Atrius Clemens.

IF ever polite literature flourished at Rome, it certainly does now, of which I could give you many eminent instances; I will content myself however with naming only Euphrates the philosopher. I first made acquaintance with this excellent person in my youth, when I served in the army in Syria. I had an opportunity of conversing with him familiarly, and took some pains to gain his affection: though that indeed was nothing difficult, for he is exceedingly open to access, and full of that humanity which he professes. I should think myself extremely happy if I had as much answered the expectations he at that time conceived of me, as he exceeds every thing that I had imagined of him. But perhaps I admire his excellencies more

now than I did then, because I understand them better; if I can with truth say I understand them yet. For as none but those who are skilled in painting, statuary, or the plastic art, can form a right judgement of any performance in those sciences; so a man must himself have made great advances in learning, before he is capable of forming a just notion of the learned. However, as far as I am qualified to determine, Euphrates is possessed of so many shining talents, that he cannot fail to strike the most injudicious observer. He reasons with much force, penetration, and elegance, and frequently launches out into all the sublime and luxuriant eloquence of Plato. His style is rich and flowing, and at the same time so wonderfully sweet that with a pleasing violence he forces the attention of the most unwilling hearer. His outward appearance is agreeable to all the rest; he has a good shape, a comely aspect, long hair, and a large white beard; circumstances which, though they may probably be thought trifling and accidental, contribute however to gain him much reverence. There is no affected negligence in his habit; his countenance is grave, but not austere; and his approach commands respect without creating awe. Distinguished as he is by the sanctity of his manners, he is no less so by his polite and affable address. He points his eloquence against the vices, not the persons of mankind, and without chastising reclaims the wanderer. His exhortations so captivate your attention, that you hang as it were upon his lips; and even after the heart is convinced, the ear still wishes to listen to the harmonious reasoner. His family consists of three children (two of which are sons), whom he educates with the utmost care. His father-in-law Pompeius Julianus, as he greatly distinguished himself in every other part of his life, so particularly in this, that though he was himself of the highest rank in his province, yet among many considerable competitors for his daughters, he preferred Euphrates, as first in merit, though not in dignity. But to dwell any longer upon the virtues of a man, whose conversation I am so unfortunate as not to have leisure to enjoy, what would it avail but to increase my uneasiness that I cannot enjoy it? My time is wholly taken up in the execution of a very honourable, indeed,

indeed, but very troublesome employment; in hearing of causes, answering petitions, passing accounts, and writing of letters: but letters, alas! where genius has no share. I sometimes complain to Euphrates (for I have leisure at least for that) of these unpleasing occupations. He endeavours to comfort me, by affirming, that to be engaged in the service of the public, to hear and determine causes, to explain the laws, and administer justice, is a part, and the noblest part too, of philosophy, as it is reducing to practice what her professors teach in speculation. It may be so: but that it is as agreeable as to spend whole days in attending to his useful conversation—even his rhetoric will never be able to convince me. I cannot therefore but strongly recommend it to you, who have leisure, the next time you come to Rome (and you will come, I dare say, so much the sooner) to take the benefit of his elegant and refined instructions. I am not, you see, in the number of those who envy others the happiness they cannot share themselves: on the contrary, it is a very sensible pleasure to me, when I find my friends in possession of an enjoyment from which I have the misfortune to be excluded. Farewel.

LETTER VI.

To Caestrius Tiro.

I HAVE suffered a most sensible loss; if that word is strong enough to express the misfortune which has deprived me of so excellent a man. Cornelius Rufus is dead! and dead too by his own act! a circumstance of great aggravation to my affliction, as that sort of death which we cannot impute either to the course of nature, or the hand of Providence, is of all others the most to be lamented. It affords some consolation in the loss of those friends whom disease snatches from us, that they fall by the general fate of mankind: but those who destroy themselves, leave us under the insupportable reflection that they had it in their power to have lived longer. 'Tis true, Cornelius had many inducements to be fond of life; a blameless conscience, high reputation, and great dignity, together with all the tender endearments of a wife, a daughter, a grandson, and sisters; and

amidst these considerable pledges of happiness, many and faithful friends. Still it must be owned he had the highest reason (which to a wise man will always have the force of the strongest obligation) to determine him in this resolution. He had long laboured under so tedious and painful a distemper, that even these blessings, great and valuable as they are, could not balance the evils he suffered. In his thirty-third year (as I have frequently heard him say) he was seized with the gout in his feet. This he received from his father; for diseases, as well as possessions, are sometimes transmitted by a kind of inheritance. A life of abstinence and virtue had something broke the force of this distemper while he had strength and youth to struggle with it; as a manly courage supported him under the increasing weight of it in his old age. I remember in the reign of Domitian, I made him a visit at his villa near Rome, where I found him under the most incredible and undeserved tortures; for the gout was now not only in his feet, but had spread itself over his whole body. As soon as I entered his chamber, his servants withdrew: for it was his constant rule never to suffer them to be present when any very intimate friend was with him: he even carried it so far as to dismiss his wife upon such occasions, though worthy of the highest confidence. Looking round about him, Do you know (says he) why I endure life under these cruel agonies? It is with the hope that I may outlive, at least for one day, that villain *. And O! ye Gods, had you given me strength, as you have given me resolution, I would infallibly have that pleasure! Heaven heard his prayer, and having survived that tyrant, and lived to see liberty restored, he broke through those great, but however now less forcible attachments to the world, since he could leave it in possession of security and freedom. His distemper increased; and as it now grew too violent to admit of any relief from temperance, he resolutely determined to put an end to its uninterrupted attacks by an effort of heroism. He had refused all sustenance for four days, when his wife Hispulla sent to me our common friend Geminius, with the melancholy news that he was

* Domitian.

resolved to die; and that she and her daughter having in vain joined in their most tender persuasions to divert him from his purpose, the only hope they had now left was in my endeavours to reconcile him to life. I ran to his house with the utmost precipitation. As I approached it, I met a second messenger from Hispulla, who informed me there was nothing to be hoped for, even from me, as he now seemed more inflexible than ever in his resolution. What confirmed their fears was an expression he made use of to his physician, who pressed him to take some nourishment: 'tis resolved, said he: an expression which, as it raised my admiration of his greatness of soul, so it does my grief for the loss of him. I am every moment reflecting what a valuable friend, what an excellent man I am deprived of. That he was arrived to his sixty-seventh year, which is an age even the strongest seldom exceed, I well know: that he is delivered from a life of continual pain; that he left his family and (what he loved even more) his country in a flourishing state; all this I know. Still I cannot forbear to weep for him, as if he had been in the prime and vigour of his days; and I weep, (shall I own my weakness?) upon a private account. For I have lost, oh! my friend, I have lost the witness, the guide, and the director of my life! And to confess to you what I did to Calvisius in the first transport of my grief, I sadly fear, now that I am no longer under his eye, I shall not keep so strict a guard over my conduct. Speak comfort to me, therefore, I entreat you; not by telling me that he was old, that he was infirm; all this I know; but by supplying me with some arguments that are uncommon and resistless, that neither the commerce of the world, nor the precepts of the philosophers, can teach me. For all that I have heard, and all that I have read, occur to me of themselves; but all these are by far too weak to support me under so heavy an affliction. Farewel.

LETTER VII.

To Junius Mauricus.

You desire me look out a husband for your niece; and it is with justice you enjoin me that office. You were a witness to the esteem and affection I bore that great man her father, and with what

noble instructions he formed my youth, and taught me to deserve those praises he was pleased to bestow upon me. You could not give me then a more important, or more agreeable commission; nor could I be employed in an office of higher honour, than of choosing a young man worthy of continuing the family of Rusticus Arulenus! a choice I should be long in determining if I were not acquainted with Minutius Æmilianus, who seems formed for our purpose. While he loves me with that warmth of affection which is usual between young men of equal years (as indeed I have the advance of him but by a very few), he reveres me at the same time with all the deference due to age; and is as desirous to model himself by my instructions, as I was by those of yourself and your brother. He is a native of Brixia*, one of those provinces in Italy which still retains much of the frugal simplicity and purity of ancient manners. He is son to Minutius Macrinus, whose humble desires were satisfied with being first in rank of the Equestrian order: for though he was nominated by Vespasian in the number of those whom that prince dignified with the Prætorian honours, yet with a determined greatness of mind, he rather preferred an elegant repose, to the ambitious, shall I call them, or honourable pursuits in which we in public life are engaged. His grandmother on the mother's side is Serrana Procula, of Padua: you are no stranger to the manners of that place; yet Serrana is looked upon, even among these reserved people, as an exemplary instance of strict virtue. Acilius, his uncle, is a man of singular gravity, wisdom, and integrity. In a word, you will find nothing throughout his family unworthy of yours. Minutius himself has great vivacity, as well as application, joined at the same time with a most amiable and becoming modesty. He has already, with much credit, passed through the offices of Quæstor, Tribune, and Prætor, so that you will be spared the trouble of soliciting for him those honourable employments. He has a gentle and ruddy countenance, with a certain noble mien that speaks the man of distinction; advantages, I think, by no means to be slighted, and which I look

* A town in the territories of Venice, now called Brescia.

upon as the proper tribute to virgin innocence. I am doubtful whether I should add, that his father is very rich. When I consider the character of those who require a husband of my choosing, I know it is unnecessary to mention wealth; but when I reflect upon the prevailing manners of the age, and even the laws of Rome, which rank a man according to his possessions, it certainly claims some notice: and indeed in establishments of this nature, where children and many other circumstances are to be considered, it is an article that well deserves to be taken into the account. You will be inclined perhaps to suspect, that affection has had too great a share in the character I have been drawing, and that I have heightened it beyond the truth. But I will stake all my credit, you will find every thing far beyond what I have represented. I confess, indeed, I love Minutius (as he justly deserves), with all the warmth of the most ardent affection; but for that very reason I would not ascribe more to his merit, than I know it will support. Farewel.

LETTER VIII.

To Septitius Clarus.

How happened it, my friend, that you did not keep your engagement the other night to sup with me? But take notice, justice is to be had, and I expect you shall fully reimburse me the expense I was at to treat you; which, let me tell you, was no small sum. I had prepared, you must know, a lettuce a-piece, three snails*, two eggs, and a barley cake, with some sweet wine and snow†; the snow most certainly I shall

* A dish of snails was very common at a Roman table. The manner used to fatten them is related by some very grave authors of antiquity; and Pliny the elder mentions one Fulvius Hirpinus who had studied that art with so much success, that the shells of some of his snails would contain about ten quarts. In some parts of Switzerland this food is still in high repute.

† The Romans used snow not only to cool their liquors, but their stomachs, after having inflated themselves with high eating: This custom still prevails in Italy, especially in Naples, where they drink very few liquors, not so much as water, that have not lain in fresco, and every body from the highest to the lowest makes use of it; inasmuch that a scarcity of snow would raise

charge to your account, as a rarity that will not keep. Besides all these curious dishes, there were olives of Andalusia, gourds, shalots, and a hundred other dainties equally sumptuous. You should likewise have been entertained either with an interlude, the rehearsal of a poem, or a piece of music, as you liked best; or (such was my liberality) with all three. But the luxurious delicacies‡ and Spanish dancers of a certain ——— I know not who, were, it seems, more to your taste. However, I shall have my revenge of you, depend upon it;—in what manner, shall be at present a secret. In good truth it was not kind, thus to mortify your friend, I had almost said yourself;—and upon second thoughts I do say so: for how agreeably should we have spent the evening, in laughing, trifling, and deep speculation! You may sup, I confess, at many places more splendidly; but you can be treated no where, believe me, with more unconstrained cheerfulness, simplicity, and freedom: only make the experiment; and if you do not ever afterwards prefer my table to any other, never favour me with your company again. Farewel.

LETTER IX.

To Erucius.

I CONCEIVED an affection for my friend Pompeius Saturnius, and admired his genius, even long before I knew the extensive variety of his talents; but he has now taken full and unreserved possession of my whole heart. I have heard him in the unpremeditated, as well as studied speech, plead with no less warmth and energy, than grace and eloquence. He abounds with just reflections; his periods are graceful and majestic; his words harmonious, and stamped with

a mutiny at Naples, as much as a dearth of corn or provisions in another country.

‡ In the original the dishes are specified, viz. Oysters, the matricæ of sows, and a certain sea shell-fish, prickly like a hedge-hog, called Echinus, all in the highest estimation among the Roman admirers of table-luxury; as appears by numberless passages in the classic writers. Our own country had the honour to furnish them with oysters, which they fetched from Sandwich: Montanus, mentioned by Juvenal, was so well skilled in the science of good eating, that he could tell by the first taste whether they came from thence or not.

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the authority of genuine antiquity. These united qualities infinitely delight you, not only when you are carried along, if I may so say, with the resistless flow of his charming and emphatical elocution; but when considered distinct and apart from the advantage. I am persuaded you will be of this opinion when you peruse his orations, and will not hesitate to place him in the same rank with the ancients, whom he so happily imitates. But you will view him with still higher pleasure in the character of an historian, where his style is at once concise and clear, smooth and sublime; and the same energy of expression, though with more closeness, runs through his harangues, which so eminently distinguishes and adorns his pleadings. But these are not all his excellencies; he has composed several poetical pieces in the manner of my favourite Calvus and Catullus. What strokes of wit, what sweetness of numbers, what pointed satire, and what touches of the tender passion appear in his verses! in the midst of which he sometimes designedly falls into an agreeable negligence in his metre, in imitation too of those admired poets. He read to me, the other day, some letters which he assured me were wrote by his wife. I fancied I was hearing Plautus or Terence in prose. If they are that lady's (as he positively affirms), or his own (which he absolutely denies), either way he deserves equal applause; whether for writing so politely himself, or for having so highly improved and refined the genius of his wife whom he married young and uninstructed. His works are never out of my hands; and whether I sit down to write any thing myself, or to revise what I have already wrote, or am in a disposition to amuse myself, I constantly take up this agreeable author; and as often as I do so, he is still new. Let me strongly recommend him to the same degree of intimacy with you; nor be it any prejudice to his merit that he is a cotemporary writer. Had he flourished in some distant age, not only his works, but the very pictures and statues of him, would have been passionately inquired after; and shall we then, from a sort of satiety, and merely because he is present among us, suffer his talents to languish and fade away unhonoured and unadmired? It is surely a very perverse and envious disposition, to look with indifference upon

a man worthy of the highest approbation for no other reason but because we have it in our power to see him and to converse with him, and not only to give him our applause, but to receive him into our friendship. Farewel.

LETTER X.

To Cornelius Tacitus.

I HAVE frequent debates with a learned and judicious person of my acquaintance, who admires nothing so much in the eloquence of the bar as conciseness. I agree with him, where the cause will admit of this manner, it may be properly enough pursued; but to insist, that to omit what is material to be mentioned, or only slightly to touch upon those points which should be strongly inculcated, and urged home to the minds of the audience, is in effect to desert the cause one has undertaken. In many cases a copious manner of expression gives strength and weight to our ideas, which frequently make impressions upon the mind, as iron does upon the solid bodies, rather by repeated strokes than a single blow. In answer to this he usually has recourse to authorities; and produces Lysias amongst the Grecians, and Cato and the two Gracchi among our own countrymen, as instances in favour of the concise style. In return, I name Demosthenes, Æschynes, Hæmæliades, and many others, in opposition to Lysias; while I confront Cato and the Gracchi with Cæsar, Pollio, Cælius, and above all Cicero, whose longest oration is generally esteemed the best. It is in good compositions, as in every thing else that is valuable; the more there is of them, the better. You may observe in statues, basso-relievos, pictures, and the bodies of men, and even in animals and trees, that nothing is more graceful than magnitude, if it is accompanied with proportion. The same holds true in pleading; and even in books, a large volume carries something of beauty and authority in its very size. My antagonist, who is extremely dexterous at evading an argument, eludes all this, and much more which I usually urge to the same purpose, by insisting that those very persons, upon whose works I found my opinion, made considerable additions to their orations when they published them. This I deny; and appeal to the harangues of
numberless

numberless orators; particularly to those of Cicero for Murena and Varenus, where he seems to have given us little more than the general charge. Whence it appears, that many things which he enlarged upon at the time he delivered those orations, were retrenched when he gave them to the public. The same excellent orator informs us, that, agreeably to the ancient custom which allowed only one counsel on a side, Cluentius had no other advocate but himself; and tells us farther, that he employed four whole days in defence of Cornelius: by which it plainly appears that those orations which, when delivered at their full length, had necessarily taken up so much time at the bar, were greatly altered and abridged when he afterwards comprised them in a single volume, though I must confess, indeed, a large one. But it is objected, there is a great difference between good pleading and just composition. This opinion, I acknowledge, has some favourers, and it may be true; nevertheless I am persuaded (though I may perhaps be mistaken), that, as it is possible a pleading may be well received by the audience, which has not merit enough to recommend it to the reader, so a good oration cannot be a bad pleading: for the oration upon paper is, in truth, the original and model of the speech that is to be pronounced. It is for this reason we find in many of the best orations extant, numberless expressions which have the air of unpremeditated discourse; and this even where we are sure they were never spoken at all: as for instance in the following passage from the oration against Verres,—“A certain mechanic—what’s his name? Oh, I am obliged to you for helping me to it: yes, I mean Polycletus.” It cannot then be denied, that the nearer approach a speaker makes to the rules of just composition, the more perfect he will be in his art; always supposing, however, that he has the necessary indulgence in point of time; for if he be abridged of that, no imputation can justly be fixed upon the advocate, though certainly a very great one is chargeable upon the judge. The sense of the law is, I am sure, on my side, which are by no means sparing of the orator’s time; it is not brevity, but an enlarged scope, a full attention to every thing material, which they recommend. And how is it possible for an advocate to

acquit himself of that duty, unless in the most insignificant causes, if he affects to be concise? Let me add what experience, that unerring guide, has taught me: it has frequently been my province to act both as an advocate and as a judge, as I have often assisted as an assessor*, where I have ever found the judgments of mankind are to be influenced by different applications; and that the slightest circumstances often produce the most important consequences. There is so vast a variety in the dispositions and understandings of men, that they seldom agree in their opinions about any one point in debate before them; or if they do, it is generally from the movement of different passions. Besides, as every man naturally favours his own discoveries, and when he hears an argument made use of which had before occurred to himself, will certainly embrace it as extremely convincing, the orator therefore should so adapt himself to his audience as to throw out something to every one of them, that he may receive and approve as his own peculiar thought. I remember when Regulus and I were concerned together in a cause, he said to me, You seem to think it necessary to insist upon every point; whereas I always take aim at my adversary’s throat, and there I closely press him. (’Tis true, he tenaciously holds whatever part he has once fixed upon; but the misfortune is, he is extremely apt to mistake the right place.) I answered, It might possibly happen that what he took for what he called the throat, was in reality some other part. As for me, said I, who do not pretend to direct my aim with so much certainty, I attack every part, and push at every opening; in short, to use a vulgar proverb, I leave no stone unturned. As in agriculture, it is not my vineyards, or my woods alone, but my fields also that I cultivate; and (to pursue the allusion) as I do not content myself with sowing those fields with only one kind of grain, but employ several different sorts: so in my pleadings at the bar, I spread at large a variety of matter like so many different seeds, in order to reap from thence whatever may happen to hit: for the disposition of your judges is as precarious and

* The Prætor was assisted by ten assessors, five of whom were senators, and the rest knights. With these he was obliged to consult before he pronounced sentence.

as little to be ascertained, as that of soils and seasons. I remember the comic writer Eupolis mentions it in praise of that excellent orator Pericles, that

On his lips persuasion hung,
And powerful reason run'd his tongue;
Thus he alone could boast the art,
To charm at once and sting the heart.

But could Pericles, without the richest variety of expression, and merely by force of the concise or the rapid style, or both together (for they are extremely different), have exerted that charm and that sting of which the poet here speaks? To delight and to persuade requires time and a great compass of language; and to leave a sting in the minds of his audience, is an effect not to be expected from an orator who slightly pushes, but from him, and him only, who thrusts home and deep. Another comic poet *, speaking of the same orator, says,

His mighty words like Jove's own thunder roll;
Greece hears and trembles to her inmost soul.

But it is not the concise and the reserved, it is the copious, the majestic, and the sublime orator, who with the blaze and thunder of his eloquence hurries impetuously along, and bears down all before him. There it a just mean, I own, in every thing: but he equally deviates from that true mark, who falls short of it, as he who goes beyond it; he who confines himself in too narrow a compass, as he who launches out with too great a latitude. Hence it is as common to hear our orators condemned for being too barren, as too luxuriant; for not reaching, as well as for overflowing the bounds of their subject. Both, no doubt, are equally distant from the proper medium; but with this difference, however, that in the one the fault arises from an excess, in the other from a deficiency; an error which if it be not a sign of a more correct, yet is certainly of a more exalted genius. When I say this, I would not be understood to approve that everlasting talker † mentioned in Homer, but that other ‡ described in the following lines:

Frequent and soft as falls the winter snow,
Thus from his lips the copious periods flow.

Not but I extremely admire him too §, of whom the poet says,

Few were his words, but wonderfully strong.

* Aristophanes.

† Thersites, *Iliad* ii. v. 212.

‡ Ulysses, *Iliad* iii. v. 222.

§ Menelaus, *ibid.*

Yet if I were to choose, I should clearly give the preference to the style resembling winter snow, that is, to the full and diffusive; in short, to that pomp of eloquence which seems all heavenly and divine. But ('tis urged) the harangue of a more moderate length is most generally admired. It is so, I confess: but by whom? By the indolent only; and to fix the standard by the laziness and false delicacy of these, would surely be the highest absurdity. Were you to consult persons of this cast, they would tell you, not only that it is best to say little, but that it is best to say nothing.— Thus, my friend, I have laid before you my sentiments upon this subject, which I shall readily abandon, if I find they are not agreeable to yours. But if you should dissent from me, I beg you would communicate to me your reasons. For though I ought to yield in this case to your more enlightened judgement, yet in a point of such consequence, I had rather receive my conviction from the force of argument than authority. If you should be of my opinion in this matter, a line or two from you in return, intimating your concurrence, will be sufficient to confirm me in the justness of my sentiments. On the contrary, if you think me mistaken, I beg you would give me your objections at large. Yet has it not, think you, something of the air of bribery, to ask only a short letter if you agree with me; but enjoin you the trouble of a very long one, if you are of a contrary opinion? Farewel.

LETTER XI.

To *Catilius Severus*.

I AM at present detained in Rome (and I have been so a considerable time) under the most alarming apprehensions. Titus Aristo, whom I infinitely love and esteem, is fallen into a dangerous and obstinate illness which deeply affects me. Virtue, knowledge, and good sense, shine out with so superior a lustre in this excellent man, that learning herself and every valuable endowment seems involved in the danger of his single person. How consummate is his knowledge both in the political and civil laws of his country! How thoroughly conversant is he in every branch of history and antiquity! There is no article of science, in short, you would wish to be informed of, in which

he is not skilled. As for my own part, whenever I would acquaint myself with any abstruse point of literature, I have recourse to him, as to one who supplies me with its most hidden treasures. What an amiable sincerity, what a noble dignity is there in his conversation! How humble, yet how graceful is his diffidence! Though he conceives at once every point in debate, yet he is as slow to decide as he is quick to apprehend, calmly and deliberately weighing every opposite reason that is offered, and tracing it, with a most judicious penetration, from its source through all its remotest consequences: His diet is frugal, his dress plain; and whenever I enter his chamber, and view him upon his couch, I consider the scene before me as a true image of ancient simplicity, to which his illustrious mind reflects the noblest ornament. He places no part of his happiness in ostentation, but refers the whole of it to conscience; and seeks the reward of his virtue, not in the clamorous applauses of the world, but in the silent satisfaction which results from having acted well. In short, you will not easily find his equal even among our philosophers by profession. He frequents not the places of public disputations*, nor idly amuses himself and others with vain and endless controversies. His nobler talents are exerted to more useful purposes; in the scenes of civil and active life. Many has he assisted with his interest, still more with his advice! But though he dedicates his time to the affairs of the world, he regulates his conduct by the precepts of the philosophers; and in the practice of temperance, piety, justice and fortitude, he has no superior. It is astonishing with what patience he bears his illness; how he struggles with pain, endures thirst, and quietly submits to the troublesome regimen necessary in a raging fever. He lately called me, and a few more of his particular friends, to his bedside, and begged we would ask his physicians what turn they apprehended his distemper would take: that if they pronounced it incurable, he might voluntarily put an end to his life; but if there were hopes of a recovery, however tedious and difficult, he might wait the event with patience: for so much, he thought, was due to the tears and intreaties of his

* The philosophers used to hold their disputations in the *Gymnasia* and *Porticos*, being places of most public resort for walking, &c.

wife and daughter, and to the affectionate intercession of his friends, as not voluntarily to abandon our hopes, if in truth they were not entirely desperate. A resolution this, in my estimation, truly heroic, and worthy of the highest applause. Instances are frequent enough in the world, of rushing into the arms of death without reflection, and by a sort of blind impulse: but calmly and deliberately to weigh the reasons for life or death, and to be determined in our choice as either side of the scale prevails, is the mark of an uncommon and great mind†. We have had the satisfaction of the opinion of his physicians in his favour; and may heaven give success to their art, and free me from this restless anxiety! If that should happily be the event, I shall immediately return to my favourite *Laurentium*, or, in other words, to my books and studious retirement. At present, so much of my time and thought is employed in attendance upon my friend, and in my apprehensions for him, that I have neither leisure nor inclination for subjects of literature. Thus have I informed you of my fears, my wishes, and my intentions. Communicate to me, in your turn, but in a gayer style, an account not only of what you are and have been doing, but even of your future designs. It will be a very sensible consolation to me in this perplexity of mind, to be assured that yours is easy. Farewell.

LETTER XII.

To Bebicus.

MY friend and guest *Tranquillus* has an inclination to purchase a small farm, of which, as I am informed, an acquaintance of yours intends to dispose. I beg you would endeavour he may have it upon reasonable terms; a circumstance which will add to his satisfaction in obtaining it. A dear bargain is always disagreeable, particularly as it is a reflection upon the purchaser's judgment. There are several circumstances attending this little villa, which (supposing my friend has no objection to the price) are extremely suitable to his taste: the con-

† The general lawfulness of self-murder was a doctrine by no means universally received in the ancient Pagan world; many of the most considerable names, both Greek and Roman, having expressly declared against that practice.

venient distance from Rome, the goodness of the roads, the smallness of the building, and the very few acres of land around it, which is just enough to amuse, but not employ him. To a man of the studious turn that Tranquillus is, it is sufficient if he has but a small spot to relieve the mind and divert the eye, where he may saunter round his grounds, traverse his single walk, grow familiar with his two or three vines, and count his little plantations. I mention these particulars, to let you see how much he will be obliged to me, as I shall to you, if you can help him to the purchase of this little *box*, so agreeable to his taste, upon terms of which he shall have no occasion to repent.

LETTER XIII.

To Voconius Romanus.

ROME has not for many years beheld a more magnificent and solemn spectacle, than was lately exhibited in the public funeral of that great man, the illustrious and fortunate * Virginius Rufus. He lived thirty years in the full enjoyment of the highest reputation: and as he had the satisfaction to see his actions celebrated by poets, and recorded by historians, he seems even to have anticipated his fame with posterity. He was thrice raised to the dignity of consul, that he who refused to be the first of princes†,

* The ancients seem to have considered fortune as a mark of merit in the person who was thus distinguished. Cicero (to borrow the observation of an excellent writer) recommended Pompey to the Romans for their general upon three accounts, as he was a man of courage, conduct, and good fortune; and not only Sylla the dictator, but several of the Roman emperors, as is still to be seen upon their medals, among other titles, gave themselves that of *felix*, or fortunate.

† At the time of the general defection from Nero, Virginius was at the head of a very powerful army in Germany, which had pressed him, and even attempted to force him, to accept the title of emperor. But he constantly refused it; adding, that he would not even suffer it to be given to any person but whom the senate should elect. With this army he marched against Vindex, who had put himself at the head of 100,000 Gauls. Having come up with him, he gave him battle, in which Vindex was slain, and his forces entirely defeated. After this victory, when Nero's death was known in the army, the soldiers renewed their application to Virginius to accept the imperial dignity; and though one of the tribunes rushed into his tent, and threatened that he should either receive the empire, or his sword through his body, he resolutely persisted in his former senti-

ment at least be the highest of subjects. As he escaped the resentment of those emperors to whom his virtues had given umbrage, and even rendered him odious, and ended his days when this best of princes, this friend of mankind‡, was in quiet possession of the empire, it seems as if Providence had purposely preserved him to these times, that he might receive the honour of a public funeral. He arrived in full tranquillity, and universally revered, to the eighty-fourth year of his age; having enjoyed an uninterrupted state of health during his whole life, excepting only a paralytic disorder in his hands, which, however, was attended with no pain. His last sickness, indeed, was severe and tedious; but even the accident that occasioned it added to his glory. As he was preparing to return his public acknowledgments to the emperor, who had raised him to the consulship, a large volume, which he accidentally received at that time, too weighty for a feeble old man, slipped out of his hands. In hastily endeavouring to recover it, the pavement being extremely slippery, he fell down and broke his thigh bone; which fracture, as it was unskilfully set at first, and having besides the infirmities of age to contend with, could never be brought to unite again. The funeral obsequies paid to the memory of this great man, have done honour to the emperor, to the present age, and even to eloquence herself. The consul Cornelius Tacitus pronounced his funeral oration; for, to crown the series of his felicities, he received the applause of the most eloquent of orators. He died full of years and of glory, as illustrious by the honours he refused as by those he acquired. Still, however, he will be missed and lamented by the world, as the bright model of a better age; especially by myself, who not only admired him as a patriot, but loved him as a friend. We were not only natives of the same proments. But as soon as the news of Nero's death was confirmed, and that the senate had declared for Galba, he prevailed with the army, though with much difficulty, to do so too.

‡ The justness of this glorious title, the friend of mankind, here given to Nerva, is confirmed by the concurrent testimony of all the historians of these times. That excellent emperor's short reign seems indeed to have been one uninterupted series of generous and benevolent actions; and he used to say himself, he had the satisfaction of being conscious he had not committed a single act that could give just offence to any man.

vince, and of neighbouring towns, but our estates were contiguous. Besides these accidental connexions with him, he was also left guardian to me; and indeed he treated me with the affection of a parent. Whenever I offered myself a candidate for any employment, he constantly supported me with his interest; as in all the honours I have obtained, though he had long since renounced all offices of this nature, he would kindly give up the repose of his retirement, and come in person to solicit for me. At the time when it is customary for the priests to nominate such as they judge worthy to be received into their sacred office*, he constantly proposed me. Even in his last sickness I received a distinguishing mark of his affection; being apprehensive he might be named one of the five commissioners appointed by the senate to reduce the public expenses, he fixed upon me, young as I am, to carry his excuses, in preference to so many other friends of superior age and dignity; and in a very obliging manner assured me, that had he a son of his own, he would nevertheless have employed me in that office. Have I not sufficient cause then to lament his death, as if it were immature, and thus pour out the fulness of my grief in the bosom of my friend? if indeed it be reasonable to grieve upon this occasion, or to call that event *death*, which, to such a man, is rather to be looked upon as the period of his mortality than the end of his life. He lives, my friend, and will continue to live for ever; and his fame will spread farther, and be more celebrated by mankind, now that he is removed from their sight.

I had many other things to write to you, but my mind is so entirely taken up with this subject that I cannot call it off to any other. Virginius is constantly in my thoughts; the vain but lively impressions of him are continually before my eyes, and I am for ever fondly imagining that I hear him, converse with him, and embrace him. There are, perhaps, and possibly hereafter will be, some few who

* Namely, of Augurs. This college, as regulated by Sylla, consisted of fifteen, who were all persons of the first distinction in Rome: it was a priesthood for life, of a character indelible, which no crime or forfeiture could efface; it was necessary that every candidate should be nominated to the people by two Augurs, who gave a solemn testimony upon oath of his dignity and fitness for that office.

may rival him in virtue; but not one, I am persuaded, that will ever equal him in glory. Farewel.

LETTER XIV.

To Paulinus.

WHETHER I have reason for my rage, is not quite so clear; however wondrous angry I am. But love, you know, will sometimes be irrational; as it is often ungovernable, and ever jealous. The occasion of this my formidable wrath is great, you must allow, were it but just: yet taking it for granted, that there is as much truth as weight in it, I am most vehemently enraged at your long silence. Would you soften my resentment? Let your letters for the future be very frequent, and very long. I shall excuse you upon no other terms; and as absence from Rome, or engagement in business, is a plea I can by no means admit; so that of ill health, the gods, I hope, will not suffer you to allege. As for myself, I am enjoying at my villa the alternate pleasures of study and indolence; those happy privileges of retired leisure! Farewel.

LETTER XV.

To Nepos.

WE had received very advantageous accounts of Iseus, before his arrival here; but he is superior to all that was reported of him. He possesses the utmost facility and copiousness of expression, and his unpremeditated discourses have all the propriety and elegance of the most studied and elaborate composition. He speaks the Greek language, or rather the genuine Attic. His exordiums are polite, easy, and harmonious; and, when occasion requires, solemn and majestic. He gives his audience liberty to call for any question they please, and sometimes even to name what side of it he shall take; when immediately he rises up in all the graceful attitude of an orator, and enters at once into his subject with surprising fluency. His reflections are solid, and clothed in the choicest expressions, which present themselves to him with the utmost facility. The ease and strength of his most unprepared discourses plainly discover he has been very conversant in the best authors, and much accustomed

to compose himself. He opens his subject with great propriety; his style is clear, his reasoning strong, his inferences just, and his figures graceful and sublime. In a word, he at once instructs, entertains, and affects you, and each in so high a degree, that you are at a loss to determine in which of those talents he most excels. His arguments are formed in all the strength and conciseness of the strictest logic; a point not very easy to attain even in studied compositions. His memory is so extraordinary, that he will repeat what he has before spoke extempore, without losing a single word. This wonderful faculty he has acquired by great application and practice. for his whole time is so devoted to subjects of this nature, that he thinks and talks of nothing else. Though he is above sixty-three years of age, he still chooses to continue in this profession; than which, it must be owned, none abounds with men of more worth, simplicity, and integrity. We who are conversant in the real contentions of the bar, unavoidably contract a certain artfulness, however contrary to our natural tempers: but the business of the schools, as it turns merely upon matters of imagination, affords an employment as innocent as it is agreeable; and it must, methinks, be particularly so to those who are advanced in years; as nothing can be more desirable at that period of life, than to enjoy those reasonable pleasures, which are the most pleasing entertainments of our youth. I look therefore upon Iseus, not only as the most eloquent, but the most happy of men; as I shall esteem you the most insensible if you appear to slight his acquaintance. Let me prevail with you then to come to Rome, if not upon my account, or any other, at least for the pleasure of hearing this extraordinary person. Do you remember to have read of a certain inhabitant of the city of Cadiz, who was so struck with the illustrious character of Livy, that he travelled to Rome on purpose to see that great genius; and, as soon as he had satisfied his curiosity, returned home again? A man must have a very inelegant, illiterate, and indolent (I had almost said a very mean) turn of mind, not to think whatever relates to a science so entertaining, so noble, and so polite, worthy of his curiosity. You will tell me, perhaps, you have authors in your own study equally eloquent. I allow it; and those

authors you may turn over at any time, but you cannot always have an opportunity of hearing Iseus. Besides, we are infinitely more affected with what we hear, than what we read. There is something in the voice, the countenance, the habit*, and the gesture of the speaker, that concur in fixing an impression upon the mind, and gives this method of instruction greatly the advantage of any thing one can receive from books; this at least was the opinion of Æschines, who having read to the Rhodians a speech of Demosthenes, which they loudly applauded: "But how," said he, "would you have been affected, had you heard the orator himself thundering out this sublime harangue?" Æschines, if we may believe Demosthenes, had great dignity of utterance; yet, you see, he could not but confess it would have been a considerable advantage to the oration, if it had been pronounced by the author himself, in all the pomp and energy of his powerful elocution. What I aim at by this, is, to persuade you to come and hear Iseus; and let me again intreat you to do so, if for no other reason, at least that you may have the pleasure to say, you once heard him. Farewel.

LETTER XVI.

To Caninius.

How is my friend employed? Is it in the pleasures of study, or in those of the field? Or does he unite both together, as he well may, on the banks of our favourite Larius†? The fish in that noble lake will supply you with sport of that kind; as the woods that surround it will afford you game; while the solemnity of that sequestered scene will at the same time dispose your mind to contemplation. Whether you are entertained with all, or any of these agreeable amusements, far be it that I should say envy you; but, I must confess, I greatly regret that I cannot partake of them too; a happiness I as earnestly long for, as a man in a fever does for drink to allay his thirst, or

* The ancients thought every thing that concerned an orator worthy of their attention, even to his very dress.

† Now called Lago di Como, in the Milanese. Commun, the place where Pliny was born, and near to which Caninius had a country house, was situated upon the border of this lake.

baths and fountains to assuage his heat. Shall I never break loose (if I may not disentangle myself) from these ties that thus closely withhold me? I doubt, indeed, never; for new affairs are daily increasing, while yet the former remain unfinished; such an endless train of business rises upon me, and rivets my chains still faster! Farewel.

from an earnest desire of hearing, is as agreeable to me as the loudest approbation. Do not then, by this unreasonable reserve, defraud your labours any longer of a fruit so certain and so desirable; if you should, the world, I fear, will be apt to charge you with carelessness and indolence, or, perhaps, with timidity. Farewel.

LETTER XVII.

To Octavius.

YOU are certainly a most obstinate, I had almost said a most cruel man, thus to withhold from the world such excellent compositions! How long do you intend to deny your friends the pleasure of your verses, and yourself the glory of them? Suffer them, I intreat you, to come abroad, and to be admired; as admired they undoubtedly will be, wherever the Roman language is understood. The public, believe me, has long and earnestly expected them, and you ought not to disappoint or delay it any longer. Some few poems of yours have already, contrary to your inclination, indeed, broke their prison, and escaped to light: these if you do not collect together, some person or other will claim the agreeable wanderers as their own. Remember, my friend, the mortality of human nature, and that there is nothing so likely to preserve your name as a monument of this kind; all others are as frail and perishable as the men whose memory they pretend to perpetuate. You will say, I suppose, as usual, let my friends see to that. May you find many whose care, fidelity, and learning, render them able and willing to undertake so considerable a charge! But surely it is not altogether prudent to expect from others, what a man will not do for himself. However, as to publishing of them, I will press you no farther; be that when you shall think proper. But let me, at least, prevail with you to recite them, that you may be more disposed to send them abroad; and may receive the satisfaction of that applause, which I will venture, upon very just grounds, to assure you of beforehand. I please myself with imagining the crowd, the admiration, the applause, and even the silence that will attend you: for the silence of an audience, when it proceeds

LETTER XVIII.

To Priscus.

AS I know you gladly embrace every opportunity of obliging me, so there is no man to whom I had rather lay myself under an obligation. I apply to you, therefore, preferably to any body else, for a favour which I am extremely desirous of obtaining. You, who are at the head of a very considerable army, have many opportunities of exercising your generosity; and the length of time you have enjoyed that post, must have enabled you to provide for all your own friends. I hope you will now turn your eyes upon some of mine: they are but a few indeed for whom I shall solicit you; though your generous disposition, I know, would be better pleased if the number were greater. But it would ill become me to trouble you with recommending more than one or two; at present I will only mention Voconius Romanus. His father was of great distinction among the Roman knights; and his father-in-law, or, as I might more properly call him, his second father (for his affectionate treatment of Voconius entitles him to that appellation,) was still more conspicuous. His mother was one of the most considerable ladies of Upper Spain: you know what character the people of that province bear, and how remarkable they are for the strictness of their manners. As for himself, he has been lately admitted into the sacred order of priesthood. Our friendship began with our studies, and we were early united in the closest intimacy. We lived together under the same roof in town and country, as he shared with me my most serious and my gayest hours: and where, indeed, could I have found a more faithful friend, or more agreeable companion? In his conversation, and even in his very voice and countenance, there is the most amiable sweetness; as at the bar he discovers an elevated genius, an easy and harmonious

harmonious elocution, a clear and penetrating apprehension. He has so happy a turn for epistolary writing*, that were you to read his letters, you would imagine they had been dictated by the Muses themselves. I love him with a more than common affection, and I know he returns it with equal ardour. Even in the earlier part of our lives, I warmly embraced every opportunity of doing him all the good offices which then lay in my power; as I have lately obtained for him of the emperor†, the privilege granted to those who have three children‡. A favour which though Caesar very rarely bestows, and always with great caution, yet he conferred, at my request, in such a manner as to give it the air and grace of being his own choice. The best way of shewing that I think he deserves the obligations he has already received from me, is, by adding more to them, especially as he always accepts my favours with so much gratitude as to merit farther. Thus I have given you a faithful account of Romanus, and informed you how thoroughly I have experienced his worth, and how much I love him. Let me intreat you to honour him with your patronage in a way suitable to the generosity of your heart and the eminence of your station. But above all, admit him into a share of your affection; for though you were to confer upon him the utmost you have in your power to bestow, you can give him nothing so valuable as your friendship. That you may see he is worthy of it, even to the highest degree of intimacy, I have sent you this short sketch of his character. I should continue my intercessions in his behalf, but that I am sure you do not love to be pressed, and I have already repeated them in every line of this letter; for to shew a just reason for what one asks, is to intercede in the strongest manner. Farewel.

* It appears from this and some other passages in these letters, that the art of epistolary writing was esteemed by the Romans in the number of liberal and polite accomplishments.

† Trajan.

‡ By a law passed A. U. 762, it was enacted, that whatever citizen of Rome had three children, should be excused from all troublesome offices where he lived. This privilege the emperor sometimes extended to those who were not legally entitled to it.

LETTER XIX.

To Valerianus.

How goes on your old estate at Marsi§? and how do you approve of your new purchase? Has it as many beauties in your eye now, as before you bought it? That would be extraordinary indeed! for an object in possession seldom retains the same charms it had in pursuit. As for myself, the estate left me by my mother uses me but ill; however, I value it for her sake, and am besides grown a good deal insensible by a long course of bad treatment. Thus, frequent complaints generally end at last in being ashamed of complaining any more.

LETTER XX.

To Gallus.

You are surprised, it seems, that I am so fond of my Laurentinum||, or (if you like the appellation better) my Laurens: but you will cease to wonder, when I acquaint you with the beauty of the villa, the advantages of its situation, and the extensive prospect of the sea-coast. It is but seventeen miles distant from Rome: so that having finished my affairs in town, I can pass my evenings here without breaking in upon the business of the day. There are two different roads to it; if you go by that of Laurentum, you must turn off at the fourteenth milestone; if by Ostia, at the eleventh. Both of them are in some parts sandy, which makes it something heavy and tedious if you travel in a coach, but easy and pleasant to those who ride. The landscape on all sides is extremely diversified, the prospect in some places being confined by woods, in others extending over large and beautiful meadows, where number-

§ One of the ancient divisions of Italy, comprehending part of what is now called the Farther Abruzzo.

|| Pliny had no estate round this seat, his whole possessions here being included in this house and gardens. It was merely a winter villa, in which he used to spend some of the cold months, whenever his business admitted of his absence from Rome: and for this reason it is that we find warmth so much considered in the disposition of the several apartments, &c. And indeed he seems to have a principal view to its advantages as a winter house throughout the whole description of it.

less flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, which the severity of the winter has drove from the mountains, fatten in the vernal warmth of this rich pasturage. My villa is large enough to afford all conveniences, without being expensive. The porch before it is plain, but not mean, through which you enter into a portico in the form of the letter D, which includes a small but agreeable area. This affords a very commodious retreat in bad weather, not only as it is inclosed with windows, but particularly as it is sheltered by an extraordinary projection of the roof. From the middle of this portico you pass into an inward court extremely pleasant, and from thence into a handsome hall which runs out towards the sea; so that when there is a south-west wind it is gently washed with the waves, which spend themselves at the foot of it. On every side of this hall there are either folding-doors or windows equally large, by which means you have a view from the front and the two sides, as it were of three different seas; from the back part you see the middle court, the portico, and the area; and by another view you look through the portico into the porch, from whence the prospect is terminated by the woods and mountains which are seen at a distance. On the left-hand of this hall, something farther from the sea, lies a large drawing room, and beyond that a second of a smaller size, which has one window to the rising, and another to the setting sun; this has likewise a prospect of the sea, but being at a greater distance, is less incommoded by it. The angle which the projection of the hall forms with this drawing room, retains and increases the warmth of the sun, and hither my family retreat in winter to perform their exercises. It is sheltered from all winds except those which are generally attended with clouds, so that nothing can render this place useless, but what at the same time destroys the fair weather. Contiguous to this, is a room forming the segment of a circle, the windows of which are so placed as to receive the sun the whole day. In the walls are contrived a sort of cases, which contain a collection of such authors whose works can never be read too often. From hence you pass into a bed-chamber through a passage, which being boarded, and suspended as it were over a stove which runs underneath, tempers the heat

which it receives and conveys to all parts of this room. The remainder of this side of the house is appropriated to the use of my slaves and freed men; but, however, most of the apartments in it are neat enough to entertain any of my friends, who are inclined to be my guests. In the opposite wing is a room ornamented in a very elegant taste; next to which lies another room, which, though large for a parlour, makes but a moderate dining-room; it is exceedingly warmed and enlightened not only by the direct rays of the sun, but by their reflection from the sea. Beyond this is a bed-chamber, together with its ante-chamber, the height of which renders it cool in summer, as its being sheltered on all sides from the winds, makes it warm in winter. To this apartment another of the same sort is joined by one common wall. From thence you enter into the grand and spacious *cooling-room** belonging to the baths†, from the opposite walls of which two

* The principal use of this room seems to have been designed to prepare the bodies of those who had been in the former room, for their going into the warmer air.

† The custom of bathing in hot water was become so habitual to the Romans in Pliny's time, that they every day practised it before they sat down to eat; for which reason, in the city, the public baths were extremely numerous; in which Vitruvius gives us to understand there were for each sex three rooms for bathing, one of cold water, one of warm, and one still warmer; and there were cells of three degrees of heat for sweating: to the before-mentioned members were added others for *anointing* and bodily exercises. The last thing they did before they entered into the dining-room was to bathe; what preceded their washing was their exercise in the spheristerium, prior to which it was their custom to anoint themselves. As for their sweating-rooms, though they were doubtless in all their baths, we do not find them to have been used but upon particular occasions.

The Roman magnificence seems to have particularly displayed itself in the article of their baths. Seneca, dating one of his epistles from a villa which once belonged to the famous Scipio Africanus, takes occasion from thence to draw a parallel between the simplicity of the earlier ages, and the luxury of his own times in that instance. By the idea he gives of the latter, they were works of the highest splendour and expence. The walls were composed of Alexandrine marble, whose veins were polished and brightened in such a manner as to look like a picture: the edges of the basins were set round with a most valuable kind of stone, found in Thasius, one of the Greek islands, variegated with veins of different colours, interspersed with streaks of gold; the water was conveyed through silver pipes, and fell, by several different descents,

two round basons project, large enough to swim in. Contiguous to this is the perfuming-room, then the sweating-room, and beyond that, the furnace which conveys the heat to the baths: adjoining are two other little bathing-rooms, which are fitted up in an elegant rather than costly manner: annexed to this is a warm bath of extraordinary workmanship, wherein one may swim, and have a prospect at the same time of the sea. Not far from hence stands the tennis-court, which lies open to the warmth of the afternoon sun. From thence you ascend a sort of turret, which contains two entire apartments below; as there are the same number above, besides a dining-room which commands a very extensive prospect of the sea and coast, together with the beautiful villas that stand interspersed upon it. At the other end is a second turret, containing a room which faces the rising and setting sun. Behind this is a large room for a repository, next to which is a gallery of curiosities, and underneath a spacious dining-room, where the roaring of the sea, even in a storm, is heard but faintly: it looks upon the garden and the gestatio which surrounds the garden. The gestatio is encompassed with a box-tree hedge, and, where that is decayed, with rosemary: for the box in those parts which are sheltered by the buildings, preserves its verdure perfectly well: but where by an open situation it lies exposed to the dashing of the sea-water, though at a great distance, it entirely withers. Between the garden and this gestatio runs a shady walk of vines, which is so soft that you may walk bare-foot upon it without any injury. The garden is chiefly planted with fig and mulberry trees, to which this soil is as favourable as it is averse to all others. In this place is a banqueting-room, which, though it stands remote from the sea, enjoys however a prospect nothing inferior to that view; two apartments run round the back part of it, whose windows look upon the entrance of the villa, and into a very pleasant kitchen-garden. From hence an inclosed portico* extends itself, which by its grandeur you might take in beautiful cascades. The floors were inlaid with precious gems, and an intermixture of statues and colonnades contributed to throw an air of elegance and grandeur upon the whole.

* These inclosed porticos differed no otherwise from our present galleries, than that they

for a public one; it has a range of windows on each side, but on that which looks towards the sea, they are double the number of those next the garden. When the weather is fair and serene, these are all thrown open; but if it blows, those on the side the wind sits are shut, while the others remain unclosed without any inconvenience. Before this portico lies a terrace perfumed with violets, and warmed by the reflection of the sun from the portico, which as it retains the rays, so it keeps off the north-east wind; and it is as warm on this side as it is cool on the opposite; in the same manner it is a defence against the south-west; and thus, in short, by means of its several sides, breaks the force of the winds from what point soever they blow. These are some of the winter advantages of this agreeable situation, which however are still more considerable in summer; for at that season it throws a shade upon the terrace during all the forenoon, as it defends the gestatio, and that part of the garden which lies contiguous to it, from the afternoon sun, and casts a greater or less shade, as the day either increases or decreases; but the portico itself is then coolest when the sun is most scorching, that is, when its rays fall directly upon the roof. To these advantages I must not forget to add, that by setting open the windows, the western breezes have a free draught, and by that means the inclosed air is prevented from stagnation. On the upper end of the terrace and portico stands a detached building in the garden, which I call my *favourite*; and in truth I am extremely fond of it, as I erected it myself. It contains a very warm winter room, one side of which looks upon the terrace, the other has a view of the sea, and both lie exposed to the sun. Through the folding-doors you see the opposite chamber, and from the window is a prospect of the inclosed portico. On that side next the sea, and opposite to the middle wall, stands a little elegant retired closet, which, by means of glass doors and a curtain, is either laid into the adjoining room, or separated from it. It contains a couch and two chairs: as you lie upon this couch, from the feet you have a prospect of the sea; if you look behind, you see the neighbouring villas; and from the head

had pillars in them: the use of this room was for walking.

you have a view of the woods: these three views may be seen either distinctly* from so many different windows in the room, or blended together in one confused prospect. Adjoining to this, is a bed-chamber, which neither the voice of the servants, the murmur of the sea, nor even the roaring of a tempest, can reach, nor lightning nor the day itself can penetrate it, unless you open the windows. This profound tranquillity is occasioned by a passage, which divides the wall of this chamber from that of the garden, and thus by means of that void intervening space every noise is drowned. Annexed to this is a small stove-room, which by opening a little window warms the bed-chamber to the degree of heat required. Beyond this lies a chamber and ante-chamber, which enjoys the sun, though obliquely indeed, from the time it rises till the afternoon. When I retire to this garden apartment I fancy myself a hundred miles from my own house, and take particular pleasure in it at the feast of the Saturnalia†, when, by the licence of that season of joy, every other part of my villa resounds with the mirth of my domestics: thus I neither interrupt their diversions, nor they my studies. Among the pleasures and conveniencies of this situation there is one disadvantage, and that is the want of a running stream; but this defect is in a great measure supplied by wells, or rather I should call them springs, for they rise very near the surface. And indeed the quality of this coast is pretty remarkable; for in what part soever you dig, you meet, upon the first turning up of the ground, with a spring of pure water, not in the least salt, though so near the sea. The neighbouring forests afford an abundant supply of fuel; as every other convenience of life may be had from Ostia: to a moderate man, indeed, even the next village (between which and my house there is only one villa) would furnish all the common necessities of life. In that little place

* It must have been from the middle of the room that he could see all these prospects separate and distinct, which upon a near approach to any particular window must have appeared intermingled.

† A feast held in honour of the god Saturn, which began on the 19th of December, and continued, as some say, for seven days. It was a time of general rejoicing; particularly among the slaves, who had at this season the privilege of treating their masters with great freedom.

there are no less than three public baths; which is a great convenience if it happens that my friends come in unexpectedly, or make too short a stay to allow time for preparing my own. The whole coast is beautifully diversified by the joining or detached villas that are spread upon it, which, whether you view them from the sea or the shore, have a much more agreeable effect than if it was crowded with towns. It is sometimes, after a long calm, good travelling upon the coast, though in general, by the storms driving the waves upon it, it is rough and uneven. I cannot boast that our sea produces any very extraordinary fish; however, it supplies us with exceeding fine soals and prawns: but as to provisions of other kinds, my villa pretends to excel even inland countries, particularly in milk, for thither the cattle come from the meadows in great numbers in pursuit of shade and water. Tell me now, have I not just cause to bestow my time and my affection upon this delightful retreat? Surely you are unreasonably attached to the pleasures of the town, if you have no inclination to take a view of it; as I much wish you had, that to so many charms with which my favourite villa abounds, it might have the very considerable addition of your presence to recommend it. Farewel.

LETTER XXI.

To Mawicus.

WHAT can be more agreeable to me than the office you have enjoined me, of chusing a proper tutor for your nephews? It gives me an opportunity of revisiting the scene of my education, and of turning back again to the most pleasing part of my life. I take my seat, as formerly, among the young lads, and have the pleasure to experience the respect my character in eloquence meets with from them. I lately came in upon them while they were warmly declaiming before a very full audience of persons of the first rank; the moment I appeared, they were silent. I mention this for their honour, rather than my own; and to let you see the just hopes you may conceive of placing your nephews here to their advantage. I purpose to hear all the several professors; and when I have done so, I shall write you such an account of them as will enable you (as far as a letter can)

to judge of their respective abilities. The faithful execution of this important commission is what I owe to the friendship that subsists between us, and to the memory of your brother. Nothing certainly is more your concern, than that his children (I would have said *yours*, but that I know you now look upon them even with more tenderness than your own) may be found worthy of such a father, and such an uncle; and I should have claimed a part in that care, though you had not required it of me. I am sensible, in choosing a preceptor, I shall draw upon me the displeasure of all the rest of that profession: but when the interest of these young men is concerned, I esteem it my duty to hazard the displeasure, or even enmity, of any man with as much resolution as a parent would for his own children. Farewel

LETTER XXII.

To Cerealis.

YOU advise me to read my late speech before an assembly of my friends. I shall do so, since it is agreeable to your opinion, though I have many scruples about it. Compositions of this kind lose, I well know, all their fire and force, and even almost their very name, by a plain recital. It is the solemnity of the tribunal, the concourse of one's friends, the expectation of the success, the emulation between the several orators concerned, the different parties formed amongst the audience in their favour; in a word, it is the air, the motion *, the attitude of the speaker, with all the corresponding gestures of his body, which conspire to give a spirit and grace to what he delivers. Hence those who sit when they plead, though they have most of the other advantages I just now mentioned, yet, from that single circumstance, weaken and depress the whole force of their eloquence. The eyes and hands of the reader, those important instances of graceful elocution, being engaged, it is no wonder the hearer grows languid while he has none of those awakening charms to excite and engage his attention. To these general considerations I must add this particular

* Some of the Roman orators were as much too vehement in their action, as those of our own country are too calm and spiritless. In the violence of their elocution they not only used all the warmth of gesture, but actually walked backwards and forwards.

disadvantageous circumstance, which attends the speech in question, that it is chiefly of the argumentative kind; and it is natural for an author to suspect, that what he wrote with labour will not be read with pleasure. For who is there so unprejudiced as not to prefer the flowing and florid oration, to one in this close and unornamented style? It is very unreasonable there should be any difference; however, it is certain the judges generally expect one manner of pleading, and the audience another; whereas in truth an auditor ought to be affected only with those things which would strike him, were he in the place of the judge. Nevertheless, it is possible the objections which lie against this piece may be got over, in consideration of the novelty it has to recommend it; the novelty I mean with respect to us, for the Greek orators have a method, though upon a different occasion, not altogether unlike what I made use of. They, when they would throw out a law, as contrary to some former one unrepealed, argue by comparing those laws together; so I, on the contrary, endeavoured to shew that the crime, which I was insisting upon as falling within the intent and meaning of the law relating to public extortions, was agreeable not only to that, but likewise to other laws of the same nature. Those who are not conversant in the laws of their country, can have no taste for reasonings of this kind; but those who are, ought to be so much the more pleased with them. I shall endeavour, therefore, if you persist in my reciting it, to collect a judicious audience. But before you determine this point, I intreat you thoroughly to weigh the difficulties I have laid before you, and then decide as reason shall direct; for it is reason that must justify you: obedience to your commands will be a sufficient apology for me. Farewel.

LETTER XXIII.

To Calvisius.

I NEVER spent my time more agreeably, I think, than I did lately with Spurinna. I am so much pleased with the uninterrupted regularity of his way of life, that if ever I should arrive at old age, there is no man whom I would sooner choose for my model. I look upon order in human actions, especially at that advanced

advanced period, with the same sort of pleasure as I behold the settled course of the heavenly bodies. In youth, indeed, there is a certain irregularity and agitation by no means unbecoming; but in age, when business is unseasonable, and ambition indecent, all should be calm and uniform. This rule *Spurinna* religiously pursues throughout his whole conduct. Even in those transactions which one might call minute and inconsiderable did they not occur every day, he observes a certain periodical season and method. The first part of the morning he devotes to study; at eight he dresses and walks about three miles, in which he enjoys at once contemplation and exercise. At his return, if he has any friends with him in his house, he enters upon some polite and useful topic of conversation; if he is alone, somebody reads to him; and sometimes too when he is not, if it is agreeable to his company. When this is over he reposes himself, and then again either takes up a book, or falls into some discourse even more entertaining and instructive. He afterwards takes the air in his chariot, either with his wife (who is a lady of uncommon merit) or with some friend: a happiness which lately was mine!—How agreeable, how noble is the enjoyment of him in that hour of privacy! You would fancy you were hearing some worthy of ancient times, inflaming your breast with the most heroic examples, and instructing your mind with the most exalted precepts; which yet he delivers with so modest an air that there is not the least appearance of dictating in his conversation. When he has thus taken a tour of about seven miles, he gets out of his chariot and walks a mile more, after which he returns home, and either reposes himself, or retires to his study. He has an excellent taste for poetry, and composes in the lyric manner, both in Greek and Latin, with great judgment. It is surprising what an ease and spirit of gaiety runs through his verses, which the merit of the author renders still more valuable. When the baths are ready, which in winter is about three o'clock, and in summer about two, he undresses himself; and if there happens to be no wind, he walks for some time in the sun. After this he plays a considerable time at tennis; for by this sort of exercise too, he combats the effects of old age. When he has bathed, he

throws himself upon his couch till supper time*, and in the meanwhile some agreeable and entertaining author is read to him. In this, as in all the rest, his friends are at full liberty to partake; or to employ themselves in any other manner more suitable to their taste. You sit down to an elegant yet frugal repast, which is served up in pure and antique plate. He has likewise a complete equipage for his side-board, in Corinthian metal†, which is his pleasure, not his passion. At his table he is frequently entertained with comedians, that even his very amusements may be seasoned with good sense; and though he continues there, even in summer, till the night is something advanced, yet he prolongs the feast with so much affability and politeness, that none of his guests ever think it tedious. By this method of living he has preserved all his senses entire, and his body active and vigorous to his seventy-eighth year, without discovering any appearance of old age, but the wisdom. This is a sort of life which I ardently aspire after; as I purpose to enjoy it, when I shall arrive at those years which will justify a retreat from business. In the mean while I am embarrassed with a thousand affairs, in which *Spurinna* is at once my support and my example. As long as it became him he entered into all the duties of public life. It was by passing through the various offices of the state, by governing of provinces, and by indefatigable toil, that he merited the repose he now enjoys. I propose to myself the same course and the same end; and I give it to you under my hand that I do so. If an ill-timed ambition should carry me beyond it, produce this letter against me, and condemn me to repose, whenever I can enjoy it without being reproached with indolence. Farewel.

* This was the principal meal among the Romans, at which all their feasts and invitations were made; they usually began it about their ninth hour, answering pretty nearly to our three o'clock in the afternoon. But as *Spurinna*, we find, did not enter upon the exercises which always preceded this meal till the eighth or ninth hour, if we allow about three hours for that purpose, he could not sit down to table till towards six or seven o'clock.

† This metal, whatever it was composed of (for that point is by no means clear), was so highly esteemed among the ancients, that they preferred it even to gold.

LETTER XXIV.

To Hispania.

IT is not easy to determine whether my love or esteem were greater for that wise and excellent man your father: but this is most certain, that in respect to his memory and your virtues, I have the tenderest value for you. Can I fail then to wish (as I shall by every means in my power endeavour) that your son may copy the virtues of both his grandfathers, particularly his maternal? as indeed his father and his uncle will furnish him also with very illustrious examples. The surest method to train him up in the steps of these valuable men, is early to season his mind with polite learning and useful knowledge; and it is of the last consequence from whom he receives these instructions. Hitherto he has had his education under your eye, and in your house, where he is exposed to few, I should rather say to no wrong impressions. But he is now of an age to be sent from home, and it is time to place him with some professor of rhetoric; of whose discipline and method, but above all, of whose morals, you may be well satisfied. Among the many advantages for which this amiable youth is indebted to nature and fortune, he has that of a most beautiful person: it is necessary, therefore, in this loose and slippery age, to find out one who will not only be his tutor, but his guardian and his guide. I will venture to recommend Julius Genitor to you under that character. I love him, I confess, extremely: but my affection does by no means prejudice my judgment; on the contrary it is, in truth, the effect of it. His behaviour is grave, and his morals irreproachable; perhaps something too severe and rigid for the libertine manners of these times. His qualifications in his profession you may learn from many others; for the art of eloquence, as it is open to all the world, is soon discovered; but the qualities of the heart lie more concealed, and out of the reach of common observation; and it is on *that* side I undertake to be answerable for my friend. Your son will hear nothing from this worthy man, but what will be for his advantage to know, nor learn any thing of which it would be happier he should be ignorant. He will represent to him as often, and with as

much zeal as you or I should, the virtues of his family, and what a glorious weight of characters he has to support. You will not hesitate then to place him with a tutor, whose first care will be to form his manners, and afterwards to instruct him in eloquence; an attainment ill acquired if with the neglect of moral improvements. Farewel.

LETTER XXV.

To Macer.

I HAVE the pleasure to find you are so great an admirer of my uncle's works, as to wish to have a complete collection of them, and for that purpose desire me to send you an account of all the treatises he wrote. I will point them out to you in the order in which they were composed; for however immaterial *that* may seem, it is a sort of information not at all unacceptable to men of letters. The first book he published was, a treatise concerning The Art of using the Javelin on Horseback: this he wrote when we commanded a troop of horse, and it is drawn up with great accuracy and judgment. The Life of Pomponius Secundus, in two volumes: Pomponius had a very great affection for him, and he thought he owed this tribute to his memory. The History of the Wars in Germany, in twenty books; in which he gave an account of all the battles we were engaged in against that nation. A dream which he had when he served in the army in Germany, first suggested to him the design of this work. He imagined that Drusus Nero (who extended his conquests very far into that country, and there lost his life) appeared to him in his sleep, and conjured him not to suffer his memory to be buried in oblivion. He has left us likewise A Treatise upon Eloquence, divided into six volumes. In this work he takes the orator from his cradle, and leads him on till he has carried him up to the highest point of perfection in this art. In the latter part of Nero's reign, when the tyranny of the times made it dangerous to engage in studies of a more free and elevated spirit, he published a piece of criticism in eight books, concerning ambiguity in expression. He has completed the history which Aufidius Bassus left unfinished, and has added to it thirty books. And lastly, he has left thirty-seven books upon the subject of Natural History: this is a work of

of great compass and learning, and almost as full of variety as Nature herself. You will wonder how a man so engaged as he was, could find time to compose such a number of books, and some of them too upon abstruse subjects. But your surprise will rise still higher when you hear, that for some time he engaged in the profession of an advocate, that he died in his fifty-sixth year: that from the time of his quitting the bar to his death, he was employed in the execution of the highest posts, and in the service of his prince. But he had a quick apprehension, joined to unwearied application. In summer he always began his studies as soon as it was night*, in winter generally one in the morning, but never later than two, and often at midnight. No man ever spent less time in bed, inasmuch that he would sometimes, without retiring from his books, take a short sleep, and then pursue his studies. Before day-break he used to wait upon Vespasian; who likewise chose that season to transact business. When he had finished the affairs which that emperor committed to his charge, he returned home again to his studies. After a short and light repast at noon (agreeably to the good old custom of our ancestors), he would frequently in the summer, if he was disengaged from business, repose himself in the sun; during which time some author was read to him, from whence he made extracts and observations, as indeed this was his constant method whatever book he read; for it was a maxim of his, that "no book was so bad, but something might be learned from it." When this was over, he generally went into the cold bath, and as soon as he came out of it, just took a slight refreshment, and then reposed himself for a little while. Thus, as if it had

* The distribution of time among the Romans was extremely different from the method in use amongst us. They measured the night into four equal parts, which they called *watches*, each containing the space of three hours; and part of these they devoted either to the pleasures of the table or to study. The natural day they divided into twelve hours, the first beginning with sun-rise, and the last ending with sun-set: by which means their hours were of unequal length, varying according to the different seasons of the year. The time for business began with sun-rise, and continued to the fifth hour, being that of dinner, which with them was only a slight repast. From thence to the seventh hour was a time of repose: a custom which still prevails in Italy. The eighth hour was employed in bodily exercises; after which they constantly bathed, and from thence went to supper.

been a new day, he immediately resumed his studies till supper time, when a book was again read to him, upon which he would make some hasty remarks. I remember once his *reader* having pronounced a word wrong, somebody at the table made him repeat it again: upon which my uncle asked his friend if he understood it? Who replying, "Yes;" "Why then," said he, "would you make him go back again? We have lost by this interruption above ten lines:" so covetous was this great man of time! In summer he always rose from supper by day-light, and in winter as soon as it was dark; and this was an invariable law with him. Such was his manner of life amidst the noise and hurry of the town; but in the country his whole time was devoted to study without intermission, excepting only when he bathed. But in this exception I include no more than the time he was actually in the bath; for all the while he was rubbed and wiped, he was employed either in hearing some book read to him, or in dictating himself. In his journeys he lost no time from his studies, but his mind at those seasons being disengaged from all other thoughts, applied itself wholly to that single pursuit. A secretary † constantly attended him in his chariot, who, in the winter, wore a particular sort of warm gloves, that the sharpness of the weather might not occasion any interruption to his studies; and for the same reason my uncle always used a chair in Rome. I remember he once reproved me for walking: "You might," says he, "employ those hours to more advantage;" for he thought all was time lost that was not given to study. By this extraordinary application he found time to write so many volumes, besides one hundred and sixty which he left me, consisting of a kind of common-place, wrote on both sides in a very small character; so that one might fairly reckon the number considerably more. I have heard him say, when he was comptroller of the revenue in Spain, Largius Licinius offered him four hundred thousand sesterces‡ for these manuscripts; and yet they were not then quite so numerous. When you reflect upon the books he has read, and the volumes he has wrote, are

† The word in the original implies a person who wrote short-hand; an art which the Romans carried to its highest perfection.

‡ About 3200*l.* of our money.

you not inclined to suspect that he never was engaged in the affairs of the public, or the service of his prince? On the other hand, when you are informed how indefatigable he was in his studies, are not you disposed to wonder that he read and wrote no more? For, on one side, what obstacles would not the business of a court throw in his way? And on the other, what is it that such intense application might not perform? I cannot but smile, therefore, when I hear myself called a studious man, who in comparison to him am a mere loiterer. But why do I mention myself, who am diverted from these pursuits by numberless affairs both public and private? Even they whose whole lives are engaged in study, must blush when placed in the same view with him. I have run out my letter, I perceive, beyond the extent I at first designed, which was only to inform you, as you desired, what treatises he has left behind him. But I trust this will not be less acceptable to you than the books themselves, as it may possibly not only raise your curiosity to read his works, but your emulation to copy his example by some attempts of the same nature. Farewel.

LETTER XXVI.

To Severus.

I HAVE lately purchased with a legacy that was left me, a statue of Corinthian brass. It is small indeed, but well executed, at least if I have any judgement; which most certainly in matters of this sort, as perhaps in all others, is extremely defective. However, I think I have a taste to discover the beauties of this figure: as it is naked, the faults, if there be any, as well as the perfections, are more observable. It represents an old man in a standing posture. The bones, the muscles, the veins, and wrinkles, are so strangely expressed, that you would imagine the figure to be animated. The character is well preserved throughout every part of the body: the hair is thin, the forehead broad, the face shrivelled, the throat lank, the arms languid, the breast fallen, and the belly sunk; as the whole turn and air of the figure behind is expressive of old age. It appears to be antique, from the colour of the brass. In short, it is a performance so highly finished as to merit the attention of the most curious, and to afford, at the same

time, pleasure to the most common observer: and this induced me, who am a mere novice in this art, to buy it. But I did so, not with any intent of placing it in my own house (for I have yet nothing of that kind there), but with a design of fixing it in some conspicuous place in my native province, perhaps in the temple of Jupiter: for it is a present well worthy of a temple and a god. I desire therefore you would, with that care with which you always execute my requests, give immediate orders for a pedestal to be made for it. I leave the choice of the marble to you, but let my name be engraven upon it, and, if you think proper, my titles. I will send the statue by the first opportunity; or possibly (which I am sure you will like better) I may bring it myself; for I intend, if I can find leisure, to make an excursion to you. This is a piece of news which I know you will rejoice to hear; but you will soon change your countenance when I tell you, my visit will be only for a few days; for the same business that now detains me here, will prevent my making a longer stay, Farewel.

LETTER XXVII.

To Tranquillus.

THE obliging manner in which you desire me to confer the military tribunate upon your relation, which I had obtained of the most illustrious* Neratius Marcellus for yourself, is agreeable to that respect with which you always treat me. As it would have given me great pleasure to have seen you in that post, so it will not be less acceptable to me to have it bestowed upon one whom you recommend. For hardly, I think, would it be consistent to wish a man advanced to honours, and yet envy him a title far nobler than any other he can receive, even that of a generous and an affectionate relation. To deserve and to grant favours, is the fairest point of view in which we can be placed; and this amiable character will be yours, if you resign to your friend what is due to your own merit. I must acknowledge at the same time, I am by this means advancing my own reputation, as the world will learn from hence, that my friends not

* This was a title given to all senators, in the times of the latter emperors.

only have it in their power to enjoy such an honourable post, but to dispose of it. I readily therefore comply with your generous request; and as your name is not yet entered upon the roll, I can without difficulty insert Silvanus's in its stead: and may he accept this good office at your hands with the same grateful disposition that I am sure you will receive mine. Farewel.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Catilius.

I ACCEPT of your invitation to supper; but I must make this agreement beforehand, that you dismiss me soon, and treat me frugally. Let our entertainment abound only in philosophical conversation; and even that too with moderation. There are certain midnight parties, which Cato himself could not safely fall in with; though I must confess at the same time, that Julius Cæsar*, when he reproaches him upon that head, exalts the character he endeavours to expose: for he describes those persons who met this reeling patriot, as blushing when they discovered who he was; and adds, you would have thought that Cato had detected them, and not they Cato. Could he place the dignity of Cato in a stronger light, than by representing him thus venerable, even in his cups? As for ourselves, nevertheless, let temperance not only spread our table, but regulate our hours; for we are not arrived at so high a reputation, that our enemies cannot censure us but to our honour. Farewel.

LETTER XXIX.

To Proculus.

YOU desire me to read your poems in my retirement, and to examine whether they are fit for public view; and after requesting me to turn some of my leisure hours from my own studies to yours, you remind me that Tully was remarkable for his generous encouragement and patronage of poetical geniuses. But you did not do me justice, if you supposed I wanted either intreaty or example upon this occasion, who not only honour the muses with the most religious regard, but

have also the warmest friendship for yourself: I shall therefore do what you require, with as much pleasure as care. I believe I may venture to declare beforehand, that your performance is extremely beautiful, and ought by no means to be suppressed; at least that was my opinion when I heard you recite it: if indeed your manner did not impose upon me; for the skill and harmony of your elocution is certainly enchanting. I trust, however, the charming cadence did not entirely overcome the force of my criticism; it might possibly a little soften its severity, but could not totally, I imagine, disarm me of it. I think therefore I may now safely pronounce my opinion of your poems in general: what they are in their several parts, I shall judge when I read them. Farewel.

LETTER XXX.

To Nepos.

I HAVE frequently observed, that, amongst the noble actions and remarkable sayings of distinguished persons in either sex, those which have been most celebrated have not always been the most illustrious; and I am confirmed in this opinion, by a conversation I had yesterday with Fannia. This lady is granddaughter to that celebrated Arria, who animated her husband to meet death by her own glorious example. She informed me of several particulars relating to Arria, not less heroic than this famous action of her's, though less taken notice of: which I am persuaded will raise your admiration as much as they did mine. Her husband Cæcinnus Pætus, and her son, were both at the same time attacked with a dangerous illness, of which the son died. This youth, who had a most beautiful person and amiable behaviour, was not less endeared to his parents by his virtues than by the ties of affection. His mother managed his funeral so privately, that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever she came into his bed-chamber, she pretended her son was better: and as often as he inquired after his health, would answer that he had rested well, or had ate with an appetite. When she found she could no longer restrain her grief, but her tears were gushing out, she would leave the room, and having given vent to her passion, return again with dry eyes and a serene countenance.

* Julius Cæsar wrote an invective against Cato of Utica, to which, it is probable, Pliny here alludes.

as if she had dismissed every sentiment of sorrow at her entrance. The action* was, no doubt, truly noble, when drawing the dagger she plunged it in her breast, and then presented it to her husband with that ever memorable, I had almost said, that divine expression, "Pætus, it is not painful." It must however be considered, when she spoke and acted thus, she had the prospect of immortal glory before her eyes to encourage and support her. But was it not something much greater, without the view of such powerful motives, to hide her tears, to conceal her grief, and cheerfully seem the mother when she was so no more?

Scribonianus had taken up arms in Illyria against Claudius, where having lost his life, Pætus, who was of his party, was brought prisoner to Rome. When they were going to put him on board a ship, Arria besought the soldiers that she might be permitted to go with him: Certainly, said she, you cannot refuse a man of consular dignity, as he is, a few slaves to wait upon him; but if you will take me, I alone will perform their office. This favour, however, she could not obtain; upon which she hired a small fishing vessel, and boldly ventured to follow the ship. At her return to Rome, she met the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, who pressing her to discover all she knew of that insurrection, What! said she, shall I regard thy advice, who saw thy husband murdered even in thy very arms, and yet survivest him? An expression which plainly shews, that the noble manner in which she put an end to her life was no unpremeditated effect of sudden passion. When Thrasca, who married her daughter, was dissuading her from her purpose of destroying herself, and, among other

arguments which he used, said to her, Would you then advise your daughter to die with me, if my life were to be taken from me? Most certainly I would, she replied, if she had lived as long and in as much harmony with you, as I have with my Pætus. This answer greatly heightened the alarm of her family, and made them observe her for the future more narrowly; which when she perceived, she assured them all their caution would be to no purpose. You may oblige me, said she, to execute my resolution in a way that will give me more pain, but it is impossible you should prevent it. She had scarce said this, when she sprang from her chair, and running her head with the utmost violence against the wall, she fell down, in appearance dead. But being brought to herself, I told you, said she, if you would not suffer me to take the easy paths to death, I should make my way to it through some more difficult passage. Now, is there not, my friend, something much greater in all this, than the so much talked of, "Pætus, it is not painful?" to which, indeed, it seems to have led the way: and yet this last is the favourite topic of fame, while all the former are passed over in profound silence. Whence I cannot but infer, what I observed in the beginning of my letter, that the most famous actions are not always the most noble. Farewel.

LETTER XXXI.

To Servianus.

TO what shall I attribute your long silence? Is it want of health, or want of leisure, that prevents your writing? Or is it, perhaps, that you have no opportunity of conveying your letters? Free me, I intreat you, from the perplexity of these doubts; for they are more, be assured, than I am able to support; and do so, even though it be at the expence of an express messenger: I will gladly bear his charges, and even reward him too, should he bring me the news I wish. As for myself, I am well; if that, with any propriety, can be said of a man who lives in the utmost suspense and anxiety, under the apprehensions of all the accidents which can possibly befall the friend he most tenderly loves. Farewel.

* The story, as mentioned by several of the ancient historians, is to this purpose: Pætus having joined Scribonianus, who was in arms in Illyria against Claudius, was taken after the death of the latter, and condemned to death. Arria, having in vain solicited his life, persuaded him to destroy himself, rather than suffer the ignominy of falling by the executioner's hands; and in order to encourage him to an act, to which it seems he was not much inclined, she set him the example in the manner Pliny relates.

In a pleasure-house belonging to the Villa Ludovisa at Rome there is a fine statue representing the action: Pætus is stabbing himself with one hand, and holds up the dying Arria with the other. Her sinking body hangs so loose, as if every joint were relaxed.

LETTER XXXII.

To Maximus.

YOU remember, no doubt, to have read what commotions were occasioned by the law which directs that the elections of magistrates shall be by balloting, and how much the author * of it was both approved and condemned. Yet this very law the senate lately unanimously received, and upon the election day, with one consent, called for the ballots. It must be owned, the method by open votes had introduced into the senate more riot and disorder than is seen even in the assemblies of the people; all order in speaking, all decency of silence, all dignity of character, was broke through; and it was universal dissonance and clamour: here, the several candidates running from side to side with their patrons; there, a troop collected together in the middle of the senate-house; and, in short, the whole assembly divided into separate parties, created the most indecent confusion. Thus widely had we departed from the manners of our ancestors, who conducted these elections with a calmness and regularity suitable to the reverence which is due to the majesty of the senate. I have been informed by some who remember those times, that the method observed in their assemblies was this; the name of the person who offered himself for any office being called over, a profound silence ensued, when immediately the candidate appeared, who after he had spoken for himself, and given an account to the senate of his life and manners, called witnesses in support of his character. These were, either the person under whom he had served in the army, or to whom he had been Quæstor, or both (if the case admitted of it); to whom he also joined some of those friends who espoused his interest. They delivered what they had to say in his favour, in few words, but with great dignity: and this had far more influence than the modern method of humble solicitation.

* The author of this law was one Gabinus, a tribune of the people, A. U. 614. It gave a very considerable blow to the influence of the nobility, as in this way of balloting, it could not be discovered on which side the people gave their votes, and consequently took off that restraint they before lay under, by the fear of offending their superiors.

Sometimes the candidate would object either to the birth, or age, or character of his competitor; to which the senate would listen with a severe and impartial attention; and thus was merit generally preferred to interest. But corruption having abused this wise institution of our ancestors, we were obliged to have recourse to the way of balloting, as the most probable remedy for this evil. The method being new, and immediately put in practice, it answered the present purpose very well: but, I am afraid, in process of time it will introduce new inconveniences; as this manner of balloting seems to afford a sort of screen to injustice and partiality. For how few are there who preserve the same delicacy of conduct in secret, as when exposed to the view of the world? The truth is, the generality of mankind revere Fame more than Conscience. But this, perhaps, may be pronouncing too hastily upon a future contingency: be it therefore as it may, we have in the mean time obtained by this method an election of such magistrates as best deserved the honour. For it was with us as with those sort of judges who are named upon the spot, we were taken before we had time to be biassed, and therefore determined impartially.

I have given you this detail, not only as a piece of news, but because I am glad to seize every opportunity of speaking of the republic; a subject, which as we have fewer occasions of mentioning than our ancestors, so we ought to be more careful not to let any of them slip. In good earnest, I am tired with repeating over and over the same compliments, How d' ye do? and I hope you are well. Why should our letters for ever turn upon trivial and domestic concerns? It is true, indeed, the direction of the public weal is in the hands of a single person, who, for the general good, takes upon himself solely to ease us of the care and weight of government; but still that bountiful source of power permits, by a very generous dispensation, some streams to flow down to us: and of these we may not only taste ourselves; but thus, as it were, administer them to our absent friends. Farewell.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Fabatus.

YOU have long desired a visit from your grand-daughter* and myself. Nothing, be assured, could be more agreeable to us both; for we equally wish to see you, and are determined to delay that pleasure no longer. For this purpose, our baggage is actually making ready, and we are hastening to you with all the expedition the roads will permit. We shall stop only once, and that for a short time; intending to turn a little out of the way in order to go into Tuscany; not for the sake of looking upon our estate and into our family concerns, for that we could defer to another opportunity; but to perform an indispensable duty. There is a town near my estate, called Tiferum-upon-the-Tiber†, which put itself under my patronage when I was yet a youth. These people enter extremely into my interest, celebrate my arrival among them, express the greatest concern when I leave them, and, in short, give every proof of an affection towards me, as strong as it is undeserved. That I may return their good offices, (for what generous mind can bear to be excelled in acts of friendship?) I have built a temple in this place, at my own expence; and as it is finished, it would be a sort of impiety to omit the dedication of it any longer. We design, therefore, to be there on the day that ceremony is to be performed, and I have resolved to celebrate it with a grand feast. We may possibly continue there all the next day, but we shall make so much the more expedition upon the road. May we have the happiness to find you and your daughter in good health! as I am sure we shall in good spirits, if you see us safely arrived. Farewel.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Clemens.

REGULUS has lost his son; and it is perhaps the only undeserved misfortune which could have befallen him; for I much doubt whether he thinks it one. The boy was of a sprightly but ambiguous turn; however, he seemed capable

enough of steering right, if he could have avoided splitting upon his father's example. Regulus gave him his freedom‡, in order to entitle him to the estate left him by his mother; and when he got into possession of it, endeavoured (as the character of the man made it generally believed) to wheedle him out of it, by the most singular and indecent complaisance. This perhaps you will scarce think credible: but if you consider Regulus, you will not be long of that opinion. However, he now expresses his concern for the loss of this youth in a most outrageous manner. The boy had a great number of little coach and saddle horses; dogs of different sorts, together with parrots, black-birds, and nightingales§ in abundance: all these Regulus slew|| round the funeral pile of his son, in the ostentation of an affected grief. He is visited upon this occasion by a surprising number of people, who though they secretly detest and abhor him, yet are as assiduous in their attendance upon him, as if they were influenced by a principle of real esteem and affection; or, to speak my sentiments in few words, they endeavour to recommend themselves to his favour by following his example. He has retired to his villa across the Tiber; where he has covered a vast extent of ground with his porticos, and crowded all the shore with his statues: for he blends prodigality with covetousness, and vain-glory with infamy. By his continuing there, he lays his visitors under the great inconvenience of coming to him at this unwholesome season; and he seems to consider the trouble they put themselves to, as a matter of consolation. He gives out, with his usual absurdity, that he de-

‡ The Romans had an absolute power over their children, of which no age or station of the latter deprived them.

§ This bird was much esteemed among nice eaters, and was sold at a high price. Horace mentions, as an instance of great extravagance, two brothers who used to dine upon them:

Quintii progenies Arri, par nobile fratrum---

Luscinias soliti impenso prandere coëctas.

L. 2. Sat. 3.

A noble pair of brothers---

On nightingales of monstrous purchase din'd.
Mr. FRANCIS.

|| From an unaccountable notion that prevailed among the ancients, that the ghosts delighted in blood, it was customary to kill a great number of beasts, and throw them on the funeral pile. In the more ignorant and barbarous ages, men were the unhappy victims of this horrid rite.

* Calphurnia, Pliny's wife.

† Now Citta di Castello.

signs to marry. You must expect, therefore, to hear shortly of the wedding of a man oppress'd with sorrow and years; that is, of one who marries both too soon and too late. Do you ask me why I conjecture thus? Certainly, not because he affirms it himself (for never was there so infamous a liar), but because there is no doubt that Regulus will do every thing he ought not. Farewel.

LETTER XXXV.

To Antoninus.

THAT you have twice enjoyed the dignity of consul, with a conduct equal to that of our most illustrious ancestors; that few (your modesty will not suffer me to say none) ever have, or ever will come up to the integrity and wisdom of your Asiatic administration; that in virtue, in authority, and even in years, you are the first of Romans; these, most certainly, are shining and noble parts of your character; nevertheless, I own it is in your retired hours that I most admire you. To season the severity of business with the sprightliness of wit, and to temper wisdom with politeness, is as difficult as it is great; yet these uncommon qualities you have most happily united in those wonderful charms, which not only grace your conversation, but particularly distinguish your writings. Your lips, like the venerable old man's in Homer*, drop honey, and one would imagine the bee had diffused her sweetness over all you compose. These were the sentiments I had when I lately read your Greek epigrams and satires. What elegance, what beauties shine in this collection! how sweetly the numbers flow, and how exactly are they wrought up in the true spirit of the ancients! What a vein of wit runs through every line, and how conformable is the whole to the rules of just criticism! I fancied I had got in my hands Callimachus or Hesiod; or, if possible, some poet even superior to these; though indeed, neither of those authors excelled, as you have, in both

* ——— Νεστωρ

Ἰδὺεπ' ἄνδρες, λιγρὸς Πηλεὺς ἀγορεύει,
Τὲ καὶ ἀπὸ γλῶσσης μέλιτος γλυκύνουσεν
αὐτῷ. II. 1. 247.

Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd;
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd.

POPE.

those species of poetry. Is it possible, that a Roman can write Greek in so much perfection? I protest I do not believe Athens herself can be more Attic. To own the truth, I cannot but envy Greece the honour of your preference. And since you can write thus elegantly in a foreign language, it is past conjecture what you could have performed in your own. Farewel.

LETTER XXXVI.

To Naso.

A STORM of hail, I am informed, has destroyed all the produce of my estate in Tuscany; whilst that which I have on the other side the Po, though it has proved extremely fruitful this season, yet from the excessive cheapness of every thing, turns to small account. Laurentinum is the single possession which yields me any advantage. I have nothing there, indeed, but a house and gardens; all the rest is barren sands; still, however, my best productions rise at Laurentinum. It is there I cultivate, if not my lands, at least my mind, and form many a composition. As in other places I can shew you full barns, so there I can entertain you with good store of the literary kind. Let me advise you then, if you wish for a never-failing revenue, to purchase something upon this contemplative coast. Farewel.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Lepidus.

I HAVE often told you that Regulus is a man of spirit; whatever he engages in, he is sure to execute it in a most extraordinary manner. He chose lately to be extremely concerned for the loss of his son: accordingly he mourned for him in a way which no man ever mourned before. He took it into his head that he would have several statues and representations of him; immediately all the artisans in Rome are set to work. Colours, wax, brass, silver, ivory, marble, all exhibit the figure of young Regulus. Not long ago he read, before a numerous audience, a panegyric upon the life of his son: a large book upon the life of a boy! then a thousand transcribers were employed to copy this curious anecdote, which

which he dispersed all over the empire. He wrote likewise a sort of circular letter to the several Decurii, to desire they would choose out one of their order who had a strong clear voice, to read this eulogy to the people; and I am informed it has been done accordingly. Had this spirit (or whatever else you will call an earnestness in executing all one undertakes) been rightly applied, what infinite good might it have produced! The misfortune is, this active cast is generally strongest in men of vicious characters: for as ignorance begets rashness, and knowledge inspires caution; so modesty is apt to depress and weaken the great and well-formed genius, whilst boldness supports and strengthens low and little minds. Regulus is a strong proof of the truth of this observation: he has a weak voice, an awkward address, a thick speech, a slow imagination, and no memory; in a word, he has nothing but an extravagant genius: and yet by the assistance of this flighty turn and much impudence, he passes with many for a finished orator. Herennius Senecio reversed Cato's definition of an orator*, and applied it with great justness to Regulus: An orator, said he, is a bad man unskilled in the art of speaking. And, in good earnest, Cato's definition is not a more exact description of a true orator, than Senecio's is of the character of this man. Would you make a suitable return to this letter, let me know if you, or any of my friends in your town have with an air of pleasantry mouthed (as Demosthenes calls it) this melancholy piece to the people, like a stroller in the market-place. For so absurd a performance must move rather laughter than compassion; and indeed the composition is as puerile as the subject. Farewel.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Cornelius Tacitus.

I REJOICE that you are safely arrived in Rome; for though I am always desirous to see you, I am more particularly so now. I purpose to continue a few days longer at my house at Tusculum, in

* Cato, as we learn from Nonius, composed a treatise upon rhetoric, for the use of his son, wherein he defined an orator to be, a good man skilled in the art of speaking.

order to finish a work which I have upon my hands. For I am afraid, should I put a stop to this design now that it is so nearly completed, I shall find it difficult to resume it. In the mean while, that I may lose no time, I send this letter before me, to request a favour of you, which I hope shortly to ask in person. But before I inform you what my request is, I must let you into the occasion of it. Being lately at Comum, the place of my nativity, a young lad, son to one of my neighbours, made me a visit. I asked him whether he studied oratory, and where? he told me he did, and at Mediolanum†. And why not here? Because (said his father, who came with him) we have no masters. "No! (said I), surely it nearly concerns you who are fathers (and very opportunely several of the company were so) that your sons should receive their education here, rather than any where else. For where can they be placed more agreeably than in their own country, or instructed with more safety and less expence than at home and under the eye of their parents? Upon what very easy terms might you, by a general contribution, procure proper masters, if you would only apply, towards the raising a salary for them, the extraordinary expence it costs you for your sons' journeys, lodgings, and whatever else you pay for upon account of their being abroad; as pay, indeed, you must in such a case for every thing. Though I have no children myself, yet I shall willingly contribute to a design so beneficial to (what I look upon as a child, or a parent) my country; and therefore I will advance a third part of any sum you shall think proper to raise for this purpose. I would take upon myself the whole expence, were I not apprehensive that my benefaction might hereafter be abused and perverted to private ends; as I have observed to be the case in several places where public foundations of this nature have been established. The single means to prevent this mischief is, to leave the choice of the masters entirely in the breast of the parents, who will be so much the more careful to determine properly, as they shall be obliged to share the expence of main-

† Milan.

"taining them. For though they may
 "be careless in disposing of another's
 "bounty, they will certainly be cautious
 "how they apply their own; and will
 "see that none but those who deserve it
 "shall receive my money, when they
 "must at the same time receive theirs
 "too. Let my example then encourage
 "you to unite heartily in this useful de-
 "sign; and be assured the greater the
 "sum my share shall amount to, the
 "more agreeable it will be to me. You
 "can undertake nothing that will be
 "more advantageous to your children,
 "nor more acceptable to your country.
 "They will by this means receive their
 "education where they receive their
 "birth, and be accustomed from their
 "infancy to inhabit and affect their na-
 "tive soil. May you be able to procure
 "professors of such distinguished abili-
 "ties, that the neighbouring towns shall
 "be glad to draw their learning from
 "hence; and as you now send your
 "children to foreigners for education,
 "may foreigners in their turn flock
 "hither for their instruction."

I thought proper thus to lay open to you the rise of this affair, that you might be the more sensible how agreeable it will be to me, if you undertake the office I request. I intreat you, therefore, with all the earnestness a matter of so much importance deserves, to look out, amongst the great numbers of men of letters which the reputation of your genius brings to you, proper persons to whom we may apply for this purpose; but without entering into any agreement with them on my part. For I would leave it entirely free to the parents to judge and choose as they shall see proper: all the share I pretend to claim is, that of contributing my care and my money. If therefore any one shall be found who thinks himself qualified for the undertaking, he may repair thither; but without relying upon any thing but his merit. Farewel.

LETTER XXXIX.

To Valerius Paulinus.

REJOICE with me, my friend, not only upon my account, but your own, and that of the public; for eloquence is still held in honour. Being lately engaged to plead in a cause before the Centumviri, the crowd was so great that I could

not get to my place, but in passing by the tribunal where the judges sat. And I have this pleasing circumstance to add farther, that a young nobleman, having lost his robe in the press, stood in his vest to hear me for seven hours together: for so long I was speaking; and with a success equal to my great fatigue. Come on then, my friend, and let us earnestly pursue our studies, nor screen our own indolence under pretence of that of the public. Never, we may rest assured, will there be wanting hearers and readers, so long as we can supply them with orators and authors worthy of their attention. Farewel.

LETTER XL.

To Gallus.

YOU acquaint me that Cæcilius, the consul elect, has commenced a suit against Correllia, and earnestly beg me to undertake her cause, in her absence. As I have reason to thank you for your information, so I have to complain of your intreaties: without the first, indeed, I should have been ignorant of this affair, but the last was unnecessary, as I want no solicitations to comply, where it would be ungenerous in me to refuse; for can I hesitate a moment to take upon myself the protection of a daughter of Correllius? It is true, indeed, though there is no particular intimacy between her adversary and me, we are, however, upon good terms. It is true likewise, that he is a person of great rank, and who has a claim to particular regard from me, as he is entering upon an office which I have had the honour to fill; and it is natural for a man to be desirous those dignities should be treated with the highest respect, which he himself once possessed. Yet these considerations have little weight, when I reflect that it is the daughter of Correllius whom I am to defend. The memory of that excellent person, than whom this age has not produced a man of greater dignity, rectitude, and good sense, is indelibly impressed upon my mind. I admired him before I was acquainted with him; and, contrary to what is usually the case, my esteem increased in proportion as I knew him better: and indeed I knew him thoroughly, for he treated me without reserve, and admitted me to share in his joys and his sorrows,

sorrows, in his gay and his serious hours. When I was but a youth, he esteemed, and (I will even venture to say) revered me as if I had been his equal. When I solicited any post of honour, he supported me with his interest, and recommended me by his testimony; when I entered upon it, he was my introducer and my attendant; when I exercised it, he was my guide and my counsellor. In a word, wherever my interest was concerned, he exerted himself with as much alacrity as if he had been in all his health and vigour. In private, in public, and at court, how often has he advanced and supported my reputation! It happened once, that the conversation before the emperor Nerva turned upon the hopeful young men of that time, and several of the company were pleased to mention me with applause: he sat for a little while silent, which gave what he said the greater weight; and then with that air of dignity, to which you are no stranger, I must be reserved, said he, in my praises of Pliny, because he does nothing without my advice. By which single sentence he gave me a greater character than I would presume even to wish for, as he represented my conduct to be always such as wisdom must approve, since it was wholly under the direction of one of the wisest of men. Even in his last moments he said to his daughter (as she often mentions), I have in the course of a long life raised up many friends to you; but there is none that you may more assuredly depend upon, than Pliny and Cornutus. A circumstance I cannot reflect upon, without being deeply sensible how much it is incumbent upon me, to endeavour to act up to the opinion so excellent a judge of mankind conceived of me. I shall therefore most readily give my assistance to Correllia in this affair; and willingly hazard any displeasure I may incur by appearing in her cause. Though I should imagine, if in the course of my pleadings I should find an opportunity to explain and enforce, more at large than I can do in a letter, the reasons I have here mentioned, upon which I rest at once my apology and my glory; her adversary (whose suit may perhaps, as you say, be entirely unprecedented, as it is against a woman) will not only excuse, but approve my conduct. Farewell.

LETTER XL.

To Hispania.

As you are an exemplary instance of tender regard to your family in general, and to your late excellent brother in particular; whose affection you returned with an equal warmth of sentiment; and have not only shewn the kindness of an aunt, but supplied the loss of a tender parent to his daughter*, you will hear, I am well persuaded, with infinite pleasure, that she behaves worthy of her father, her grand-father, and yourself. She possesses an excellent understanding, together with a consummate prudence, and gives the strongest testimony of the purity of her heart by her fondness of me. Her affection to me has given her a turn to books; and my compositions, which she takes a pleasure in reading, and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands. How full of tender solicitude is she when I am entering upon any cause! How kindly does she rejoice with me when it is over! While I am pleading, she places persons to inform her from time to time how I am heard, what applauses I receive, and what success attends the cause. When at any time I recite my works, she conceals herself behind some curtain, and with secret rapture enjoys my praises. She sings my verses to her lyre, with no other master but love, the best instructor, for her guide. From these happy circumstances I draw my most assured hopes, that the harmony between us will increase with our days, and be as lasting as our lives. For it is not my youth or my person, which time gradually impairs; it is my reputation and my glory of which she is enamoured. But what less could be expected from one who was trained by your hands, and formed by your instructions; who was early familiarised under your roof with all that is worthy and amiable, and was first taught to conceive an affection for me, by the advantageous colours in which you were pleased to represent me? And as you revered my mother with all the respect due even to a parent, so you kindly directed and encouraged my infancy, presaging of me from that early period all that my wife now fondly

* Calphurnia, Pliny's wife.

imagines I really am. Accept therefore of our mutual thanks, that you have thus, as it were designedly, formed us for each other. Farewel.

LETTER XLII.

To Maximus.

I HAVE already acquainted you with my opinion of each particular part of your work, as I perused it; I must now tell you my general thoughts of the whole. It is a strong and beautiful performance; the sentiments are sublime and masculine, and conceived in all the variety of a pregnant imagination; the diction is chaste and elegant; the figures are happily chosen, and a copious and diffusive vein of eloquence runs through the whole, and raises a very high idea of the author. You seem borne away by the full tide of a strong imagination and deep sorrow, which mutually assist and heighten each other; for your genius gives sublimity and majesty to your passion; and your passion adds strength and poignancy to your genius. Farewel.

LETTER XLIII.

To Velius Cerealis.

HOW severe a fate has attended the daughters of Helvidius! these two sisters are both dead in child-bed, after having each of them been delivered of a girl. This misfortune pierces me with the deepest sorrow; as indeed, to see two such amiable young ladies fall a sacrifice to their fruitfulness in the prime and flower of their years, is a misfortune which I cannot too greatly lament. I lament for the unhappy condition of the poor infants, who are thus become orphans from their birth: I lament for the sake of the disconsolate husbands of these ladies; and I lament too for my own. The affection I bear to the memory of their late father is inviolable, as my defence of him in the senate, and all my writings, will witness for me. Of three children which survived him, there now remains but one; and his family, that had lately so many noble supports, rests only upon a single person! It will however, be a great mitigation of my affliction, if fortune shall kindly spare that one, and render him worthy of his father and grand-

father*; and I am so much the more anxious for his welfare and good conduct, as he is the only branch of the family remaining. You know the softness and solicitude of my heart where I have any tender attachments; you must not wonder then that I have many fears where I have great hopes. Farewel.

LETTER XLIV.

To Valens.

BEING engaged lately in a cause before the Centumviri, it occurred to me that when I was a youth I was also concerned in one which passed through the same courts. I could not forbear, as usual, to pursue the reflection my mind had started, and to consider if there were any of those advocates then present, who were joined with me in the former cause; but I found I was the only person remaining who had been counsel in both: such changes does the instability of human nature, or the vicissitudes of fortune, produce! Death had removed some; banishment others; age and infirmities had silenced those, while these were withdrawn to enjoy the happiness of retirement; one was at the head of an army; and the indulgence of the prince had exempted another from the burthen of civil employments. What turns of fortune have I experienced even in my own person! It was eloquence that first raised me; it was eloquence that occasioned my disgrace; and it was eloquence that advanced me again. The friendships of the wise and good at my first appearance in the world, were highly serviceable to me; the same friendships proved afterward extremely prejudicial to my interest, and now again they are my ornament and support. If you compute the time in which these incidents have happened, it is but a few years; if you number the

* The famous Helvidius Priscus, who signified himself in the senate by the freedom of his speeches in favour of liberty, during the reigns of Galba, Otho, Vitellius, and Vespasian; in whose time he was put to death by the order of the senate, though contrary to the inclination of the emperor, who countermanded the execution: but it was too late, the executioner having performed his office before the messenger arrived. Tacitus represents him as acting in all the various duties of social life with one consistent tenor of uniform virtue; superior to all temptations of wealth, of inflexible integrity, and unbroken courage,

events, it seems an age. A lesson that will teach us to check both our despair and presumption, when we observe such a variety of revolutions roll round in so swift and narrow a circle. It is my custom to communicate to my friend all my thoughts, and to set before him the same rules and examples by which I regulate my own conduct: and such was my design in this letter. Farewel.

LETTER XLV.

To Maximus.

I MENTIONED to you in a former letter, that I apprehended the method of voting by ballots would be attended with inconveniencies; and so it has proved. At the last election of magistrates, upon some of the tablets were written several pieces of pleasantry, and even indecencies; in one particularly, instead of the name of the candidate, were inserted the names of those who espoused his interest. The senate was extremely exasperated at this insolence; and with one voice threatened the vengeance of the emperor upon the author. But he lay concealed, and possibly might be in the number of those who expressed the greatest indignation. What must one think of such a man's private conduct, who in public, upon so important an affair, and at so solemn a time, could indulge himself in such scurrilous liberties, and dare to act the droll in the face of the senate? Who will know it? is the argument that prompts little and base minds to commit these indecencies. Secure from being discovered by others, and unawed by any self-respect, they take their pen and tablets; and hence arise these buffooneries, which are fit only for the stage. What course shall we take, what remedy apply against this abuse? Our disorders indeed in general have every where eluded all attempts to restrain them. But this is a point much too high for us, and will be the care of that superior power, who by these low but daring insults has daily fresh occasions of exerting all his pains and vigilance. Farewel.

LETTER XLVI.

To Nepos.

THE request you make me, to supervise the correction of my works,

which you have taken the pains to collect, I shall most willingly comply with; as indeed there is nothing I ought to do with more readiness, especially at your instance. When a man of such dignity, learning, and eloquence, deeply engaged in business, and entering upon the important government of a province, has so good an opinion of my works as to think them worth taking with him, how am I obliged to endeavour that this part of his baggage may not seem an useless embarrassment! My first care therefore shall be, that they may attend you with all the advantages possible; and my next, to supply you at your return with others, which you may not think undeserving to be added to them; for I can have no stronger encouragement to enter upon some new work, than being assured of finding a reader of your taste and discernment. Farewel.

LETTER XLVII.

To Licinius.

I HAVE brought you as a present out of the country, a query which well deserves the consideration of your extensive erudition. There is a spring which rises in a neighbouring mountain, and running among the rocks is received into a little banquetting-room, from whence, after being detained a short time, it falls into the Larian lake. The nature of this spring is extremely surprising: it ebbs and flows regularly three times a day. This increase and decrease is plainly visible, and very entertaining to observe. You sit down by the side of the fountain, and whilst you are taking a repast and drinking its water, which is extremely cool, you see it gradually rise and fall. If you place a ring, or any thing else at the bottom when it is dry, the stream reaches it by degrees till it is entirely covered, and then again gently retires from it; and this you may see it do for three times successively. Shall we say, that some secret current of air stops and opens the fountain-head, as it advances to or recedes from it; as we see in bottles, and other vessels of that nature, where there is not a free and open passage, though you turn their necks downwards, yet the outward air obstructing the vent, they discharge their contents as it were by starts? Or may it not be accounted for upon

upon the same principle as the flux and reflux of the sea? or, as those rivers which discharge themselves into the sea, meeting with contrary winds and the swell of the ocean, are forced back in their channels; so may there not be something that checks this fountain, for a time, in its progress? or is there rather a certain reservoir that contains these waters in the bowels of the earth, which while it is recruiting its discharges, the stream flows more slowly and in less quantity, but when it has collected its due measure, it runs again into its usual strength and fulness? or lastly, is there not I know not what kind of subterraneous poize, that throws up the water when the fountain is dry, and repels it when it is full? You, who are so well qualified for the inquiry, will examine the reasons of this wonderful appearance*; it will be sufficient for me if I have given you a clear description of it. Farewel.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Maximus.

I AM deeply afflicted with the news I have received of the death of Fannius, not only as I have lost in him a friend whose eloquence and politeness I admired, but a guide whose judgment I pursued; and indeed he possessed a most penetrating genius, improved and quickened by great experience. There are some circumstances attending his death, which aggravate my concern: he left behind him a will which had been made a considerable time, by which it happens his estate has fallen into the hands of those who had incurred his displeasure, while his greatest favourites have no share of it. But what I particularly regret is, that he has left unfinished a very noble work in which he was engaged. Notwithstanding his full employment at the bar, he had undertaken a history of those persons who had been put to death or banished by Nero; of which he had perfected three books. They are written with great delicacy and exactness: the style is pure, and preserves a proper me-

† There are several of these periodical fountains in different parts of the world: as we have some in England. Lay-well near Torbay is mentioned in the Philosophical Transactions [No. 104. p. 909.] to ebb and flow several times every hour.

dium between the plain narrative and the historical: and as they were very favourably received by the public, he was the more desirous of being able to complete the rest. The hand of death is ever, in my estimation, too severe and too sudden when it falls upon such as are employed in some immortal work. The sons of sensuality, who have no views beyond the present hour, terminate with each day the whole purpose of their lives; but those who look forward to posterity, and endeavour to extend their memories to future generations by useful labours; — to such, death is always immature, as it still snatches them from amidst some unfinished design. Fannius, long before his death, had a strong presentiment of what has happened: he dreamed one night, that as he was in his study with his papers before him, Nero came in, and placing himself by his side, took up the three first books of his history, which he read through, and then went away. This dream greatly alarmed him, and he looked upon it as an intimation that he should not carry on his history any farther than Nero had read: and so the event proved. I cannot reflect upon this accident without lamenting that he should not be able to accomplish a work, which had cost him so much pains and vigilance, as it suggests to me at the same time the thoughts of my own mortality, and the fate of my writings: and I am persuaded the same reflection alarms your apprehensions for those in which you are employed. Let us then, my friend, while yet we live, exert all our endeavours, that death, whenever it arrives, may find as little as possible to destroy. Farewel.

LETTER XLIX.

To Apollinaris.

THE kind concern you expressed when you heard of my design to pass the summer at my villa in Tuscany†, and your obliging endeavours to dissuade me from going to a place which you think unhealthy, is extremely agreeable to me. I confess, indeed, the air of that part

† This was Pliny's principal seat, lying about one hundred and fifty miles from Rome, where he usually resided in the summer season.

of Tuscany which lies towards the coast, is thick and unwholesome; but my house is situated at a great distance from the sea under one of the Apennine mountains, which, of all others, is most esteemed for the clearness of its air. But that you may lay aside all apprehensions upon my account, I will give you a description of the temperature of the climate, the situation of the country, and the beauty of my villa, which I am persuaded you will hear with as much pleasure as I shall relate. The winters are severe and cold, so that myrtles, olives, and trees of that kind which delight in constant warmth, will not flourish here; but it produces bay-trees* in great perfection; yet sometimes, though indeed not oftener than in the neighbourhood of Rome, they are killed by the sharpness of the seasons. The summers are exceedingly temperate, and continually attended with refreshing breezes, which are seldom interrupted by high winds. If you were to come here and see the numbers of old men who have lived to be grand-fathers and great grand-fathers, and hear the stories they can entertain you with of their ancestors, you would fancy yourself born in some former age. The disposition of the country is the most beautiful that can be imagined: figure to yourself an immense amphitheatre; but such as the hand of nature only could form. Before you lies a vast extended plain bounded by a range of mountains, whose summits are crowned with lofty and venerable woods, which supply variety of game: from hence, as the mountains decline, they are adorned with underwoods. Intermixed with these are little hills of so strong and fat a soil, that it would be difficult to find a single stone upon them: their fertility is nothing inferior to the lowest grounds; and though their harvest, indeed, is something later, their crops are as well matured. At the foot of these hills the eye is presented, wherever it turns, with one unbroken view of numberless vineyards, which are terminated by a border, as it were, of shrubs. From thence you have a prospect of the adjoining fields and meadows below. The soil of the former

is so extremely stiff, and upon the first ploughing it rises in such vast clods, that it is necessary to go over it nine several times with the largest oxen and the strongest ploughs, before they can be thoroughly broken, whilst the enameled meadows produce etrefoil, and other kinds of herbage as fine and tender as if it were but just sprung up, being continually refreshed by never-failing rills. But though the country abounds with great plenty of water, there are no marshes; for as it is a rising ground, whatever water it receives without absorbing, runs off into the Tiber. This river, which winds through the middle of the meadows, is navigable only in the winter and spring, when it transports the produce of the lands to Rome; but its channel is so extremely low in summer, that it scarce deserves the name of a river; towards the autumn, however, it begins again to renew its claim to that title. You could not be more agreeably entertained, than by taking a view of the face of this country from the top of one of our neighbouring mountains: you would imagine that not a real, but some painted landscape lay before you, drawn with the most exquisite beauty and exactness: such an harmonious and regular variety charms the eye which way so ever it throws itself. My villa is so advantageously situated, that it commands a full view of all the country round; yet you go up to it by so insensible a rise, that you find yourself upon an elevation without perceiving you ascended. Behind, but at a great distance, stand the Apennine mountains. In the calmest days we are refreshed by the winds that blow from thence, but so spent, as it were, by the long tract of land they travel over, that they are entirely divested of all their strength and violence, before they reach us. The exposition of the principal front of the house is full south, and seems to invite the afternoon sun in summer (but something earlier in winter) into a spacious and well-proportioned portico, consisting of several members, particularly a porch built after the manner of the ancients. In the front of the portico is a sort of terrace, embellished with various figures, and bounded with a box-hedge, from whence you descend by an easy slope, adorned with the representation of divers animals in box answering alternately to each other, into a lawn overspread with the soft, I

* In the original it is laurus, which the ingenious Mr. Martyn, professor of botany in Cambridge, has given very strong reasons for believing is not the same with our laurel, but means the bay-tree.

had almost said the *liquilacanthus**: this is surrounded by a walk† inclosed with donsile ever-greens, shaped into a variety of forms. Beyond it is the *Gestatio* laid out in the form of a *circus*‡, ornamented in the middle with box cut into numberless different figures, together with a plantation of shrubs prevented by the sheers from running up too high: the whole is fenced in with a wall covered by box, rising by different ranges to the top. On the outside of a wall lies a meadow that owes as many beauties to nature as all I have been describing within does to art; at the end of which are several other meadows and fields interspersed with thickets. At the extremity of the portico stands a grand dining-room, which opens upon one end of the terrace; as from the windows there is a very extensive prospect over the meadows up into the country, from whence you also have a view of the terrace and such parts of the house which project forward, together with the woods inclosing the adjacent hippodrome§. Opposite almost to the centre of the portico stands an apartment something backwards, which encompasses a small area, shaded by four plane-trees, in the midst of which a fountain rises, from whence the water running over the edges of a marble basin, gently refreshes the surrounding plane-trees and the verdure underneath them. This apartment consists of a bed-chamber free from every kind of noise, and which the light itself cannot penetrate; toge-

* Sir William Temple supposes the *acanthus* of the ancients to be what we call *pericanthe*. Modern botanists term it garden bear's-foot; but Mr. Castel in his observations upon this passage, with more probability, imagines by its character here that it resembles moss.

† This walk is called in the original *Ambulatio*, as what is translated a Terrace is by Pliny termed *Nyxtus*. The *Ambulatio* seems to be what we properly call a walk; the *Gestatio* was a place appropriated to taking of exercise in their vehicles, and the *Nyxtus* in its original signification, according to the definition given by Vitruvius, was a large portico wherein the athletic exercises were performed: though it is plainly used in this place for an open walk, ornamented much in the manner of our old-fashioned parterres; but its being raised above the other walks which lay in the front, seems to justify its being called a Terrace.

‡ The *circus* was a place set apart for the celebration of several public games, particularly the chariot-race. Its form was generally oblong, having a wall quite round with ranges of seats for the convenience of spectators.

§ A part of the garden so called,

ther with a common dining-room that I use whenever I have none but familiar friends with me. A second portico looks upon this little area, and has the same prospect with the former I just now described. There is besides another room, which being situated close to the nearest plane-tree, enjoys a constant shade and verdure: its sides are incrusted half way with carved marble, and from thence to the ceiling a foliage is painted with birds intermixed among the branches, which has an effect altogether as agreeable as that of the carving; at the basis of which is placed a little fountain, that playing through several small pipes into a vase, produces a most pleasing murmur. From a corner of the portico you enter into a very spacious chamber opposite to the grand dining-room, which from some of its windows has a view of the terrace, and from others of the meadow, as those in the front look upon a cascade, which entertains at once both the eye and the ear; for the water falling from a great height, foams round the marble basin which receives it below. This room is extremely warm in winter, being much exposed to the sun, as in a cloudy day the heat of an adjoining stove very well supplies his absence. From hence you pass through a spacious and pleasant undressing-room into the cold-bath-room, in which is a large gloomy bath: but if you are disposed to swim more at large, or in warmer water, in the middle of the area is a wide basin for that purpose, and near it a reservoir from whence you may be supplied with cold water to brace yourself again, if you should perceive you are too much relaxed by the warm. Contiguous to the cold bath is one of a middling degree of heat, which enjoys the kindly warmth of the sun, but not so intensely as that of the hot bath, which projects farther. This last consists of three several divisions, each of different degrees of heat: the two former lie open to the full sun, the latter, though not so much exposed to its heat, receives an equal share of its light. Over the undressing-room is built the tennis-court, which by means of different circles|| admits of different

|| These circles were probably no other than particular marks made on the floor, the success of their play depending on the balls lighting in such a circle after it had been struck, which it was the adversary's business to prevent; and the many

ferent kinds of games. Not far from the baths, is the stair-case which leads to the inclosed portico, after having first passed through three apartments: one of these looks upon the little area with the four plane-trees round it, the other has a sight of the meadows, and from the third you have a view of several vineyards; so that they have as many different prospects as expositions. At one end of the inclosed portico, and indeed taken off from it, is a chamber that looks upon the hippodrome, the vineyards and the mountains; adjoining is a room which has a full exposure to the sun, especially in winter: from hence runs an apartment that connects the hippodrome with the house: and such is the form and aspect of the front. On the side is a summer inclosed portico, which stands high, and has not only a prospect of the vineyards, but seems almost to touch them. From the middle of this portico you enter a dining-room cooled by the wholesome breezes which come from the Apennine valleys: from the windows in the back front, which are extremely large, there is a prospect of the vineyards, as you have also another view of them from the folding-doors through the summer portico: along that side of this dining-room where there are no windows, runs a private stair-case for the greater conveniency of serving at entertainments: at the farther end is a chamber from whence the eye is entertained with a view of the vineyards and (what is equally agreeable) of the portico. Underneath this room is an inclosed portico something resembling a grotto, which enjoying, in the midst of summer heats, its own natural coolness, neither admits nor wants the refreshment of external breezes. After you have passed both these porticos, at the end of the dining-room stands a third, which as the day is more or less advanced, serves either for winter or summer use. It leads to two different apartments, one containing four chambers, the other three, which enjoy by turns both sun and shade. In the front of these agreeable buildings lies a very spacious hippodrome*, entirely

many sorts of exercises this room was made for might be diversified by lines or circles on the walls or floor like the game of tennis, which though it takes up one entire room, may serve for several games of the like nature.

* The Hippodromus, in its proper signification, was a place among the Grecians, set apart for horse-racing and other exercises of that kind.

open in the middle, by which means the eye, upon your first entrance, takes in its whole extent at one view. It is encompassed on every side with plane-trees covered with ivy†, so that while their heads flourish with their own green, their bodies enjoy a borrowed verdure; and thus the ivy twining round the trunk and branches, spreads from tree to tree, and connects them together. Between each plane-tree are planted box-trees, and behind these bay-trees, which blend their shade with that of the planes. This plantation, forming a straight boundary on both sides of the hippodrome, bends at the farther end into a semicircle, which being set round and sheltered with cypress-trees, varies the prospect, and casts a deeper and more gloomy shade; while the inward circular walks (for there are several) enjoying an open exposure, are perfumed with roses, and correct, by a very pleasing contrast, the coolness of the shade with the warmth of the sun. Having passed through these several winding alleys, you enter a straight walk‡, which breaks out into a variety of others, divided off by box-hedges. In one place you have a little meadow; in another the box is cut into a thousand different forms§, sometimes into letters, expressing

But it seems here to be nothing more than a particular walk, to which Pliny, perhaps, gave that name, from its bearing some resemblance in its form to the public places so called.

† “What the Hederae were, that deserved a “place in a garden (says Sir William Temple in “his Essay on Gardening), I cannot guess, unless they had sorts of ivy unknown to us.” But it does not seem necessary to have recourse to that supposition; for there are two sorts among us, which are very beautiful plants, the one called the silver-striped ivy, the other the yellow variegated ivy. The former, perhaps, is the palentes Hederae of Virgil; which epithet, some of the critics, not attending to the different kinds of ivy, have injudiciously changed for palantes.

‡ Here seems to begin what we properly call the Garden, and is the only description of a Roman one which is come down to us. Virgil, indeed, mentions that of his Corycian friend's, but he only gives an account of the plants which that contented old man cultivated, without describing the form in which his little spot was laid out.

§ It is very remarkable that this false taste in gardening, so justly rejected by modern improvements in that agreeable art, was introduced among the Romans at a time when one should little expect to meet with any inelegancies in the polite refinements of life. Matius, the friend of Julius Caesar, and peculiar favourite of Augustus, of whom there is still extant a letter to Cicero, greatly admired for the beauty of its sentiments and

expressing the name of the master; sometimes that of the artificer; whilst here and there little obelisks rise intermixed alternately with fruit-trees: when on a sudden, in the midst of this elegant regularity, you are surprised with an imitation of the negligent beauties of rural nature; in the centre of which lies a spot surrounded with a knot of dwarf plane-trees*. Beyond these is a walk interspersed with the smooth and twining acanthus†, where the trees are also cut into a variety of names and shapes. At the upper end is an alcove of white marble, shaded with vines, supported by four small Carystian pillars‡. From this bench the water gushing through several little pipes, as if it were pressed out by the weight of the persons who repose themselves upon it, falls into a stone cistern underneath, from whence it is received into a fine polished marble basin, so artfully contrived, that it is always full without ever overflowing. When I sup here, this basin serves for a table, the larger sort of dishes being placed round the margin, while the smaller ones swim about in the form of little vessels and water-fowl. Corresponding to this, is a fountain which is incessantly emptying and filling; for the water, which it throws up a great height, falling back again into it, is by means of two openings returned as fast as it is received. Fronting the alcove (and which reflects as great an ornament to it as it borrows from it) stands a summer-house of exquisite marble, whose doors project and open into a green enclosure; as from its upper and lower windows the eye is presented with

and expression, is said to have first taught his countrymen this monstrous method of distorting nature, by cutting trees into regular forms.

* The plane-tree was extremely cultivated among the Romans upon account of its extraordinary shade, and they used to nourish it with wine [Plin. Hist. Nat.] instead of water, believing (as Sir William Temple observes) "this tree loved that liquor, as well as those who used to drink under its shade."

† It is probable the acanthus here mentioned is not the same plant with that described above; it is certain at least there were different sorts of them.

‡ This marble came from Carystus (now called Caristo) in Eubœa, an island in the Archipelago, which has since changed its name into Negroponte. From hence likewise, it is said, the Romans fetched that famous stone out of which they spun a sort of incombustible cloth, wherein they wrapped the bodies of their dead, and thereby preserved their ashes distinct and unmixed with those of the funeral pile.

a variety of different verdures. Next to this is a little private closet (which though it seems distinct, may be laid into the same room) furnished with a couch; and notwithstanding it has windows on every side, yet it enjoys a very agreeable gloominess, by means of a spreading vine which climbs to the top, and entirely overshades it. Here you may lie and fancy yourself in a wood, with this difference only, that you are not exposed to the weather; in this place a fountain also rises and instantly disappears: in different quarters are disposed several marble seats, which serve, as well as the summer-house, as so many reliefs after one is wearied with walking. Near each seat is a little fountain; and throughout the whole hippodrome several small rills run murmuring along, wheresoever the hand of art thought proper to conduct them, watering here and there different spots of verdure, and in their progress refreshing the whole.

And now, I should not have hazarded the imputation of being too minute in this detail, if I had not proposed to lead you into every corner of my house and gardens. You would hardly, I imagine, think it a trouble to read the description of a place, which I am persuaded would please you were you to see it; especially as you have it in your power to stop, and by throwing aside my letter, sit down as it were, and rest yourself as often as you think proper. I had at the same time a view to the gratification of my own passion; as I confess, I have a very great one for this villa, which was chiefly built or finished by myself. In a word (for why should I conceal from my friend my sentiments, whether right or wrong?) I look upon it as the first duty of every writer frequently to throw his eyes upon his title-page, and to consider well the subject he has proposed to himself; and he may be assured if he closely pursues his plan, he cannot justly be thought tedious; but on the contrary, if he suffers himself to be carried off from it, he will most certainly incur that censure. Homer, you know, has employed many verses in the description of the arms of Achilles, as Virgil also has in those of Æneas; yet neither of them are prolix, because they both keep within the limits of their original design. Aratus, you see, is not esteemed too circumstantial, though he traces and enumerates the minutest stars;

for

for he does not go out of his way for that purpose, he only follows where his subject leads him. In the same manner (to compare small things with great), if endeavouring to give you an idea of my house, I have not wandered into any thing foreign, or, as it were, devious, it is not my letter which describes, but my villa which is described, that is to be deemed large. But not to dwell any longer upon this digression, lest I should myself be condemned by the maxim I have just laid down, I have now informed you why I prefer my Tuscan villa to those which I possess at Tusculum*, Tiber†, and Præneste‡. Besides the advantages already mentioned, I here enjoy a more profound retirement, as I am at a farther distance from the business of the town, and the interruption of troublesome avocations. All is calm and composed; which contributes, no less than its clear air and unclouded sky, to that health of body and cheerfulness of mind which I particularly enjoy there: both of which I keep in proper exercise by study and hunting. And indeed there is no place which agrees better with all my family in general; I am sure at least, I have not yet lost one (and I speak it with the sentiments I ought) of all those I brought with me hither: and may the gods continue that happiness to me, and that honour to my villa! Farewel.

LETTER L.

To Capito.

YOU are not singular in the advice you give me to undertake the writing of history; it is a work which has been frequently pressed upon me by several others of my friends; and what I have some thoughts of engaging in. Not that I have any confidence of succeeding in this way; that would be too rashly presuming upon the success of an experiment which I have never yet made; but because it is a noble employment to rescue from oblivion those who deserve to be eternally remembered, and extend the reputation of others at the same time that we advance our own. Nothing, I confess, so strongly affects me as the desire of a lasting name: a passion highly worthy of

the human breast, especially of one, who not being conscious to himself of any ill, is not afraid of being known to posterity. It is the continual subject therefore of my thoughts,

By what fair deed I too may raise my name§:
for to that I moderate my wishes; the rest,

And gather round the world immortal fame,
is much beyond my hopes:

“Though yet||”—However, the first is sufficient, and history perhaps is the single means that can ensure it to me. Oratory and poetry, unless carried to the highest point of eloquence, are talents but of small recommendation to those who possess them; but history, however executed, is always entertaining. Mankind are naturally inquisitive, and are so fond of having this turn gratified, that they will listen with attention to the plainest matter of fact, and the most idle tale. But besides this, I have an example in my own family that inclines me to engage in this study, my uncle and adoptive father having acquired great reputation as a very accurate historian; and the philosophers, you know, recommend it to us to tread in the steps of our ancestors, when they have gone before us in the right path. If you ask me then, why I do not immediately enter upon the task? my reason is this: I have pleaded some very important causes, and (though I am not extremely sanguine in my hopes concerning them) I have determined to revise my speeches, lest, for want of this remaining labour, all the pains they cost me should be thrown away, and they with their author be buried in oblivion; for with respect to posterity, the work that was never finished was never begun. You will think, perhaps, I might correct my pleadings and write history at the same time. I wish indeed I were capable of doing so, but they are both such great undertakings, that either of them is abundantly sufficient. I was but nineteen when I first appeared at the bar; and yet it is only now at last I understand (and that in

* Virgil. 1 Georg. sub. init.

|| Part of a verse from the fifth Æneid, where Menestheus, one of the competitors in the naval games, who was in some danger of being distanced, exhorts his men to exert their utmost vigour to prevent such a disgrace.

* Now called Frascati, † Tivoli, and ‡ Palestrina, all of them situated in the Campagna di Roma, and at no great distance from Rome.

truth but imperfectly) what is essential to a complete orator. How then shall I be able to support the weight of an additional burthen? It is true indeed, history and oratory have in many points a general resemblance; yet in those very things in which they seem to agree, there are several circumstances wherein they differ. Narration is common to them both, but it is a narration of a distinct kind: the former contents itself frequently with low and vulgar facts; the latter requires every thing splendid, elevated, and extraordinary: strength and nerves is sufficient in *that*, but beauty and ornament is essential to *this*: the excellency of the one consists in a strong, severe, and close style; of the other, in a diffusive, flowing, and harmonious narration: in short, the words, the emphasis, and the whole turn and structure of the periods, are extremely different in these two arts; for, as Thucydides observes, there is a wide distance between compositions which are calculated for a present purpose, and those which are designed to remain as lasting monuments to posterity; by the first of which expressions he alludes to oratory, and by the other to history. For these reasons I am not inclined to blend together two performances of such distinct natures, which, as they are both of the highest rank, necessarily therefore require a separate attention; lest, confounded by a crowd of different ideas, I should introduce into the one what is only proper to the other. Therefore (to speak in our language of the bar) I must beg leave the cause may be adjourned some time longer. In the mean while, I refer it to your consideration from what period I shall commence my history. Shall I take it up from those remote times which have been treated of already by others? In this way, indeed, the materials will be ready prepared to my hands, but the collating of the several historians will be extremely troublesome; or shall I write only of the present times, and those wherein no other author has gone before me? If so, I may probably give offence to many, and please but few. For, in an age so over-run with vice, you will find infinitely more to condemn than approve; yet your praise, though ever so lavish, will be thought too reserved; and your censure, though ever so cautious, too profuse. However, this does not at all discourage me: for I want

not sufficient resolution to bear testimony to truth. I expect then that you prepare the way which you have pointed out to me, and determine what subject I shall fix upon for my history, that when I am ready to enter upon the task you have assigned me, I may not be delayed by any new difficulty. Farewel.

LETTER LI.

To Saturninus.

YOUR letter made very different impressions upon me, as it brought me news which I both rejoiced and grieved to receive. It gave me pleasure when it informed me you were detained in Rome; which though you will tell me is a circumstance that affords you none, yet I cannot but rejoice at it, since you assure me you continue there upon my account, and defer the recital of your work till my return; for which I am greatly obliged to you. But I was much concerned at that part of your letter which mentioned the dangerous illness of Julius Valens; though, indeed, with respect to himself it ought to affect me with other sentiments, as it cannot but be for his advantage the sooner he is relieved by death, from a distemper of which there is no hope he can ever be cured. But what you add concerning Avitus, who died in his return from the province where he had been questor, is an accident that justly demands our sorrow. That he died on board a ship, at a distance from his brother whom he tenderly loved, and from his mother and sisters, are circumstances, which though they cannot affect him now, yet undoubtedly did in his last moments, as well as tend to heighten the affliction of those he has left behind. How severe is the reflection, that a youth of his well-formed disposition should be extinct in the prime of life, and snatched from those high honours to which his virtues, had they been permitted to grow to their full maturity, would certainly have raised him! How did his bosom glow with the love of the fine arts! How many books has he perused! how many volumes has he transcribed! but the fruits of his labours are now perished with him, and for ever lost to posterity.—Yet why indulge my sorrow? a passion which, if we once give a loose to it, will aggravate every the slightest

slightest circumstance. I will put an end therefore to my letter, that I may to the tears which yours has drawn from me. Farewel.

LETTER LII.

To Fabatus.*

YOUR letter informs me that you have erected a noble public portico†, as a memorial of yourself and your son, and that the next day after the ceremony of opening of it, you engaged to repair and beautify the gates of our city at your own charge: thus it is that you rise from one act of munificence to another! I take part, believe me, in every thing that concerns your glory; which, from the alliance that is between us, in some degree redounds to mine; and am pleased to see the memory of my father-in-law delivered down to posterity by such beautiful structures. I rejoice too at the honour that hereby arises to our native province; and as every thing that tends to her advantage is highly agreeable to me, by what hand soever it may be conferred; so particularly when it is by yours. I have only to desire that Heaven would continue to cherish in you this generous frame of mind, and to grant you many years in which to exert it; for your bounty I am well persuaded will not terminate here, but extend itself to farther acts of beneficence. Generosity, when once she is set forward, knows not how to stop her progress; as the more familiar we are with the lovely form, the more enamoured we grow of her engaging charms. Farewel.

LETTER LIII.

To Marcellinus.

I WRITE this to you under the utmost oppression of sorrow: the youngest daughter of my friend Fundanus is dead! never surely was there a more agreeable

and more amiable young person, or one who better deserved to have enjoyed a long, I had almost said, an immortal life! She was scarce fourteen, and yet had all the wisdom of age and discretion of a matron, joined with youthful sweetness and virgin modesty. With what an engaging fondness did she behave to her father! how kindly and respectfully receive his friends! how affectionately treat all those who in their respective offices had the care and education of her! She employed much of her time in reading, in which she discovered great strength of judgment; she indulged herself in few diversions, and those with much caution. With what forbearance, with what patience, with what courage did she endure her last illness! she complied with all the directions of her physicians; she encouraged her sister and her father; and when all her strength of body was exhausted, supported herself by the single vigour of her mind. That, indeed, continued even to her last moments, unbroken by the pain of a long illness, or the terrors of approaching death; and it is a reflection which makes the loss of her so much the more to be lamented. A loss infinitely severe! and more severe by the particular conjuncture in which it happened! she was contracted to a most worthy youth! the wedding day was fixed, and we were all invited. How sad a change from the highest joy to the deepest sorrow! How shall I express the wound that pierced my heart, when I heard Fundanus himself (as grief is ever finding out circumstances to aggravate its melancholy) ordering the money he had designed to lay out upon cloaths and jewels for her marriage, to be employed in myrrh and spices for her funeral! He is a man of great learning and good sense, who has applied himself from his earliest youth to the nobler and most elevated studies; but all the maxims of fortitude which he has received from books, or advanced himself, he now absolutely rejects, and every other virtue of his heart gives place to all a parent's tenderness. You will excuse, you will even approve his sorrow, when you consider what he has lost. He has lost a daughter who resembled him in his manners, as well as his person, and exactly copied out all her father. If you shall think proper to write to him upon the subject of so reasonable a grief, let me

* Grandfather to Calphurnia, Pliny's wife.

† These porticos, which were carried to an extreme degree of magnificence, served for various uses: sometimes for the assembly of the senate, sometimes for stands of the most curious merchandize. But the general use they were put to was, the pleasure of walking in them; like the present piazzas in Italy. Here likewise works of genius were publicly recited, and the philosophers held their disputations.

remind you not to use the rougher arguments of consolation, and such as seem to carry a sort of reproof with them, but those of kind and sympathizing humanity. Time will render him more open to the dictates of reason: for as a fresh wound shrinks back from the hand of the surgeon, but by degrees submits to, and even requires the means of its cure; so a mind under the first impressions of a misfortune shuns and rejects all arguments of consolation, but at length, if applied with tenderness, calmly and willingly acquiesces in them. Farewel.

LETTER LIV.

To Spurinna.

KNOWING, as I do, how much you admire the polite arts, and what satisfaction you take in seeing young men of quality pursue the steps of their ancestors, I seize this earliest opportunity of informing you, that I went to-day to hear Calpurnius Piso read a poem he has composed upon a very bright and learned subject, entitled the Constellations. His numbers, which were elegiac, were soft, flowing, and easy, at the same time that they had all the sublimity suitable to such a noble topic. He varied his style from the lofty to the simple, from the close to the copious, from the grave to the florid, with equal genius and judgment. These beauties were extremely heightened and recommended by a most harmonious voice; which a very becoming modesty rendered still more pleasing. A confusion and concern in the countenance of a speaker throws a grace upon all he utters; for there is a certain decent timidity, which, I know not how, is infinitely more engaging than the assured and self-sufficient air of confidence. I might mention several other circumstances to his advantage, which I am the more inclined to take notice of, as they are most striking in a person of his age, and most uncommon in a youth of his quality; but not to enter into a farther detail of his merit, I will only tell you, that when he had finished his poem, I embraced him with the utmost complacency; and being persuaded that nothing is a greater encouragement than applause, I exhorted him to persevere in the paths he had entered, and to shine out to posterity with the same glorious lustre which reflected

from his ancestors to himself. I congratulated his excellent mother, and his brother, who gained as much honour by the generous affection he discovered upon this occasion, as Calpurnius did by his eloquence, so remarkable a concern he shewed for him when he began to recite his poem, and so much pleasure in his success. May the gods grant me frequent occasions of giving you accounts of this nature! for I have a partiality to the age in which I live, and should rejoice to find it not barren of merit. To this end I ardently wish our young men of quality would not derive all their glory from the images of their ancestors*. As for those which are placed in the house of these excellent youths, I now figure them to myself as silently applauding and encouraging their pursuits, and (what is a sufficient degree of honour to them both) as owning and confessing them to be their kindred. Farewel.

LETTER LV.

To Macer.

ALL is well with me, since it is so with you. You are happy, I find, in the company of your wife and son, and are enjoying the pleasures of the sea, the freshness of the fountains, the verdure of the fields, and the elegances of a most agreeable villa; for so I judge it to be, since he who was most happy ere fortune had raised him to what is generally esteemed the highest point of human felicity, chose it for the place of his retirement†. As for myself, I am employed at my Tuscan villa in hunting and studying, sometimes alternately, and sometimes both together; but I am not yet able to determine in which pursuit it is most difficult to succeed. Farewel.

* None had the right of using family pictures or statues, but those whose ancestors or themselves had borne some of the highest dignities. So that the *jus imaginis* was much the same thing among the Romans, as the right of bearing a coat of arms among us.

† It is supposed by some commentators that Pliny alludes here to Nerva, who being suspected by Domitian, was ordered by that emperor to retire to Tarentum, where, without any view of reigning, he quietly sat down in the enjoyment of a private life; others imagine that he means Sulla.

LETTER LVI.

To Paulinus.

As I know the humanity with which you treat your own servants, I do not scruple to confess to you the indulgence I shew to mine. I have ever in my mind Homer's character of Ulysses,

Who rul'd his people with a father's love.

Odys. 5. 11.

And the very expression* in our language, for the head of a family, suggests the rule of one's conduct towards it. But were I naturally of a rough and hardened cast of temper, the ill state of health of my freed-man Zosimus (who has the stronger claim to a humane treatment at my hands, as he now stands much in need of it) would be sufficient to soften me. He is a person of great worth, diligent in his services, and well skilled in literature; but his chief talent, and indeed his profession, is that of a comedian, wherein he highly excels. He speaks with great emphasis, judgment, propriety, and gracefulness; he has a very good hand too upon the lyre, which he understands better than is necessary for one of his profession. To this I must add, he reads history, oratory, and poetry, as well as if he had singly applied himself to that art. I am the more particular in enumerating his qualifications, to let you see how many agreeable services I receive from him. He is indeed endeared to me by the ties of a long affection, which seems to be heightened by the danger he is now in. For nature has so formed our hearts, that nothing contributes more to raise and inflame our inclination for any enjoyment than the apprehension of being deprived of it; a sentiment which Zosimus has given me occasion to experience more than once. Some years ago he strained himself so much by too vehement an exertion of his voice, that he spit blood, upon which account I sent him into Egypt†; from whence, after a long absence, he lately returned with great benefit to his health. But having

* The Latin word for a master of a family, implies a *father* of a family.

† The Roman physicians used to send their patients in consumptive cases into Egypt, particularly to Alexandria.

again exerted himself for several days together beyond his strength, he was reminded of his former malady by a slight return of his cough, and a spitting of blood. For this reason I intend to send him to your farm at Forum-Julii‡, having frequently heard you mention it as an exceeding fine air, and recommend the milk of that place as very good in disorders of this nature. I beg you would give directions to your people to receive him into your house, and to supply him with what he shall have occasion for; which will not be much, for he is so temperate as not only to abstain from delicacies, but even to deny himself the necessities his ill state of health requires. I shall furnish him towards his journey with what will be sufficient for one of his abstemious turn, who is coming under your roof. Farewel.

LETTER LVII.

To Calphurnia§.

NEVER was business more uneasy to me, than when it prevented me not only from attending, but following you into Campania||. As at all times, so particularly now, I wish to be with you, that I may be a witness what progress you make in your strength and recovery, and how the tranquillity, the amusements, and plenty of that charming country agree with you. Were you in perfect health, yet I could ill support your absence; for even a moment's uncertainty of the welfare of those we tenderly love, is a situation of mind infinitely painful; but now your sickness conspires with your absence to perplex me with a thousand disquietudes. I fear every thing that can befall you, and, as is usual with all under the same terrifying apprehensions, suspect most, what I most dread. Let me conjure you then to prevent my solicitude by writing to me every day, and even twice a day; I shall be more easy at least while I am reading your

‡ Frejus in Provence, the southern part of France.

§ His wife.

|| Where Fabatus, Calphurnia's grandfather, had a villa. This delightful country is celebrated by almost every classic author, and every modern traveller, for the fertility of its soil, the beauty of its landscape, and the temperature of its air.

letters; though all my apprehensions will again return upon me the moment I have perused them. Farewel.

LETTER LVIII.

To Calphurnia.

YOU kindly tell me, my absence is greatly uneasy to you, and that your only consolation is in conversing with my works, instead of their author, which you frequently place by your side. How agreeable is it to me to know that you thus wish for my company, and support yourself under the want of it by these tender amusements! In return, I entertain myself with reading over your letters again and again, and am continually taking them up as if I had just received them; but, alas! they only serve to make me more strongly regret your absence; for how amiable must her conversation be, whose letters have so many charms? Let me receive them, however, as often as possible, notwithstanding there is still a mixture of pain in the pleasure they afford me. Farewel.

LETTER LIX.

To Albimus.

I WAS lately at Alsium*, where my wife's mother has a villa which once belonged to Verginius Rufus. The place renewed in my mind the sorrowful remembrance of that great and excellent man. He was extremely fond of this retirement, and used to call it, "the nest of his old age." Wherever I turned my eyes I missed my worthy friend. I had an inclination to visit his monument; but I repented of my curiosity, for I found it still unfinished; and this not from any difficulty of the work itself, for it is very plain, or rather indeed slight, but through the neglect of him to whose care it was entrusted. I could not see without a concern mixed with indignation the remains of a man, whose fame filled the whole world, lie for ten years after his death without an inscription or a name. He had however directed that the divine and immortal action of his life should be

recorded upon his tomb in the following lines:

Here Rufus lies, who Vindex' arms withstood,
Not for himself, but for his country's good.

But a faithful friend is so rare to be found, and the dead are so often forgotten, that we shall be obliged to build even our very monuments, and anticipate the office of our heirs. For who is it that has not reason to fear what has happened to Verginius, may be his own case? an indignity which is so much the more remarkable and injurious, as it falls upon one of his distinguished virtues. Farewel.

LETTER LX.

To Maximus.

HOW happy a day did I lately pass! when having been called by the præfect† of Rome to his assistance in a certain cause, I had the pleasure to hear two excellent young men, Fuscus Salinator and Numidius Quadratus, plead on the opposite sides; both of them of extraordinary hopes and great talents, who will one day, I am persuaded, prove an ornament not only to the present age, but to literature itself. They discovered upon this occasion an admirable probity, supported by inflexible courage: their habit was decent, their elocution distinct, their voice manly, their memory strong‡; their

† An officer something in the nature of the lord mayor among us. He preceded all other city magistrates, having power to receive appeals from the inferior courts, and to decide almost all causes within the limits of Rome, or a hundred miles round.

‡ Strength of memory seems to have been a quality highly esteemed among the Romans, Pliny often mentioning it when he draws the characters of his friends, as in the number of their most shining talents. And Quintilian considers it as the measure of genius; *tantum ingenii, says he, quantum memorie*. The extraordinary perfection in which some of the ancients are said to have possessed this useful faculty is almost incredible. Our author speaks, in a former letter, of a Greek philosopher of his acquaintance, who, after having delivered a long harangue extempore, would immediately repeat it again, without losing a single word. Seneca says, he could in his youth repeat two thousand names exactly in the same order they were read to him; and that to try the strength of his memory, the audience who attended the same professor with himself, would each of them give him a verse, which he would instantly repeat, beginning with the last, and so on till the first, to the amount

* Now Alzia, not far from Como.

their genius elevated, and guided by an equal solidity of judgment. I took infinite pleasure in observing them display these noble qualities; particularly as I had the satisfaction to see that while they looked upon me as their guide and model, they appeared in the sentiments of the audience as my imitators and rivals. It was a day (I cannot but repeat it again) which afforded me the most exquisite happiness, and which I shall ever distinguish with the fairest *. For what indeed could be either more pleasing to me on the public account, than to observe two such noble youths building their fame and glory upon the polite arts, or more desirable upon my own, than to be marked out as a worthy example to them in their pursuits of virtue? May heaven still grant me the continuance of that pleasure! And you will bear me witness, I sincerely implore the gods that every man who thinks me deserving of his imitation, may far exceed the model he has chosen. Farewel.

LETTER LXI.

To Mauricus.

I N compliance with your solicitation, I consent to make you a visit at your Formian villa, but it is upon condition that you put yourself to no inconvenience upon my account; a condition which I shall also strictly observe on my part. It is not the pleasures of your sea and your coast that I pursue: it is your company, together with ease and freedom from business, that I desire to enjoy; otherwise

amount of two hundred. He tells a pleasant story upon this occasion of a certain poet, who having recited a poem in public, a person who was present claimed it for his own, and in proof of its being so, repeated it word for word; which the real author was not capable of doing. Numberless instances might be collected from the ancients to the same purpose; to mention only a few more: It is said of Themistocles, that he made himself master of the Persian language in a year's time; of Mithridates, that he understood as many languages as he commanded nations, that is, no less than twenty-two; of Cyrus, that he retained the name of every single soldier in his army. But the finest compliment that ever was paid to a good memory, is what Tully says of Julius Cæsar in his oration for Ligarius, that "he never forgot any thing but an injury."

* Alluding to a custom of the Romans, who marked the fortunate days in their calendar with white, and the unfortunate with black.

I might as well remain in Rome: for there is no medium worth accepting between giving up your time wholly to the disposal of others, or reserving it entirely in your own; at least for myself I declare I cannot relish mixtures of any kind. Farewel.

LETTER LXII.

To Romanus.

I BELIEVE you were not present at a very droll accident which lately happened: I was not indeed a witness to it myself; however, I had an early account of it. Passienus Paulus, an eminent Roman knight, and particularly conspicuous for his great learning, has a turn for elegiac poetry; a talent which runs in the family, for Propertius was his relation as well as his countryman. He was lately reciting a poem which began thus:

Priscus, at thy command-----

Whereupon Priscus, who happened to be present as a particular friend of the poet's, cried out, "But he is mistaken, I did not command him." Think what a peal of laughter this occasioned. The intellects of Priscus, you must know, are something suspicious; however, as he enters into the common offices of life, is called to consultations, and publicly acts as a lawyer, this behaviour was the more remarkable and ridiculous: and, in truth, Paulus was a good deal disconcerted by his friend's absurdity. Thus, you see, it is not only necessary that an author who recites his works in public, should himself have a sound judgment, but that he takes care his audience have so too. Farewel.

LETTER LXIII.

To Tacitus.

YOUR request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it I am well assured will be rendered for ever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country

country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works; yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I esteem those to be, whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, I execute your commands; and should indeed have claimed the task, if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum*. On the 23d of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun†, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study: he immediately arose and went out upon an eminence from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from mount Vesuvius‡. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner; it appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraor-

dinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies; for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being situated at the foot of mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea; she earnestly intreated him therefore to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroic turn of mind. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but several others: for the villas stand extremely thick upon the beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones, and black pieces of burning rock; they were likewise in danger not only of being a-ground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again, to which the pilot advising him; "Fortune," said he, "befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was then at Stabiae§, separated by a gulf which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon that shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favourable, however, for carrying

* In the gulf of Naples.

† The Romans used to lie or walk naked in the sun, after anointing their bodies with oil, which was esteemed as greatly contributing to health, and therefore daily practised by them.

‡ About six miles distant from Naples.—This dreadful eruption happened A. D. 79, in the first year of the emperor Titus.

§ Now called *Castel à Mar di Stabia*, in the gulf of Naples.

my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits, and the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready; when after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the mean while the eruption from mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames: after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper therefore to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions; or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields as the less dangerous situation of the two; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell round them. Though it was now day every where else, with them it was darker than the most obscure night, excepting only what light proceeded from the fire and flames. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore, to observe if they might safely put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There

my uncle having drunk a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the fore-runner of them, dispersed the rest of the company and obliged them to arise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and frequently subjected to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time my mother and I, who were at Misenum—But as this has no connection with your history, so your enquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death; with that therefore I will put an end to my letter: suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye-witness of myself, or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth. You will choose out of this narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose; for there is a great difference between what is proper for a letter, and an history; between writing to a friend, and writing to the public. Farewel.

LETTER LXIV.

To Cornelius Tacitus.

THE letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you concerning the death of my uncle, has raised, it seems, your curiosity to know what terrors and dangers attended me while I continued at Misenum; for there, I think, the account in my former broke off:

Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell.

My uncle having left us, I pursued the studies which prevented my going with him, till it was time to bathe; after which I went to supper, and from thence to bed, where my sleep was greatly broken and disturbed. There had been for many days before some shocks of an earthquake,

earthquake, which the less surprised us as they are extremely frequent in Campania; but they were so particularly violent that night, that they not only shook every thing about us, but seemed indeed to threaten total destruction. My mother flew to my chamber, where she found me rising in order to awaken her. We went out into a small court belonging to the house, which separated the sea from the buildings. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behaviour in this dangerous juncture, courage or rashness; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if all about me had been in full security. While we were in this posture, a friend of my uncle's, who was just come from Spain to pay him a visit, joined us, and observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, greatly condemned her calmness, at the same time that he reproved me for my careless security: nevertheless I still went on with my author. Though it was now morning, the light was exceedingly faint and languid; the buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining there without certain and great danger; we therefore resolved to quit the town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and (as to a mind distracted with terror, every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed in great crowds about us in our way out. Being got at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots which we had ordered to be drawn out were so agitated backwards and forwards, though in the open fields, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea-animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud bursting with an igneous serpentine vapour, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Upon this, our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with great

warmth and earnestness: "If your brother, and your uncle," said he, "is safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too; but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him: Why therefore do you delay your escape a moment?" We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his. Hereupon our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger, with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterwards the cloud seemed to descend, and cover the whole ocean; as, indeed, it entirely hid the island of Caprea*, and the promontory of Misenum. My mother strongly conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do; as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however, she would willingly meet death, if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and taking her by the hand, I led her on; she complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head, and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out of the high road, lest we should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path, when a darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up and all the lights extinct. Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying, some lifting up their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy both the gods and the world together†. Among these there were

* An island near Naples, now called Capri.

† The Stoic and Epicurean philosophers held, that the world was to be destroyed by fire, and all things fall again into original chaos, not excepting

were some who augmented the real terrors by imaginary ones, and made the frightened multitude falsely believe that Misenum was actually in flames. At length a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the fore-runner of an approaching burst of flames (as in truth it was) than the return of day; however, the fire fell at a distance from us: then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. I might boast, that during all this scene of horror, not a sigh or expression of fear escaped from me, had not my support been founded in that miserable though strong consolation, that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I imagined I was perishing with the world itself. At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees like a cloud of smoke: the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes† as with a deep snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear; though indeed with a much larger share of the latter; for the earthquake still continued, while several enthusiastic people ran up and down, heightening their own and their friends' calamities by terrible predictions. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place till we should receive some account of my uncle.

And now you will read this narrative without any view of inserting it in your history, of which it is by no means worthy; and indeed you must impute it to your own request, if it shall appear scarce to deserve even the trouble of a letter. Farewel.

cepting even the national gods themselves from the destruction of this general conflagration.

† Mr. Addison, in his account of mount Vesuvio, observes, that the air of the place is so very much impregnated with salt-petre, that one can scarce find a stone which has not the top white with it.

LETTER LXV.

To Triarius.

I CONSENT to undertake the cause which you so earnestly recommend to me; but as glorious and honourable as it may be, I will not be your counsel without a fee. Is it possible, you will say, that my friend Pliny should be so mercenary? indeed it is; and I insist upon a reward which will do me more honour than the most disinterested patronage. I beg of you then, and indeed I make it a previous condition, that Cremutius Ruso may be joined with me as counsel in this cause. This is a practice which I have frequently observed with respect to several distinguished youths; as indeed I take infinite pleasure in introducing young men of merit to the bar, and assigning them over to fame. But if ever I owed this good office to any man, it is certainly to Ruso, not only upon account of his family, but his tender affection to me; and it would afford me a very singular satisfaction to have an opportunity of seeing him draw the attention of the audience in the same court and the same cause with myself. This I now ask as an obligation to me; but when he has pleaded in your cause, you will esteem it as a favour done to you; for I will be answerable that he shall acquit himself in a manner equal to your wishes, as well as to my hopes and the importance of the cause. He is a youth of a most excellent disposition, and when once I shall have produced his merit, we shall soon see him exert the same generous office in forwarding that of others; as indeed no man without the support and encouragement of friends, and having proper opportunities thrown in his way, is able to rise at once from obscurity by the brightness of his own unassisted genius.

LETTER XLVI.

To Servianus.

I AM extremely rejoiced to hear that you design your daughter for Fuscus Salinator, and congratulate you upon it.

His

His family is patrician*, and both his father and mother are persons of the most exalted merit. As for himself, he is studious, learned, and eloquent, and with all the innocence of a child, unites the sprightliness of youth to the wisdom of age. I am not, believe me, deceived by my affection, when I give him this character; for though I love him, I confess, beyond measure (as his friendship and esteem for me well deserve), yet partiality has no share in my judgment; on the contrary, the stronger my fondness of him is, the more rigorously I weigh his merit. I will venture then to assure you (and I speak it upon my own experience) you could not have formed to your wish a more accomplished son-in-law. May he soon present you with a grand-son, who shall be the exact copy of his father! And with what pleasure shall I receive from the arms of two such friends their children or grand-children, whom I shall claim a sort of right to embrace as my own? Farewel.

LETTER LXVII.

To Pontius.

I was not ignorant of the reason which prevented your coming into Campania to receive me. But absent as you were, might I have judged by the vast quantity of provisions of all sorts, with which I was supplied by your orders, I should have imagined you had conveyed yourself hither with your whole possessions. I must own I was so arrant a clown, as to take all that was offered me; however, it was in compliance with the solicitations of your people, and fearing you would chide both them and me if I refused. But for the future, if you will not observe some measure, I must. And accordingly I assured your servants, if ever they were thus profuse in their bounty to me again, I would absolutely return the whole. You will tell me, I know, that I ought to consider every thing belonging to you as entirely mine. I am extremely sensible of that; and therefore I would use them with the same moderation as my own. Farewel.

* Those families were styled Patrician, whose ancestors had been members of the senate in the earliest times of the regal or consular government.

LETTER LXVIII.

To Quintilian.

THOUGH your desires, I know, are extremely moderate, and the education which your daughter has received is suitable to your character and that of Tutilius her grandfather; yet as she is going to be married to a person of so great distinction as Nonius Celer, whose station requires a certain splendour of living, it will be necessary to consider the rank of her husband in her clothes and equipage: circumstances which, though they do not augment our real dignity, yet certainly adorn and grace it. But as I am sensible your fortune is not equal to the greatness of your mind, I claim to myself a part in your expence, and like another father, present the young lady with fifty thousand sesterces†. The sum should be larger but that I am well persuaded the smallness of the present is the only consideration that can prevail with your modesty not to refuse it. Farewel.

LETTER LXIX.

To Restitutus.

THIS obstinate distemper which hangs upon you greatly alarms me; and though I know how extremely temperate you are, yet I am afraid your disease should get the better of your moderation. Let me intreat you then to resist it with a determined abstemiousness: a remedy, be assured, of all others the most noble as well as the most salutary. There is nothing impracticable in what I recommend: it is a rule, at least, which I always direct my family to observe with respect to myself. I hope, I tell them, that should I be attacked with any disorder, I shall desire nothing of which I either ought to be ashamed, or have reason to repent; however, if my distemper should prevail over my resolution, I forbid that any thing be given me but by the consent of my physicians; and I assure the people about me, that I shall resent their compliance with me in things improper, as much as another man would their refusal. I had once a most violent fever; when the fit was a little abated,

† About 400l. of our money.

and I had been anointed*, my physician offered me something to drink; I desired he would first feel my pulse, and upon his seeming to think the fit was not quite off, I instantly returned the cup, though it was just at my lips. Afterwards, when I was preparing to go into the bath, twenty days from the first attack of my illness, perceiving the physicians whispering together, I enquired what they were saying. They replied, they were of opinion I might possibly bathe with safety, however that they were not without some suspicion of hazard. What occasion is there, said I, of doing it at all? And thus, with great complacency, I gave up a pleasure I was upon the point of enjoying, and abstained from the bath with the same composure I was going to enter it. I mention this, not only in order to enforce my advice by example; but also that this letter may be a sort of tie upon me to persevere in the same resolute abstinence for the future. Farewel.

LETTER LXX.

To Præsens.

ARE you determined then to pass your whole time between Lucania† and Campania‡? Your answer, I suppose, will be, that the former is your native country; and the latter that of your wife. This, I admit, may justify a long absence, but I cannot allow it as a reason for a perpetual one. But are you resolved in good earnest never to return to Rome, that theatre of dignities, preferment, and society of every sort? Are you obstinately bent to live your own master, and sleep and rise when you think proper? Will you never change your country dress for the habit of the town, but spend your whole days unembarrassed by business? It is time, however, you should revisit our scene of hurry, were it only that your rural pleasures may not grow languid by enjoyment; appear at the levees of the great, that you may enjoy the same honour yourself

with more satisfaction; and mix in our crowd, that you may have a stronger relish for the charms of solitude. But am I not imprudently retarding the friend I would recall? It is these very circumstances, perhaps, that induce you every day more and more to wrap yourself up in retirement. All however I mean to persuade you to, is only to intermit, not renounce your repose. If I were to invite you to a feast, as I would blend dishes of a sharper taste with those of a more luscious kind, in order to raise the edge of your palate by the one, which has been flattened by the other; so I now advise you to enliven the smooth pleasures of life with those of a quicker relish. Farewel.

LETTER LXXI.

To Calphurnia §.

IT is incredible how impatiently I wish for your return; such is the tenderness of my affection for you, and so unaccustomed am I to a separation! I lie awake the greatest part of the night in thinking of you, and (to use a very common, but very true expression) my feet carry me of their own accord to your apartment, at those hours I used to visit you: but not finding you there, I return with as much sorrow and disappointment as an excluded lover. The only intermission my anxiety knows, is when I am engaged at the bar, and in the causes of my friends. Judge how wretched must his life be, who finds no repose but in business; no consolation but in a crowd. Farewel.

LETTER LXXII.

To Tuscus.

YOU desire my sentiments concerning the method of study you should pursue, in that retirement to which you have long since withdrawn. In the first place then, I look upon it as a very advantageous practice (and it is what many recommend) to translate either from Greek into Latin, or from Latin into Greek. By this means you will furnish yourself with noble and proper expressions, with variety of beautiful figures, and an ease

* Uction was much esteemed and prescribed by the ancients. Celsus, who flourished, it is supposed, about this time, expressly recommends it in the remission of acute distempers.

† Comprehending the Basilicata, a province in the kingdom of Naples.

‡ Now called Campagna di Roma.

§ His wife.

and strength of style. Besides, by imitating the most approved authors, you will find your imagination heated, and fall insensibly into a similar turn of thought; at the same time that those things which you may possibly have overlooked in a common way of reading, cannot escape you in translating: and this method will open your understanding and improve your judgment. It may not be amiss, after you have read an author, in order to make yourself master of his subject and argument, from his reader to turn, as it were, his rival, and attempt something of your own in the same way; and then make an impartial comparison between your performance and his, in order to see in what point either you or he most happily succeeded. It will be a matter of very pleasing congratulation to yourself, if you shall find in some things, that you have the advantage of him, as it will be a great mortification if he should rise above you in all. You may sometimes venture in these little essays to try your strength upon the most shining passages of a distinguished author. The attempt, indeed, will be something bold; but as it is a contention which passes in secret, it cannot be taxed with presumption. Not but that we have seen instances of persons, who have publicly entered this sort of lists with great success, and while they did not despair of overtaking, have gloriously advanced before those whom they thought it sufficient honour to follow. After you have thus finished a composition, you may lay it aside, till it is no longer fresh in your memory, and then take it up in order to revise and correct it. You will find several things to retain, but still more to reject; you will add a new thought here, and alter another there. It is a laborious and tedious task, I own, thus to re-inflame the mind after the first heat is over, to recover an impulse when its force has been checked and spent, in a word, to interweave new parts into the texture of a composition, without disturbing or confounding the original plan; but the advantage attending this method will overbalance the difficulty. I know the bent of your present attention is directed towards the eloquence of the bar; but I would not for that reason advise you never to quit the style of dispute and contention. As land is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising

it with different studies. I would recommend it to you, therefore, sometimes to single out a fine passage of history; sometimes to exercise yourself in the epistolary style, and sometimes the poetical. For it frequently happens, that in pleading one has occasion to make use not only of historical, but even poetical descriptions; as by the epistolary manner of writing you will acquire a close and easy expression. It will be extremely proper also to unbend your mind with poetry; when I say so, I do not mean that species of it which turns upon subjects of great length (for that is fit only for persons of much leisure), but those little pieces of the epigrammatic kind, which serve as proper reliefs to, and are consistent with employments of every sort. They commonly go under the title of Poetical Amusements; but these amusements have sometimes gained as much reputation to their authors, as works of a more serious nature. In this manner the greatest men, as well as the greatest orators, used either to exercise or amuse themselves, or rather indeed did both. It is surprising how much the mind is entertained and enlivened by these little poetical compositions, as they turn upon subjects of gallantry, satire, tenderness, politeness, and every thing, in short, that concerns life and the affairs of the world. Besides, the same advantage attends these, as every other sort of poems, that we turn from them to prose with so much the more pleasure, after having experienced the difficulty of being constrained and fettered by numbers. And now, perhaps, I have troubled you upon this subject longer than you desired; however, there is one thing which I have omitted; I have not told you what kind of authors you should read; though indeed that was sufficiently implied when I mentioned what subjects I would recommend for your compositions. You will remember, that the most approved writers of each sort are to be carefully chosen; for, as it has been well observed, "though we should read much, we should not read many books*." Who those

* Thus the noble and polite moralist, speaking of the influence which our reading has upon our taste and manners, thinks it improper "to call a man well read, who reads many authors; since he must of necessity have more ill models than good; and be more stuffed with bombast, ill fancy, and wry thought, than filled with solid

those authors are is so clearly settled, and so generally known, that I need not point them out to you; besides, I have already extended this letter to such an immoderate length, that I have interrupted. I fear, too long those studies I have been recommending. I will here resign you therefore to your papers, which you will now resume; and either pursue the studies you were before engaged in, or enter upon some of those which I have advised. Farewell.

LETTER LXXIII.

To Priscus.

I AM deeply afflicted at the ill state of health of my friend Fannia, which she contracted during her attendance on Junia, one of the Vestal virgins. She engaged in this good office at first voluntarily, Junia being her relation; as she was afterwards appointed to do it by an order from the college of Priests: for these virgins, when any indisposition makes it necessary to remove them from the temple of Vesta, are always delivered to the care and custody of some venerable matron. It was her assiduity in the execution of this charge that occasioned her present disorder, which is a continual fever, attended with a cough that increases daily. She is extremely emaciated, and seems in a total decay of every thing but spirits; those indeed she preserves in their full vigour; and in a manner worthy the wife of Helvidius, and the daughter of Thræsea. In all the rest she is so

sense and just imagination." [Character, v. 1. 142.] When the Goths overran Greece, the libraries escaped their destruction, by a notion which some of their leaders industriously propagated among them, that it would be more for their interest to leave those spoils untouched to their enemies; as being proper to enervate their minds, and amuse them with vain and idle speculations. Truth, perhaps, has been less a gainer by this multiplicity of books, than error: and it may be a question, whether the excellent models which have been delivered down to us from antiquity, together with those few which modern times have produced, by any means balance the immoderate weight which must be thrown into the opposite scale of writers. The truth is, though we may be learned by other men's reflections, wise we can only be by our own: and the maxim here recommended by Pliny would well deserve the attention of the studious, though no other inconvenience attended the reading of many books, than that which Sir William Temple apprehends from it; the lessening the force and growth of a man's own genius.

greatly impaired, that I am more than apprehensive upon her account; I am deeply afflicted. I grieve, my friend, that so excellent a woman is going to be removed from the eyes of the world, which will never, perhaps, again behold her equal. How consummate is her virtue, her piety, her wisdom, her courage! She twice followed her husband into exile, and once was banished herself upon his account. For Senecio, when he was tried for writing the life of Helvidius, having said in his defence that he composed that work at the request of Fannia; Metius Carus, with a stern and threatening air, asked her whether it was true? She acknowledged it was: and when her father questioned her, whether she supplied him likewise with materials for that purpose, and whether her mother was privy to that transaction? she boldly confessed the former, but absolutely denied the latter. In short, throughout her whole examination not a word escaped her that betrayed the least emotion of fear. On the contrary, she had the courage to preserve a copy of those very books, which the senate, overawed by the tyranny of the times, had ordered to be suppressed, and at the same time the effects of the author to be confiscated; and took with her as the companions of her exile, what had been the cause of it. How pleasing is her conversation, how polite her address, and (which seldom unites in the same character) how venerable is she as well as amiable! She will hereafter, I am well persuaded, be pointed out as a model to all wives; and perhaps be esteemed worthy to be set forth as an example of fortitude even to our sex; since, while yet we have the pleasure of seeing and conversing with her, we contemplate her with the same admiration as those heroines who are celebrated in ancient history. For myself, I confess I cannot but tremble for this illustrious house, which seems shaken to its very foundations, and ready to fall into ruins with her: for though she will leave descendants behind her, yet what a height of virtue must they attain, what glorious actions must they perform, ere the world will be persuaded that this excellent woman was not the last of her family! It is an aggravating circumstance of affliction to me, that by her death I seem to lose a second time her mother; that worthy mother (and what can

can I say higher in her praise?) of so amiable a person! who, as she was restored to me in her daughter, so she will now again be taken from me, and the loss of Fannia will thus pierce my heart at once with a fresh stab, and at the same time tear open a former wound. I loved and honoured them both so highly, that I knew not which had the greatest share of my esteem and affection; a point they desired might ever remain undetermined. In their prosperity and their adversity I did them every good office in my power, and was their comforter in exile, as well as their avenger at their return. But I have not yet paid them what I owe, and am so much the more solicitous for the recovery of this lady, that I may have time to acquit what is due from me to her. Such is the anxiety under which I write this letter! But if some friendly power should happily give me occasion to exchange it for sentiments of joy, I shall not complain of the alarms I now suffer. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIV.

To Rufus.

WHAT numbers of learned men does modesty conceal, or love of ease withdraw from the notice of the world! and yet when we are going to speak or recite in public, it is the judgment only of ostentatious talents which we stand in awe of: whereas in truth, those who silently cultivate the sciences have so much a higher claim to regard, as they pay a calm veneration to whatever is great in works of genius: an observation which I give you upon experience. Terentius Junior having passed through the military offices suitable to a person of equestrian rank, and executed with great integrity the post of receiver-general of the revenues in Narbonensian Gaul*, retired to his estate, preferring the enjoyment of an uninterrupted tranquillity, to those honours which his services had merited. He invited me lately to his house, where, looking upon him only as a worthy master of a family, and an industrious farmer, I started such topics of conversa-

tion in which I imagined he was most versed. But he soon turned the discourse, and with a great fund of knowledge entered upon points of literature. With what elegance did he express himself in Latin and Greek; for he is so perfectly well skilled in both, that whichever he uses, seems to be the language wherein he particularly excels. How extensive is his reading! how tenacious his memory! You would not imagine him the inhabitant of a country village, but of polite Athens herself. In short, his conversation has increased my solicitude concerning my works, and taught me to fear the judgment of those refined country gentlemen, as much as of those of more known and conspicuous learning. And let me persuade you to consider them in the same light: for, believe me, upon a careful observation, you will often find in the literary as well as military world, most formidable abilities concealed under a very unpromising appearance. Farewel.

LETTER LXXV.

To Maximus.

THE lingering disorder of a friend of mine gave me occasion lately to reflect that we are never so virtuous as when oppressed with sickness. Where is the man who, under the pain of any distemper, is either solicited by avarice or inflamed with lust? At such a season he is neither a slave of love, nor the fool of ambition: he looks with indifference upon the charms of wealth, and is contented with ever so small a portion of it, as being upon the point of leaving even that little. It is then he recollects there are gods, and that he himself is but a man: no mortal is then the object of his envy, his admiration, or his contempt: and the reports of slander neither raise his attention nor feed his curiosity: his imagination is wholly employed upon baths and fountains†. These are the subjects of his cares and wishes, while he resolves, if he should recover, to pass the remainder of his days in ease and tranquillity, that is, in innocence and happiness. I may therefore lay down to you and myself a short rule, which the philosophers have

* One of the four principal divisions of ancient Gaul; it extended from the Pyrenean mountains, which separate France from Spain, to the Alps, which divide it from Italy, and comprehended Languedoc, Provence, Dauphiny, and Savoy.

† It is probable that fevers were the peculiar distemper of Rome, as Pliny, in his general allusions to disorders of the body, seems always to consider them of the inflammatory kind.

endeavoured to inculcate at the expense of many words, and even many volumes; that "we should practise in health those resolutions we form in sickness." Farewel.

LETTER LXXVI.

To Genitor.

I AM extremely concerned that you have lost your pupil, a youth, as your letter assures me, of such great hopes. Can I want to be informed, that his sickness and death must have interrupted your studies, knowing, as I do, with what exactness you fill up every duty of life, and how unlimited your affection is to all those to whom you give your esteem? As for myself, business pursues me even hither, and I am not out of the reach of people who oblige me to act either as their judge or their arbitrator. To this I must add, not only the continual complaints of the farmers, who claim a sort of prescription to try my patience as they please; but the necessity of letting out my farms: an affair which gives me much trouble, as it is exceedingly difficult to find out proper tenants. For these reasons I can only study by snatches; still however I study. I sometimes read, and sometimes I compose; but my reading teaches me, by a very mortifying comparison, with what ill success I attempt to be an author myself. Though indeed you give me great encouragement, when you compare the piece I wrote in vindication of Helvidius, to the oration of Demosthenes against Midias. I confess I had that harangue in my view when I composed mine; not that I pretend to rival it (that would be an absurd and mad attempt indeed), but I endeavoured, I own, to imitate it, as far as the difference of our subjects would admit, and as nearly as a genius of the lowest rank can copy one of the highest. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVII.

To Geminus.

OUR friend Macrinus is pierced with the severest affliction. He has lost his wife! a lady whose uncommon virtues would have rendered her an ornament even to ancient times. He lived with her thirty-nine years in the most uninterrupted harmony. How respectful

was her behaviour to him! and how did she herself deserve the highest veneration, as she blended and united in her character all those amiable virtues that adorn and distinguish the different periods of female life! It should, methinks, afford great consolation to Macrinus, that he has thus long enjoyed so exquisite a blessing; but that reflection seems only so much the more to imbitter his loss; as indeed the pain of parting with our happiness still rises in proportion to the length of its continuance. I cannot therefore but be greatly anxious for so valuable a friend, till this wound to his peace shall be in a condition to admit of proper applications. Time, however, together with the necessity of the thing, and even a satiety of grief itself, will best effect his cure. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVIII.

To Romanus.

HAVE you ever seen the source of the river Clitumnus? * as I never heard you mention it, I imagine not; let me therefore advise you to do so immediately. It is but lately indeed I had that pleasure, and I condemn myself for not having seen it sooner. At the foot of a little hill covered with venerable and shady cypress trees, a spring issues out, which gushing in different and unequal streams, forms itself, after several windings, into a spacious bason, so extremely clear that you may see the pebbles and the little pieces of money which are thrown into it †, as they lie at the bottom. From thence it is carried off not so much by the declivity

* Now called Clitumno: it rises a little below the village of Campello in Umbria. The inhabitants near this river still retain a notion that its waters are attended with a supernatural property, imagining it makes the cattle white that drink of it: a quality for which it is likewise celebrated by many of the Latin poets. See Addison's Travels.

† The heads of considerable rivers, hot springs, large bodies of standing water, &c. were esteemed holy among the Romans, and cultivated with religious ceremonies. "Magnorum fluminum," says Seneca, "capita reveremur; subita et ex abdito vasti annis eruptio æras habet; coluntur aquarum calentium fontes, et stagna quædam, vel opacitas, vel immensa altitudo sacrauit." Ep. 41. It was customary to throw little pieces of money into those fountains, lakes, &c. which had the reputation of being sacred, as a mark of veneration for those places, and to render the presiding deities propitious. Suetonius mentions this practice in the annual vows which he says the Roman people made for the health of Augustus.

of the ground, as by its own strength and fulness. It is navigable almost as soon as it has quitted its source, and wide enough to admit a free passage for vessels to pass by each other, as they sail with or against the stream. The current runs so strong, though the ground is level, that the large barges which go down the river have no occasion to make use of their oars; while those which ascend find it difficult to advance, even with the assistance of oars and poles; and this vicissitude of labour and ease is exceedingly amusing when one sails up and down merely for pleasure. The banks on each side are shaded with the verdure of great numbers of ash and poplar trees, as clearly and distinctly seen in the stream, as if they were actually sunk in it. The water is cold as snow, and as white too. Near it stands an ancient and venerable temple, wherein is placed the river-god Clitumnus, clothed in a robe, whose immediate presence the prophetic oracles here delivered sufficiently testify. Several little chapels are scattered round, dedicated to particular gods, distinguished by different names, and some of them too presiding over different fountains. For, besides the principal one, which is as it were the parent of all the rest, there are several other lesser streams, which, taking their rise from various sources, lose themselves in the river: over which a bridge is built, that separates the sacred part from that which lies open to common use. Vessels are allowed to come above this bridge, but no person is permitted to swim except below it*. The *Hispalletes* †, to whom Augustus gave this place, furnish a public bath, and likewise entertain all strangers at their own expense. Several villas, attracted by the beauty of this river, are situated upon its borders. In short, every object that presents itself will afford you entertainment. You may also amuse yourself with numberless inscriptions, that are fixed upon the pillars and walls by different persons, celebrating the virtues of the fountain, and the divinity that presides over it. There are many of them you will greatly admire, as there are some that will make you laugh; but I must correct

* The touch of a naked body was thought to pollute these consecrated waters, as appears from a passage in *Tacitus*, l. 14. an. c. 22.

† Inhabitants of a town in Umbria, now called Spello.

myself when I say so; you are too humane, I know, to laugh upon such an occasion. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIX.

To Ursus.

IT is long since I have taken either a book or pen in my hand. It is long since I have known the sweets of leisure and repose; since I have known, in short, that indolent but agreeable situation of doing nothing, and being nothing; so much have the affairs of my friends engaged me, and prevented me from enjoying the pleasures of retirement and contemplation. There is no sort of studies, however, of consequence enough to supersede the duty of friendship: on the contrary, it is a sacred tie which they themselves teach us most religiously to preserve. Farewel.

LETTER LXXX.

To Fabatus†.

YOUR concern to hear of my wife's miscarriage will be equal, I know, to the earnest desire you have that we should make you a great-grandfather. The inexperience of her youth rendered her ignorant that she was breeding; so that she not only neglected the proper precautions, but managed herself in a way extremely unsuitable to a person in her circumstances. But she has severely atoned for her mistake by the utmost hazard of her life. Though you should (as most certainly you will) be afflicted to see yourself thus disappointed in your old age, of the immediate hopes of leaving a family behind you; yet it deserves your gratitude to the gods, that in the preservation of your grand-daughter, you have still reason to expect that blessing; an expectation so much the more certain, as she has given this proof, though an unhappy one indeed, of her being capable of bearing children. These, at least, are the reflections by which I endeavour to confirm my own hopes, and comfort myself under my present disappointment. You cannot more ardently wish to have great-grandchildren than I do to have children. as the dignity of both our families seems to open to them a sure road to honours, and we shall leave them the glory of descending from a long race of

† His wife's grandfather

ancestors.

ancestors, whose fame is as extensive as their nobility is ancient. May we but have the pleasure of seeing them born, it will make us amends for the present disappointment. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXI.

To Hispulla.*

WHEN I consider that you love your niece even more tenderly than if she were your own daughter, I ought in the first place to inform you of her recovery before I tell you she has been ill; that the sentiments of joy at the one may leave you no leisure to be afflicted at the other; though I fear indeed, after your first transports of gratulation are over, you will feel some concern, and in the midst of your joy for the danger she has escaped, will tremble at the thought of that which he has undergone. She is now, however, in good spirits, and again restored to herself and to me, as she is making the same progress in the recovery of her strength and health that she did in the loss of them. To say the truth (and I may now safely tell it you), she was in the utmost hazard of her life; not indeed from any fault of her own, but a little from the inexperience of her youth. To this must be imputed the cause of her miscarriage, and the sad experience she has had of the consequence of not knowing she was breeding. But though this misfortune has deprived you of the consolation of a nephew, or niece, to supply the loss of your brother; you must remember that blessing seems rather to be deferred than denied, since her life is preserved from whom that happiness is to be expected. I entreat you then to represent this accident to your father† in the most favourable light; as your sex are the best advocates in cases of this kind. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXII.

To Minutianus.

I REG you would excuse me this one day: Titinius Capito is to recite a performance of his, and I know not whether

* His wife's aunt.

† Fabatus, grandfather to Calphurnia, Pliny's wife.

it is most my inclination or my duty to attend him. He is a man of a most amiable disposition, and justly to be numbered among the brightest ornaments of our age: he studiously cultivates the polite arts himself, and generously admires and encourages them in others. To several who have distinguished themselves by their compositions, he has been the defence, the refuge, and the reward; as he affords a glorious model and example to all in general. In a word, he is the restorer and reformer of learning, now, alas! well nigh grown obsolete and decayed. His house is open to every man of genius who has any works to rehearse; and it is not there alone that he attends these assemblies with the most obliging good-nature. I am sure, at least, he never once excused himself from mine, if he happened to be at Rome. I should therefore with a more than ordinary ill grace refuse to return him the same favour, as the occasion of doing it is peculiarly glorious. Should not I think myself obliged to a man, who, if I were engaged in any law-suit, generously attended the cause in which I was interested? And am I less indebted, now that my whole care and business is of the literary kind, for his assiduity in my concerns of this sort? A point which, if not the only, is however the principal instance wherein I can be obliged. But though I owed him no return of this nature; though I were not engaged to him by the reciprocal tie of the same good offices he has done me; yet not only the beauty of his extensive genius, as polite as it is severely correct, but the dignity of his subject would strongly incite me to be of his audience. He has written an account of the deaths of several illustrious persons, some of which were my particular friends. It is a pious office then, it should seem, as I could not be present at their obsequies, to attend, at least, this (as I may call it) their funeral oration; which, though a late, is, however, for that reason, a more unsuspected tribute to their memories. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXIII.

To Sabinianus.

YOUR freed-man, whom you lately mentioned to me with displeasure, has been with me, and threw himself at my feet, with as much submission as he could have

have done at yours. He earnestly requested me with many tears, and even with all the eloquence of silent sorrow, to intercede for him; in short, he convinced me by his whole behaviour, that he sincerely repents of his fault. And I am persuaded he is thoroughly reformed, because he seems entirely sensible of his guilt. I know you are angry with him, and I know too, it is not without reason; but clemency can never exert itself with more applause, than when there is the justest cause for resentment. You once had an affection for this man, and, I hope, will have again: in the mean while, let me only prevail with you to pardon him. If he should incur your displeasure hereafter, you will have so much the stronger plea in excuse for your anger, as you shew yourself more exorable to him now. Allow something to his youth, to his tears, and to your own natural mildness of temper: do not make him uneasy any longer, and I will add too, do not make yourself so: for a man of your benevolence of heart cannot be angry without feeling great regret. I am afraid, were I to join my intreaties with his, I should seem rather to compel, than request you to forgive him. Yet I will not scruple to do it: and in so much the stronger terms, as I have very sharply and severely reproved him, positively threatening never to interpose again in his behalf. But though it was proper to say this to him, in order to make him more fearful of offending, I do not say so to you. I may, perhaps, again have occasion to intreat you upon his account, and again obtain your forgiveness; supposing, I mean, his error should be such as may become me to intercede for, and you to pardon. Farewell.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To Sabinianus.

I GREATLY approve of your having, in compliance with my letter, received again into your family and favour, a freed-man, whom you once admitted into a share of your affection. It will afford you, I doubt not, great satisfaction. It certainly, at least, has me, both as it is a proof that you are capable of being governed in your passion, and as it is an instance of your paying so much regard to me, as either to yield to my authority, or

to comply with my request. You will accept, therefore, at once, both of my applause and my thanks. At the same time I must advise you to be disposed for the future to pardon the errors of your people, though there should be none to interpose in their behalf. Farewell.

LETTER LXXXV.

To Fuscus.

YOU desire to know in what manner I dispose of my time, in my summer villa at Tuscum. I rise just when I find myself in the humour, though generally with the sun; sometimes indeed sooner, but seldom later. When I am up, I continue to keep the shutters of my chamber-windows closed, as darkness and silence wonderfully promote meditation. Thus free and abstracted from those outward objects which dissipate attention, I am left to my own thoughts; nor suffer my mind to wander with my eyes, but keep my eyes in subjection to my mind, which, when they are not distracted by a multiplicity of external objects, see nothing but what the imagination represents to them. If I have any composition upon my hands, this is the time I choose to consider it, not only with respect to the general plan, but even the style and expression, which I settle and correct as if I were actually writing. In this manner I compose more or less as the subject is more or less difficult, and I find myself able to retain it. Then I call my secretary, and, opening the shutters, I dictate to him what I have composed, after which I dismiss him for a little while, and then call him in again. About ten or eleven of the clock (for I do not observe one fixed hour), according as the weather proves, I either walk upon my terrace, or in the covered portico, and there I continue to meditate or dictate what remains upon the subject in which I am engaged. From thence I get into my chariot, where I employ myself as before, when I was walking or in my study; and find this changing of the scene preserves and enlivens my attention. At my return home, I repose myself; then I take a walk; and after that, repeat aloud some Greek or Latin oration, not so much for the sake of strengthening my elocution, as my digestion; though indeed the voice at the same time finds its account

account in this practice. Then I walk again, am anointed, take my exercises, and go into the bath. At supper, if I have only my wife or a few friends with me, some author is read to us; and after supper we are entertained either with music or an interlude. When that is finished, I take my walk with my family, in the number of which I am not without some persons of literature. Thus we pass our evenings in various conversation; and the day, even when it is at the longest, steals away imperceptibly. Upon some occasions, I change the order in certain of the articles above-mentioned. For instance, if I have studied longer or walked more than usual, after my second sleep and reading an oration or two aloud, instead of using my chariot I get on horseback; by which means I take as much exercise and lose less time. The visits of my friends from the neighbouring villages claim some part of the day; and sometimes, by an agreeable interruption, they come in very seasonably to relieve me when I am fatigued. I now and then amuse myself with sporting, but always take my tablets into the field, that though I should not meet with game, I may at least bring home something. Part of my time too (though not so much as

they desire) is allotted to my tenants; and I find their rustic complaints give a zest to my studies and engagements of the politer kind. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXVI.

To the Same.

YOU are much pleased, I find, with the account I gave you in my former letter, of the manner in which I spend the summer season at Tuscan; and desire to know what alteration I make in my method, when I am at Laurentinum in the winter. None at all, except abridging myself of my sleep at noon, and employing part of the night in study: and if any cause requires my attendance at Rome (which in winter very frequently happens), instead of having interludes or music after supper, I meditate upon what I have dictated, and by often revising it in my own mind, fix it in my memory. Thus I have given you my scheme of life in summer and winter; to which you may add the intermediate seasons of spring and autumn. As at those times I lose nothing of the day, so I study but little in the night. Farewel.

Epistolarum Sylloge:

OR,

ELEGANT EPISTLES.

BOOK THE SECOND.

MODERN AND MISCELLANEOUS OF EARLY DATE.

SECTION I.

LETTER I.

Rucen Anne Bullen to King Henry.

Sir,

YOUR grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth, indeed, may procure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command.

But let not your grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bullen; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at

any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as now I find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration, I know, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert and desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your grace let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial (for my truth shall fear no open shame); then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you
may

may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me, as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto your grace, being not ignorant of my suspicion therein. But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies the instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment, I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me), mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared. My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burthen of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Bullen hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request; and I will so leave to trouble your grace any farther, with my earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, the 6th of May. Your most loyal and ever faithful wife.

LETTER II.

A Letter from Lady More to Mr. Secretary Cromwell.

RIGHT honourable and my especial good master Secretary: in my most humble wise I recommend me unto your good mastership, acknowledging myself to be most deeply bound to your good mastership for your manifold goodness and loving favour, both before this time and yet daily, now also shewn towards my poor husband and me. I pray Al-

mighty God continue your goodness so still, for thereupon hangeth the greatest part of my poor husband's comfort and mine. The cause of my writing at this time, is to certify your especial good mastership of my great and extreme necessity; which, on and besides the charge of mine own house, do pay weekly fifteen shillings for the board-wages of my poor husband and his servant; for the maintaining whereof I have been compelled, of very necessity, to sell part of my apparel, for lack of other substance to make money of. Wherefore my most humble petition and suit to your mastership at this time is, to desire your mastership's favourable advice and counsel, whether I may be so bold to attend upon the king's most gracious highness. I trust there is no doubt in the cause of my impediment; for the young man, being a ploughman, had been diseased with the ague by the space of three years before that he departed. And besides this, it is now five weeks since he departed, and no other person diseased in the house since that time; wherefore I most humbly beseech your especial good mastership (as my only trust is, and else know not what to do, but utterly in this world to be undone) for the love of God to consider the premises, and, thereupon, of your most abundant goodness, to shew your most favourable help to the comforting of my poor husband and me, in this our great heaviness, extreme age, and necessity. And thus we and all ours shall daily, during our lives, pray to God for the prosperous success of your right honourable dignity. By your poor continual oratrix.

LETTER III.

Lady Stafford to Mr. Secretary Cromwell.

MASTER secretary, after my poor recommendations, which are little to be regarded of me that am a poor banished creature, this shall be to desire you to be good to my poor husband and to me. I am sure it is not unknown to you the high displeasure that both he and I have both of the king's highness and the queen's grace, by the reason of our marriage without their knowledge, wherein we both do yield ourselves faulty, and do acknowledge that we did

not well to be so hasty or so bold without their knowledge. But one thing, good master secretary, consider, that he was young, and love overcame reason; and for my part I saw so much honesty in him that I loved him as well as he did me, and was in bondage, and glad I was, to be at liberty: so that for my part I saw that all the world did set so little by me, and he so much, that I thought I could take no better way but to take him and to forsake all other ways, and live a poor honest life with him; and so I do put no doubts but we should, if we might once be so happy to recover the king's gracious favour and the queen's. For well I might have had a greater man of birth, and a higher; but I assure you I could never have had one that should have loved me so well, nor a more honest man. And besides that, he is both come of an ancient stock, and again as meet (if it was his grace's pleasure) to do the king service as any young gentleman in his court. Therefore, good master secretary, this shall be my suit to you, that for the love that well I know you do bear to all my blood, though for my part I have not deserved it but little, by the reason of my vile conditions, as to put my husband to the king's grace, that he may do his duty as all other gentlemen do. And, good master secretary, sue for us to the king's highness, and beseech his highness, which ever was wont to take pity, to have pity on us; and that it would please his grace of his goodness, to speak to the queen's grace for us; for as far as I can perceive, her grace is so highly displeased with us both, that without the king be so good lord to us as to withdraw his rigour and sue for us, we are never like to recover her grace's favour, which is too heavy to bear. And seeing there is no remedy, for God's sake help us, for we have been now a quarter of a year married, I thank God, and too late now to call that again: wherefore there is the more need to help. But if I were at my liberty and might chuse, I assure you, master secretary, for my little time, I have tried so much honesty to be in him, that I would rather beg my bread with him than to be the greatest queen christened; and I believe verily he is in the same case with me, for I believe verily he would not forsake me to be a king; therefore, good master secretary, being we are so well together, and do

intend to live so honest a life, though it be but poor, shew part of your goodness to us, as well as you do to all the world besides; for I promise you ye have the name to help all them that have need; and amongst all your suitors, I dare be bold to say that you have no matter more to be pitied than ours; and therefore for God's sake be good to us, for in you is all our trust; and I beseech you, good master secretary, pray my lord my father, and my lady, to be good to us, and to let me have their blessings, and my husband their good will, and I will never desire more of them. Also I pray you desire my lord of Norfolk, and my lord my brether to be good to us; I dare not write to them, they are so cruel against us; but if with any pain that I could take with my life I might win their good wills, I promise you there is no child living would venture more than I; and so I pray you to report by me, and you shall find my writing true; and in all points which I may please them in, I shall be ready to obey them nearest my husband, whom I am most bound to, to whom I most heartily beseech you to be good unto, which for my sake is a poor banished man, for an honest and a godly cause; and being that I have read in old books that some for as just causes have by kings and queens been pardoned by the suit of good folks, I trust it shall be our chance, through your good help, to come to the same, as knoweth the God who sendeth you health and heart's ease. Scribbled with her ill hand, who is your poor humble suitor always to command.

LETTER IV.

Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth.

FROM a mind delighting in sorrow, from spirits wasted in passion, from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travel, from a man that hateth himself and all things that keepeth him alive, what service can your majesty expect, since your service past deserves no more than banishment or prescription in the cursedest of all other countries? Nay, nay, it is your rebels' pride and success that must give me leave to ransome my life out of this hateful prison of my loathed body; which if it happen so, your majesty shall have no cause to mis-
like

like the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you. Your majesty's exiled servant.

LETTER V.

Lord Chancellor Egerton to the Earl of Essex.

IT is often seen, that he that stands by seeth more than he that playeth the game; and, for the most part, every one in his own cause standeth in his own light, and seeth not so clearly as he should. Your lordship hath dealt in other men's causes, and in great and weighty affairs, with great wisdom and judgment; now your own is in hand, you are not to condemn or refuse the advice of any that love you, how simple soever. In this order I rank myself among others that love you, none more simple, and none that love you with more true and honest affection; which shall plead my excuse if you shall either mistake or mistrust my words or meaning. But, in your lordship's honourable wisdom, I neither doubt nor suspect the one nor the other. I will not presume to advise you, but shoot my bolt and tell you what I think. The beginning and long continuance of this so unseasonable discontentment you have seen and proved, by which you aim at the end; if you hold still this course, which hitherto you find to be worse and worse (and the longer you go, the further you go out of the way), there is little hope or likelihood the end will be better: you are not yet gone so far, but that you may well return; the return is safe, but the progress is dangerous and desperate in this course you hold. If you have any enemies, you do that for them which they could never do for themselves. Your friends you leave to scorn and contempt: you forsake yourself, and overthrow your fortunes, and ruin your honour and reputation: you give that comfort and courage to the foreign enemies, as greater they cannot have; for what can be more welcome and pleasing news, than to hear that her majesty and the realm are maimed of so worthy a member, who hath so often and so valiantly quelled and daunted them? You forsake your country when it hath most need of your counsel and aid: and lastly, you fail in your indissoluble duty which you owe unto your most gracious sovereign, a duty imposed upon you not by nature and policy only, but by the

religious and sacred bond wherein the divine majesty of Almighty God hath by the rule of Christianity obliged you.

For the four first, your constant resolution may perhaps move you to esteem them as light; but being well weighed, they are not light, nor lightly to be regarded. And for the four last, it may be that the clearness of your own conscience may seem to content yourself; but that is not enough; for these duties stand not only in contemplation or inward meditation, and cannot be performed but by external actions, and where that faileth the substance also faileth. This being your present state and condition, what is to be done? What is the remedy, my good lord? I lack judgment and wisdom to advise you, but I will never want an honest true heart to wish you well; nor, being warranted by a good conscience, will fear to speak that I think. I have begun plainly, be not offended if I proceed so. *Bene credit qui cedit temporibus*: and Seneca saith, *Cedendum est fortunæ*. The medicine and remedy is not to contend and strive, but humbly to yield and submit. Have you given cause, and yet take a scandal unto you? then all you can do is too little to make satisfaction. Is cause of scandal given unto you? Yet policy, duty, and religion enforce you to sue, yield, and submit to our sovereign, between whom and you there can be no equal proportion of duty, where God requires it as a principal duty and care to himself, and when it is evident that great good may ensue of it to your friends, yourself, your country, and your sovereign, and extreme harm by the contrary. There can be no dishonour to yield; but in denying, dishonour and impiety. The difficulty (my good lord) is to conquer yourself, which is the height of true valour and fortitude, whereunto all your honourable actions have tended. Do it in this, and God will be pleased, her majesty (no doubt) well satisfied, your country will take good, and your friends comfort by it; and yourself (I mention you last, for that of all these you esteem yourself least) shall receive honour; and your enemies (if you have any) shall be disappointed of their bitter sweet hope.

I have delivered what I think simply and plainly: I leave you to determine according to your own wisdom: if I have erred, it is *error amoris*, and not *amor erroris*. Construe and accept it, I beseech

seech you, as I meant it; not as an advice, but as an opinion to be allowed or cancelled at your pleasure. If I might conveniently have conferred with yourself in person, I would not have troubled you with so many idle blots. Whatsoever you judge of this my opinion, yet be assured my desire is to further all good means that may tend to your lordship's good. And so wishing you all happiness and honour, I cease. Your lordship's most ready and faithful, though unable poor friend.

LETTER VI.

The Earl's Answer.

My very good lord, though there is not that man this day living whom I would sooner make judge of any question that might concern me than yourself; yet you must give me leave to tell you, that in some cases I must appeal from all earthly judges; and if in any, then surely in this, when the highest judge on earth hath imposed upon me the heaviest punishment, without trial or hearing. Since then I must either answer your lordship's arguments, or else forsake mine own just defence, I will force mine aching head to do me service for an hour. I must first deny my discontentment (which was forced to be an humorous discontent); and in that it was unseasonable, or is so long continuing, your lordship should rather condole with me than expostulate: natural seasons are expected here below, but violent and unreasonable storms come from above; there is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince, nor yet at any time so unseasonable as when it lighteth on those that might expect an harvest of their careful and painful labours. He that is once wounded must needs feel smart till his hurt be cured, or the part hurt become senseless. But cure I expect none, her majesty's heart being obdurate; and be without sense I cannot, being of flesh and blood. But you may say, I aim at the end; I do more than aim, for I see an end of all my fortunes, I have set an end to all my desires. In this course do I any thing for mine enemies? When I was present I found them absolute, and therefore I had rather they should triumph alone, than have me attendant upon their chariots. Or do I leave my friends? When I was a courtier

I could sell them no fruit of my love, and now that I am an hermit, they shall bear no envy for their love to me. Or do I forsake myself, because I do not enjoy myself? Or do I overthrow my fortunes, because I build not a fortune of paper walls, which every puff of wind bloweth down? Or do I ruin mine honour, because I leave following the pursuit, or wearing the false mark or the shadow of honour? Do I give courage or comfort to the enemies, because I neglect myself to encounter them, or because I keep my heart from business, though I cannot keep my fortune from declining? No, no, I give every one of those considerations his due right, and the more I weigh them, the more I find myself justified from offending in any of them. As for the two last objections, that I forsake my country when it hath most need of me, and fail in that indissoluble duty which I owe to my sovereign; I answer, 'That if my country had at this time any need of my public service, her majesty that governeth it would not have driven me to a private life. I am tied to my country by two bonds; one public, to discharge carefully and industriously that trust which is committed to me; the other private, to sacrifice for it my life and carcass, which hath been nourished in it. Of the first I am free, being dismissed by her majesty: of the other, nothing can free me but death, and therefore no occasion of performance shall sooner offer itself, but I will meet it half way. The indissoluble duty I owe unto her majesty, the service of an earl and of marshal of England, and I have been content to do her the service of a clerk, but I can never serve her as a villain or a slave. But you say I must give way to time. So I do; for now that I see the storm come, I have put myself into harbour. Seneca saith, we must give way to fortune: I know that fortune is both blind and strong, and therefore I go as far as I can out of the way. You say the remedy is not to strive: I neither strive nor seek for remedy. But you say, I must yield and submit: I can neither yield myself to be guilty, nor this my imprisonment, lately laid upon me, to be just; I owe so much to the author of truth, as I can never yield truth to be falsehood, nor falsehood to be truth. Have I given cause, you ask, and yet take a scandal? No, I gave no cause to take up so much as Fimbria his complaint: for I

did *totum telum corpore accipere*; I patiently bear and sensibly feel all that I then received when this scandal was given me. Nay, when the vilest of all indignities are done unto me, doth religion enforce me to sue? Doth God require it? Is it impiety not to do it? Why? Cannot Princes err? Cannot subjects receive wrong? Is an earthly power infinite? Pardon me, pardon me, my lord, I can never subscribe to these principles. Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is stricken; let those that mean to make their profit of princes, shew to have no sense of princes injuries; let them acknowledge an infinite absoluteness on earth, that do not believe an absolute infiniteness in heaven. As for me, I have received wrong, I feel it; my cause is good, I know it; and whatsoever comes, all the powers on earth can never shew more strength or constancy in oppressing, than I can shew in suffering whatsoever can or shall be imposed upon me. Your lordship in the beginning of your letter makes me a player, and yourself a looker on; and me a player of my own game, so you may see more than I; but give me leave to tell you, that since you do but see, and I do suffer, I must of necessity feel more than you. I must crave your lordship's patience to give him that hath a crabbed fortune, leave to use a crooked style. But whatsoever my style is, there is no heart more humble, nor more affected towards your lordship, than that of your lordship's poor friend.

LETTER VII.

Sir Henry Sidney to his son Philip Sidney, at school at Shrewsbury, An. 1566, 9 Eliz. then being of the age of twelve years.

I HAVE received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French; which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often: for that will stand you in most stead, in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not, that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action be, the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer,

and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary, at, and at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time (I know) he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometime do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will increase your force, and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body, as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise loathsome. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing, when you be most merry: but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured, than that which is given with the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstance, when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor words of ribaldry: detest it in others, so shall

shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows, for maiden-like shamedfacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak, before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampired up (as it were) the tongue with teeth, lips, yea and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins, or bridles, for the loose use of that member. Above all things tell no untruth, no not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty, and let it not satisfy you, that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth; for after it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman, than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied. So shall you make such an habit of well doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side; and think that only by virtuous life and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well (my little Philip), this is enough for me, and too much I fear for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food. Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.

LETTER VIII.

Sir Henry Sidney to Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester.

My dearest Lord,

SINCE this gentleman, sir Nicholas Arnold, doth now repair into England to render account of his long and painful service, lest my silence might be an argument of my condemnation of him, I thought good to accompany him with these my letters, certifying your lordship, by the same, that I find he hath been a marvellous painful man, and very diligent in inquiry for the queen's advantage, and in proceeding in the same more severe than I would have wished him, or would

have been myself in semblable service; but he saith he followed his instructions. Doubtless, the things which he did deal in are very dark and intricate, by reason of the long time passed without account; and he greatly impeached, for lack of an auditor, as I take it. In truth, what will fall out of it, I cannot say; but I fear he hath written too affirmatively upon Birmingham's information: it is reported by some of his adversaries, that he should triumph greatly upon a letter, supposed to be sent him lately from your lordship, as though, by the same, he should be encouraged to proceed more vehemently against the earl of Sussex, and to make his abode longer here than else he would. And that he should use this bravery, either by shewing this letter, or by speech to me and to others. My lord, I believe the whole of this to be untrue; and, for so much as concerneth myself, I assure your lordship is a stark lie; for albeit he hath shewed me, as I believe, all the letters your lordship hath sent him, since my arrival here, and a good many sent before, yet in none of them is their any such matter contained; neither yet did he to me, or to my knowledge to any other, of any letter sent by your lordship, make any such bravery, or like construction, as is reported.

My dearest lord and brother, without any respect of me, or any brotherlike love borne me by you, but even for our natural country's cause (whereunto, of late, not a little to your far spreading fame, you shew yourself most willingly to put your indefatigable and much helping hand), help to revoke me from this regiment, for being not credited, this realm will ruin under my rule, perhaps to my shame, but undoubtedly to England's harm: yea and will under any man whom the queen shall send, though he have the force of Hercules, the magnanimity of Cæsar, the diligence of Alexander, and the eloquence of Tully: her highness withdrawing her gracious countenance. Yea if it be but thought that her highness hath not a resolute and unremoveable liking of him; as for no tale she will direct him to sail by any other compass than his own. His ship of regiment, whosoever he be, shall sooner rush on a rock than rest in a haven. I write not this, as though I thought governors here could not err, and so err, as they should be revoked. For I know
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and confess, that any one may so err, yea, without any evil intent to her highness's crown or country, as it shall be convenient and necessary to revoke him; but let it be done then with speed. Yet if it be but conceived, that he be insufficient to govern here, I mean of the sovereign, or magistrates, retire him, and send a new man to the helm. *Episcoporum ejus accipiat alter*: so as my counsel is (and you shall find it the soundest) that the governor's continuance here, and his continuance there, be concurrent and correlative. For while her highness will employ any man here, all the countenance, all the credit, all the commendation, yea and most absolute trust that may be, is little enough. Cause once appearing to withdraw that opinion, withdraw him too, if it be possible, even in that instant. Of this I would write more largely and more particularly, and to the queen's majesty, and to all my lords, were it not that my many letters in this form already written, together with sundry arguments of my crazy credit there, did put me in hope of a speedy redemption from this my miserable thralldom. A resolution of which my hope, my dearest lord, procure me with speed: I have no more, but *sub umbra alarum tuarum protegat me Deus*. In haste I take my leave of your lordship, wishing to the same present, increasing, and immortal felicity. From Kilmainham, the 28th of June, 1566. Your lordship's bounden, fast, and obedient brother.

P. S. I assure your lordship I do know that sir Nicholas Arnold hath spent, above all his entertainment, 500*l.* sterling in this realm. I mean he hath spent so much in this realm.

LETTER IX.

*The Right Honourable Thomas Sackvil
Lord Buckhurst, to Sir Henry Sidney.*

My Lord,

I TRUST your lordship will pardon me, in that I have not (as indeed possibly I could not) attend to make a meeting, for the end of this variance betwixt your lordship and me: and now being this day also so wrapt in business that I cannot by any means be a suretyer, I thought to write these few to your lordship, and therein to ascertain you, that, because our meeting with the master of the rolls,

and Mr. Hensias meeting, will be so uncertain; that, therefore, what time soever you shall like to appoint I will come to the rolls, and there your lordship and I, as good neighbours and friends, will, if we can, compound the cause of ourselves. If we cannot, we will both pray the master of the rolls, as indifferent, as I know he is, to persuade him to the right, that stands in the wrong. And thus, I doubt not, but there shall be a good end to both our contentions: your lordship not seeking that which is not yours; nor I, in any sort, meaning to detain from you your own. This 23d May, 1574. All yours to command.

LETTER X.

*Sir Henry Sidney to Robert Dudley Earl
of Leicester.*

My dearest Lord,

I RECEIVED not your letter of the 25th of November, until the 24th of this January, by James Prescot, who was seven times at the sea, and put back again, before he could recover this coast.

I trust I have satisfied your lordship with my writing, and others by my procurement, sent by Pakenham, touching the false and malicious bruit of the earl of Essex's poisoning. If not, what you will have more done, shall be done. I am sorry I hear not how you like of that I have done, and the more, for that I am advertised of Pagnaney's arrival there. I would not have doubted to have made Knell to have retracted his inconsiderate and foolish speech and writing; but God hath prevented me by taking him away, dying of the same disease that the earl died, which, most certainly, was free from any poison, and a mere flux; a disease appropriated to this country, and whereof there died many in the latter part of the last year, and some out of mine own household; and yet free from any suspicion of poison.

And for my lord of Ormond's causes, I humbly beseech your lordship be my pawn, that I will to him justice as indifferently and speedily as I will to any man, considering the cause and necessary circumstances incident to the same; but for love, and loving offices, I will do as I find cause. I crave nothing at his hand, but that which he oweth to the queen, and that which her great liberality,

lity, beside natural duty, bindeth him to. And if he will have of me that I owe him not, as he hath had, he cannot win it by crossing me, as I hear he doth in the court; and as I have cause to deem he doth in this country. In fine, my lord, I am ready to accord with him: but, my most dear lord and brother, be you upon your keeping for him, for if Essex had lived, you should have found him as violent an enemy, as his heart, power, and cunning, would have served him to have been; and for that their malice, I take God to record, I could brook nothing of them both.

Your lordship's latter written letter I received the same day I did the first, together with one from my lord of Pembroke to your lordship; by both which I find, to my exceeding great comfort, the likelihood of a marriage between his lordship and my daughter, which great honour to me, my mean lineage and kin, I attribute to my match in your noble house; for which I acknowledge myself bound to honour and serve the same, to the uttermost of my power; yea, so joyfully have I at heart, that my dear child's so happy an advancement as this is, as, in truth, I would lie a year in close prison rather than it should break. But, alas! my dearest lord, mine ability answereth not my hearty desire. I am poor; mine estate, as well in livelihood and moveable, is not unknown to your lordship, which wanteth much to make me able to equal that, which I know my lord of Pembroke may have. Two thousand pounds I confess I have bequeathed her, which your lordship knoweth I might better spare her when I were dead, than one thousand living; and in truth, my lord, I have it not, but borrow it I must, and so I will; and if your lordship will get me leave, that I may feed my eyes with that joyful sight of their coupling, I will give her a cup worth five hundred pounds. Good my lord, bear with my poverty, for if I had it, little would I regard any sum of money, but willingly would give it, protesting before the Almighty God, that if he, and all the powers on earth, would give me my choice for a husband for her, I would choose the earl of Pembroke. I writ to my lord of Pembroke, which herewith I send your lordship; and thus I end, in answering your most welcome and honourable letter, with

my hearty prayer to Almighty God to perfect your lordship's good work, and requite you for the same; for I am not able. For myself I am in great despair to obtain the fee farm of my small leases; which grieveth me more for the discredit, during mine own time, than the lack of the gain to my succession, be it as God will.

I find by divers means, that there is great expectation of my wishing her majesty's treasure appointed for the service of this country; and, in truth, no man living would fainer nourish it than I; and, in proof thereof, I will abate one thousand pounds of the quarterage due the last of March, so as I may have the other four thousand due, then delivered to the treasurer's assign, together with that due the last of December last; and, if I can, I will abate every quarter one thousand pounds. The actual rebellion of the Clanricardines, the O'Connors, and O'Mores, the sums of money delivered in discharge of those soldiers which were of my lord of Essex's regiment, and the great sums imprested in the beginning of my charge, well considered; it may and will appear a good offer; and, I pray your lordship, let it have your favourable recommendation.

Now, my dearest lord, I have a suit unto you for a necessary and honest servant of mine, Hercules Rainsford, whose father, and whole lineage, are devout followers to your lordship and family. My suit is, that whereas by composition with James Wingfield, he is constable of the castle of Dublin, and therein both painfully and carefully serveth, that it would please your lordship to obtain it for him during his life. Truly, my lord, like as you should, bind the poor gentleman, and all his honest friends, always to serve you, for your bounty done to him; so shall I take it as a great mercy done to myself: for truly I have found him a faithful and profitable servant, and beside, he hath married a good and an old servant of my wife's. Good my lord, send Philip to me; there was never father had more need of his son, than I have of him. Once again, good my lord, let me have him.

For the state of this country, it may please you to give credit to Prescott.

I am now, even now, deadly weary of writing, and therefore I end, praying to the Almighty to bless you with all your noble

noble heart's desires. From Dundalk, this 4th of February 1576. Your most assured brother at commandment.

LETTER XI.

Sir Henry Sidney to Queen Elizabeth.

May it please your most excellent majesty,

To understand, that of late it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy the bishop of Ossory, and so the room of that see is become void, and to be now by your highness conferred. I have therefore thought it my duty, moved in zeal for the reformation of the country and good of the people, humbly to beseech your majesty, that good care were had, that that church might be supplied with a fit man, and such a person as is acquainted with the language and manners of this country people, might be promoted to succeed in the place; of which number I humbly recommend unto your excellent majesty Mr. Davy Cleere, one that hath been long bred and brought up in the University of Oxford, a master of arts of good continuance, a man esteemed not meanly learned, besides well given in religion, and of a modest discreet government, and commendable conversation, being a man specially noted unto me, by the good report of the lord archbishop of Dublin, for his sufficiency to the place, with a very earnest desire that (the same being the place of a suffragan under him), the said Cleere might be preferred unto it. The bishopric is but a mean living, yet a sufficient finding for an honest man. And because the sooner the place shall be full of an able man (such a one for his integrity as this man is esteemed), the greater fruit will thereby grow to the church, honour to your majesty, and no small hope to be conceived of good to the people; whereof, as it becometh me (having the principal charge of this realm under your majesty), I have a special care. I write not only to your majesty in this case, by a report of others, but partly by knowledge and experience I have had of the man myself. And therefore am the more desirous that your majesty should graciously allow of my commendation and choice, and give order for his admission and consecration, when it shall be your

majesty's pleasure to signify the same. And even so, with my most earnest and humble hearty prayer to the Almighty, long and happily to preserve your highness to reign over us, your majesty's humble and obedient subjects, to our inestimable comforts, I humbly take my leave. From your majesty's castle of Athlone, the 4th of September 1576. Your majesty's most humble, faithful, and obedient servant.

LETTER XII.

Sir Henry Sidney to Mr. Secretary Walsingham, concerning the reports of the Earl of Essex's death.

Sir,

IMMEDIATELY upon my return out of Connaught to this city, which was the 13th of this present October, and knowing of the death of the earl of Essex, which I did not certainly till I came within thirty miles of this town, and that his body was gone to be buried at Carmarthen, and hearing besides, that letters had been sent over, as well before his death as after, that he died of poison, I thought good to examine the matter as far as I could learn, and certify you, to the end you might impart the same to the lords, and both satisfy them therein, and all others, whom it might please you to participate the same unto, and would believe the truth. For, in truth, there was no appearance or cause of suspicion that could be gathered that he died of poison. For the manner of his disease was this: a flux took him on the Thursday at night, being the 30th of August last past, in his own house, where he had that day both supped and dined; the day following he rode to the archbishop of Dublin's, and there supped and lodged; the next morning following he rode to the viscount of Baltinglass, and there did lie one night, and from thence returned back to this city: all these days he travelled hastily, fed threetimes a day, without finding any fault, either through inflammation of his body or alteration of taste; but often he would complain of grief in his belly, and sometimes say that he had never hearty grief of mind, but that a flux would accompany the same. After he returned from this journey he grew from day to day sicker and sicker, and

and having an Irish physician sent to him by the earl of Ormond, doctor Trevor, an Oxford man, and my physician, Mr. Chaloner, secretary of this state, and not unlearned in physic, and one that often, for good will, giveth counsel to his friends in cases of sickness, and one Mr. Knell, an honest preacher in this city, and a chaplain of his own, and a professor of physic, continually with him, they never ministered anything to him against poison. The Irish physician affirmed before good witnesses that he was not poisoned; what the others do say of that matter, by their own writings, which herewith I send you, you shall perceive. And drawing towards his end, being especially asked by the archbishop of Dublin whether he thought that he was poisoned or no, constantly affirmed that he thought he was not; nor that he felt in himself any cause why he should conjecture so to be: in his sickness his colour rather bettered than impaired, no hair of his body shed, no nail altered, nor tooth loosed, nor any part of his skin blemished. And when he was opened it could not appear that any in trail within his body, at any time, had been infected with any poison. And yet I find a bruit there was that he was poisoned; and that arose by some words spoken by himself, and yet not originally at the first conceived of himself, as it is thought by the wisest here, and those that were continually about him; but one that was very near him at that time, and whom he entirely trusted, seeing him in extreme pain with flux and gripings in his belly, by reason of the same, said to him, By the mass, my lord, you are poisoned; whereupon the yeoman of his cellar was presently sent for to him, and mildly and lovingly he questioned with him, saying, that he sent not for him to burden him but to excuse him. The fellow constantly answered, that if he had taken any hurt by his wine he was guilty of it, for, my lord (saith he), since you gave me warning in England to be careful of your drink, you have drank none but it passed my hands. Then it was bruited, that the boiled water which he continually drank with his wine should be made of water wherein flax or hemp should be steeped, which the yeoman of his cellar flatly denied, affirming the water which he always boiled for him was perfect good. Then it was imputed to the sugar; he answered, he could get no

better at the steward's hands, and fair though it were not, yet wholesome enough, or else it had been likely that a great many should have had a shrewd turn; for my household and many more have occupied of the same almost these twelve months. The physicians were asked what they thought, that they spoke doubtfully, saying it might be that he was poisoned, alleging that this thing or that thing might poison him, since they never gave him medicine for it; they constantly affirm that they never thought it, but for argument's sake, and partly to please the earl. He had two gentlewomen that night at supper with him that the disease took him, and they coming after to visit him, and he hearing that they were troubled with some looseness, said that he feared that they and he had tasted of one drug, and his page (who was gone with his body over before I returned). The women upon his words were afraid, but never sick, and are in as good a state of health as they were before they supped with him. Upon suspicion of his being poisoned, Mr. Knell (as it was told me) gave him sundry times of unicorn's horns, upon which sometimes he vomited, as at other times he did, when he took it not. Thus I have delivered unto you, as much as I can learn of the sickness and death of this noble peer, whom I left when I left Dublin, in all appearance a lusty, strong, and pleasant man; and before I returned his breath was out of his body, and his body out of this country, and undoubtedly his soul in heaven; for in my life I never heard of a man to die in such perfectness; he was sick twenty or twenty-one days, and most of those days tormented with pangs intolerable; but in all that time, and all that torture, he was never heard speak an idle or angry word: after he yielded to die, he desired much to have his friends come to him, and to abide with him, which they did of sundry sorts, unto whom he shewed such arguments of hearty repentance of his life passed, so sound charity with all the world, such assurance to be partaker of the joys of heaven through the merits of Christ's passion; such a joyful desire, speedily to be dissolved, and to enjoy the same, which he would sometimes say, That it pleased the Almighty to reveal unto him that he should be partaker of (as was to the exceeding admiration of all that heard

heard it). He had continually about him folks of sundry degrees, as men of the clergy, gentlemen, gentlewomen, citizens, and servants, unto all which he would use so godly exhortations and grave admonitions, and that so aptly for the persons he spake unto, as in all his life he never seemed to be half so wise, learned, nor eloquent, nor of so good memory as at his death. He forgot not to send weighty warnings to some of his absent friends by message. Oft-times, when grievous pangs had driven him out of slumbers, he would make such shew of comfort in spirit, and express it with such words, as many about him thought he saw and heard some heavenly voice and vision. Many times after bitter pangs he would with cheerful countenance cry, Courage! courage! I have fought a good fight, and thus ought every true soldier to do, that fighteth under the standard of his captain and patron Jesus Christ. About eleven of the clock before noon, on the 22d of September, with the name of Jesus issuing out of his mouth, he left to speak any more, and shortly after lifting up his hand to the name of Jesus, when he could not speak it himself; he ceased to move any more, but sweetly and mildly his ghost departed, by all Christians to be hoped into heavenly bliss. The Almighty grant that all professing Christ in their life, may at their death make such testimony of Christianity as this noble earl did. And thus ending my tedious letter, with the doleful (and yet comfortable) end of this noble man, I wish you from the bottom of my heart, good life and long; and the joy of heaven at the end. From the castle of Dublin this 20th of October 1576. Your assured loving friend,

L E T T E R XIII.

Sir Henry Sidney to the Lords of the Council.

My very good lords,
My humble duty remembered to your honourable lordships: after I was come hither to deal in causes of the north, I received letters sent unto me by an express messenger from the archbishop of Dublin, to desire license of me to repair into England with some note and testimony from me, what I had found of him here. And albeit the motion seemed to me at the first to be very sudden; yet

considering the manner of his writing, and the conveying of his meaning, proceeded from some deep conceit of a perplexed mind and a sorrowful heart, for some matter that touched him near (as it seemed), I could not deny him so reasonable a request, but granted him leave to depart, with this testimony, that I have found him ready to come to me at all times, when I had occasion to use his assistance for her majesty's service, and very willing to set forward any thing that might either concern the public benefit or quiet of the country, or her majesty's honour or profit; besides, a man well given, and zealous in religion, diligent in preaching, and no niggard in hospitality, but a great reliever of his poor neighbours, and by his good behaviour and dealing gained both love and credit amongst those with whom he hath been conversant; and carried himself in that reputation in the world, as I have not known him at any time either detected or suspected of any notorious or public crime. And thus much I thought good to declare to your lordships of him, and that I have not had cause at any time to think otherwise of him, but as of a sound counsellor to the queen, and good minister to this country and commonwealth. And even so, beseeching your lordships' favourable acceptance of him, and in his petitions (if he have any) to stand his good lords, I humbly take my leave. From the Newry, the 12th of February, 1576. Your good lordships' assured loving friend to command,

L E T T E R XIV.

Sir Henry Sidney to his son Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester.

Robin,

YOUR several letters of the 17th of September and 9th of November I have received; but that sent by Carolus Clusius I have not yet heard of. Your letters are most heartily welcome to me; but the universal testimony that is made of you, of the virtuous course you hold in this your juvenile age, and how much you profit in the same, and what excellent parts God hath already planted in you, doth so rejoice me, that the sight of no earthly thing is more, or can be more, to my comfort, than hearing in this sort from, and of you. Our Lord
 bless

bless you, my sweet boy. *Perge, perge*, my Robin, in the filial fear of God, and in the meanest imagination of yourself, and to the loving direction of your most loving brother.

I like very well of your being at Prague and of your intention to go to Vienna. I wish you should curiously look upon the fortification of that; and considering the state of Christendom, I cannot tell how to design your travel into Italy. I would not have you to go specially, for that there is perpetual war between the pope and us. I think the princes and potentates of that region are confederated with him; and for some other respects, I would not have you go thither. Yet from Spain we are as it were under an inhibition; France in endless troubles; the Low Country in irrecoverable misery. So I leave it to your brother and yourself, whether Vienna being seen, you will return into England, or spend the next summer in those parts; which if you do, I think best (you being satisfied with Vienna) you see the principal cities of Moravia and Silesia, and so to Cracow; and if you can have any commodity, to see the court of the king of that realm: and from thence through Saxony, to Holst, and Pomerland, seeing the princes courts by the way; and then into Denmark and Sweden, and see those kings courts. Acquaint you somewhat with the estate of the free States; and so at Hamburgh to embark, and to winter with me. But what do I blunder at these things? follow the direction of your most loving brother, who in loving you is comparable with me, or exceedeth me. Imitate his virtues, exercises, studies, and actions; he is a rare ornament of this age, the very formular that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our court do form also their manners and life by. In truth I speak it without flattery of him, or of myself, he hath the most rare virtues that ever I found in any man. I saw him not these six months, little to my comfort. You may hear from him with more ease than from me. In your travels these documents I will give you, not as mine but his practices. Seek the knowledge of the estate of every prince, court, and city, that you pass through. Address yourself to the company, to learn this of the elder sort, and yet neglect not the younger. By the one you shall gather learning, wisdom, and knowledge, by the

other acquaintance, languages, and exercise. This he effectually observed with great gain of understanding. Once again I say imitate him. I hear you are fallen into concert and fellowship with Sir Harry Nevell's son and heir, and one Mr. Savell. I hear of singular virtues of them both. I am glad of your familiarity with them.

The 21st of this present I received your letter of the 12th of the same, and with it a letter from Mr. Languet, who seemeth as yet to mislike nothing in you; for which I like you a great deal the better; and I hope I shall hear further of your commendation from him, which will be to my comfort. I find by Harry White that all your money is gone, which with some wonder displeaseth me; and if you cannot frame your charges according to that proportion I have appointed you, I must and will send for you home. I have sent order to Mr. Languet for one hundred pounds for you, which is twenty pounds more than I promised you; and this I look and order that it shall serve you till the last of March 1580. Assure yourself I will not enlarge one groat, therefore look well to your charges.

I hope by that time you shall receive this letter you will be at or near Strasburgh, from which resolve not to depart till the middle of April come twelvemonth; nor then I will not that you do, unless you so apply your study, as by that time you do conceive feelingly rhetoric and logic, and have the tongues of Latin, French, and Dutch; which I know you may have, if you will apply your will and wit to it. I am sure you cannot but find what lack in learning you have by your often departing from Oxford; and the like, and greater loss shall you find, if you resolve not to remain continually for the time appointed in Strasburgh. Write to me monthly, and of your charges particularly; and either in Latin or French. I take in good part that you have kept promise with me; and on my blessing I charge you to write truly to me from time to time, whether you keep it or no; and if you break it in some dark manner, how.

Pray daily; speak nothing but truly. Let no dishonest thing for any respect. Love Mr. Languet with reverence, unto whom in most hearty manner commend me; and to Doctor Lubetius, and Mr. Doctor Sturmius. Farewel. If you will follow my counsel you shall be my sweet boy.

boy. From Baynard's Castle in London, this 25th of March 1578. Your loving father.

LETTER XV.

Sir Philip Sidney to his father Sir Henry Sidney.

Right honourable my singular good lord and father,

So strangely and diversely goes the course of the world by the interchanging humours of those that govern it, that though it be most noble to have always one mind and one constancy, yet can it not be always directed to one point: but must needs sometimes alter his course, according as the force of other changes drives it. As now in your lordship's case, to whom of late I wrote, wishing your lordship to return as soon as conveniently you might, encouraged thereunto by the assurance the best sort had given me, with what honourable considerations your return should befall, particularly to your lot: it makes me change my style, and write to your lordship, that keeping still your mind in one state of virtuous quietness, you will yet frame your course according to them. And as they delay your honourable rewarding, so you by good means do delay your return, till either that ensue, or fitter time be for this.

Her majesty's letters prescribed you a certain day, I think; the day was past before Pagnam came unto you, and enjoined to do some things, the doing whereof must necessarily require some longer time. Hereupon your lordship is to write back, not as though you desired to tarry, but only shewing that unwillingly you must employ some days thereabouts; and if it please you to add, that the chancellor's presence shall be requisite; for by him your lordship shall either have honourable revocation, or commandment of further stay at least till Michaelmas, which in itself shall be a fitter time; considering that then your term comes fully out, so that then your enemies cannot glory it is their procuring. In the mean time, your friends may labour here to bring to a better pass such your reasonable and honourable desires, which time can better bring forth than speed. Among which friends, before God there is none proceeds either so

thoroughly or so wisely as my lady my mother. For mine own part I have had only light from her. Now rests it in your lordship to weigh the particularities of your own estate, which no man can know so well as yourself; and accordingly to resolve. For mine own part (of which mind your best friends are here) this is your best way. At least whatsoever you resolve, I beseech you with all speed I may understand, and that if it please you with your own hand; for truly, sir, I must needs impute it to some great dishonesty of some about you, that there is little written from you, or to you, that is not perfectly known to your professed enemies. And thus much I am very willing they should know, that I do write it unto you: and in that quarter you may, as I think, look precisely to the saving of some of those overplussages, or at least not to go any further; and then the more time passes, the better it will be blown over. Of my being sent to the queen, being armed with good accounts, and perfect reasons for them, &c.

25th April 1578.

LETTER XVI.

Sir Philip Sidney to Edward Waterhouse, Esq. Secretary of Ireland.

My good Ned,

NEVER since you went, that ever you wrote to me, and yet I have not failed to do some friendly offices for you here. How know I that? say you. I cannot tell. But I know that no letters I have received from you. Thus doth unkindness make me fall to a point of kindness. Good Ned, either come or write. Let me either see thee, hear thee, or read thee. Your other friends that know more will write more fully. I, of myself, thus much. Always one, and in one case. *Me solo exultans totus teres atque rotundas.* Commend me to my lord president; to the noble sir Nicholas, whom I bear special goodwill to; to my cousin Harry Harrington, whom I long to see in health; sir Nicholas Bagnol; Mr. Agarde's daughter; my cousin Spikman for your sake; and whosoever is mayor of Dublin for my sake. And even at his house when you think good. I bid you farewell. From Court, this 28th April 1578. Your very loving friend.

LETTER XVII.

*Sir Philip Sidney to Edward Molineux,
Esq. Secretary to his father as Lord
Deputy.*

Mr. Molineux,

Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know if I have good proof of it. But that for so much as is past. For that is to come, I assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment, or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you. And trust to it, for I speak it in earnest. In the mean time farewell. From Court, this last day of May 1578.

LETTER XVIII.

*Edward Molineux, Esq. to Philip Sidney,
in answer to the abovesaid letter.*

Sir,

I HAVE received a letter from you, which, as it is the first, so the same is the sharpest that I ever received from any: and therefore it amazeth me the more to receive such a one from you, since I have (the world can be judge) deserved better somewhere, howsoever it pleaseth you to condemn me now. But since it is (I protest to God) without cause, or yet just ground of suspicion you use me thus, I bear the injury more patiently for a time; and mine innocency, I hope, in the end shall try mine honesty; and then I trust you will confess you have done me wrong. And since your pleasure so is expressed, that I shall not henceforth read any of your letters; although I must confess I have heretofore taken both great delight and profit in reading some of them: yet upon so hard a condition (as you seem to offer) I will not hereafter adventure so great a peril, but obey you herein. Howbeit, if it had pleased you, you might have commanded me in a far greater matter, with a far less penalty. From the Castle of Dublin, the 1st of July 1578. Yours, when it shall please you better to conceive of me, humbly to command.

LETTER XIX.

*Sir Henry Sidney to his son Sir Philip
Sidney.*

Philip,

By the letters you sent me by Sackford, you have discovered unto me your intention to go over into the Low Countries, to accompany duke Cassimier, who hath with so noble offers and by so honourable means invited you: which disposition of your virtuous mind, as I must needs much commend in you, so when I enter into the consideration of mine own estate, and call to mind what practices, informations, and malicious accusations, are devised against me; and what an assistance in the defence of those causes your presence would be unto me, reposing myself so much both upon your help and judgment, I strive betwixt honour and necessity, what allowance I may best give of that motion for your going: howbeit, if you think not my matters of that weight and difficulty (as I hope they be not), but that they may be well enough by myself, without your assistance or any other, be brought to an honourable end, I will not be against your determination. Yet would wish you, before your departure, that you come to me to the water-side* about the latter end of this month, to take your leave of me, and so from thence to depart towards your intended journey. You must now bear with me, that I write not this unto you with mine own hand, which I would have done, if the indisposition of my body had not been such as I could not. God prosper you in that you shall go about, and send you to win much credit and honour. And I send you my daily blessing. Your very loving father.

The 1st of August 1578.

LETTER XX.

*Lady Mary Sidney to Edmund Molineux,
Esq.*

Molineux,

I THOUGHT good to put you in remembrance to move my lord chamberlain, in my lord's name, to have some other room than my chamber, for my lord to have his resort unto, as he

* His house was at Bainard's Castle, by the water-side near St. Paul's.

was wont to have : or else my lord will be greatly troubled when he shall have any matters of dispatch : my lodging, you see, being very little, and myself continually sick, and not able to be much out of my bed. For the night time one roof, with God's grace, shall serve us ; for the day time the queen will look to have my chamber always in a readiness for her majesty's coming thither ; and though my lord himself can be no impediment thereto by his own presence, yet his lordship trusting to no place else to be provided for him, will be, as I said before, troubled for want of a convenient place for the dispatch of such people as shall have occasion to come to him. Therefore I pray you, in my lord's own name, move my lord of Sussex for a room for that purpose, and I will have it hanged and lined for him with stuff from hens. I wish you not to be unmindful hereof : and so for this time I leave you to the Almighty. From Chiswick, this 11th of October 1578. Your very assured loving mistress and friend.

LETTER XXI.

Sir Henry Sidney to his son Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester.

Robin,

I HEAR well of you, and the company you keep, which is of great comfort to me. To be of noble parentage usually raises an emulation to follow their great examples. There can be no greater love than of long time hath been, and yet is, between sir Harry Nevell and me ; and so will continue till our lives end. Love you thus we have done, and do. One thing I warn you of ; arrogate no precedency neither of your countrymen nor of strangers ; but take your place promiscuous, with others, according to your degree and birthright, with aliens. Follow your discreet and virtuous brother's rule, who with great discretion to his great commendation, won love, and could variously ply ceremony with ceremony. I hear you have the Dutch tongue sufficiently, whereof I am glad. You may therefore save money and discharge your Dutchman ; and do it indeed, and send for Mr. White ; he is an honest young man, and is fairly honest, and good and sound to me and my friends. I send

you now by Stephen 30*l.* which you call arrearages : term it as you will, it is all I owe you till Easter ; and 20*l.* of that, as Griffin Madox telleth me, is Harry White's. I will send you at or before Frankfort mart 60*l.* either to bring you home, or to find you abroad, as you and your brother shall agree, for half a year ending at Michaelmas ; so Harry White neither hath nor shall have cause to think that I am offended with him ; for I cannot look for, nor almost wish to hear better of a man, than I hear of him ; and how I intend to deal with him, you may see by the letter I send him. He shall have his 20*l.* yearly, and you your 100*l.* and so be as merry as you may. I thank you, my dear boy, for the martens skins you write of. It is more than ever your elder brother sent me ; and I will thank you more if they come, for yet I hear not of them, nor ever saw Cassmyre's picture. The messenger (of the picture I mean) played the knave with you and me ; and after that sort you may write to him : but if your tokens come I will send you such a suit of apparel as shall beseeem your father's son to wear in any court in Germany. Commend me to the doctor Simcon's father. I love the boy well. I have no more ; but God bless you, my sweet child, in this world and for ever ; as I in this world find myself happy by my children. From Ludlow Castle, this 28th of October 1578. Your very loving father.

LETTER XXII.

Lady Mary Sidney to Edmund Molineux, Esq.

YOU have used the matter very well ; but we must do more yet for the good dear lord than let him thus be dealt withal. Hampton Court I never yet knew so full, as there were not spare rooms in it, when it hath been thrice better filled than at this present it is. But some would be sorry, perhaps, my lord should have so sure footing in the court. Well, all may be as well when the good God will. The whilst, I pray let us do what we may for our lord's ease and quiet. Whereunto, I think, if you go to my lord Howard, and in my lord's name also move his lordship to shew his brother, my lord, as they call each other, to shew him a cast of his office, and that it shall

shall not be known, and allege your former causes, I think he will find out some place to serve that purpose; and also, if you go to Mr. Bowyer, the gentleman usher, and tell him his mother requireth him, which is myself, to help my lord with some one room, but only for the dispatch of the multitude of Irish and Welch people that follow him; and that you will give your word in my lord's behalf and mine, it shall not be accounted as a lodging, nor known of, I believe he will make what shift he can: you must assure him it is but for the day time for his business, as indeed it is for my brother's answer of my stay here for five or six days; he knows I have ventured far already, with so long absence, and am ill thought on for it, so as that may not be. But when the worst is known, old lord Harry and his old Moll will do as well as they can in parting, like good friends, the small portion allotted our long services in court; which, as little as it is, seems something too much. And this being all I can say to the matter. Farewel, Mr. Ned. In haste this Monday, 1578. Your assured loving mistress and friend.

If all this will not serve prove Mr. Huggins, for I know my lord would not for no good be destitute in this time for some convenient place for his followers and friends to resort to him, which in this case I am in, is not possible to be in my chamber till after sun-set; when the dear good lord shall be as best becomes him, lord of his own.

LETTER XXIII.

Sir Henry Sidney to Arthur Lord Grey, Lord Deputy of Ireland, how to proceed in his government of that kingdom.

I do remember, my very good lord, that I wrote unto you; I will by Auditor Jenison write more at large, whose coming hither to me put me in remembrance of the same. And now, my lord, in satisfaction of your requests, and easing of my desirous mind of your happy success in that unhappy country; in the lovingest manner that I can send unto your lordship these notes following, which, if I should lay down as principles of government to your lordship, I might well be likened to the puttock, that taught the falcon to fly; or, if I should

write unto you any instructions for martial designs or actions, I might well be scorned with that scholar that offered to read to Hannibal, *De Arte Militare*.

But now to begin, and that with God Almighty: as I know you are religious, so I wish your lordship to frequent sermons and prayer in public places; it would comfort the few Protestants you have there, and abash the Papists, whereof you have many.

Have special regard to the health of your body: be not without a physician of your own; and be of this land's birth; and as you have been always delighted in virtuous and noble exercises, so what business soever you have, use weekly some days, or rather daily some hours, to continue the same: otherwise you shall both dull your spirits and make your body unable to serve.

Provide careful and bold officers for your household, and put on a determination to live within the compass of your allowance; wherein I wish you to make a pattern of other men, rather than of me; who by spending there (and yet in truth not prodigally) am forced to spoil my patrimony here; with what reward or thank I know your lordship cannot be ignorant: and let one of the principal officers of your household have a care for the collection of your cess for the same: and now *ut uno verbo dicam*, never agree without cess, for if you take money, it will be made a great matter here, and yet not serve your turn there. Trust me, my lord, this one particular was the thing that chiefly broke my back, which I only released, to bring the people more willing to advance the revenue of the crown; and so I did, as hereafter your lordship shall perceive in this letter: this officer I termed my clerk comptroller; and albeit I had both treasurer and comptroller, his precedents in rank, yet had I never a one that I trusted better: if your lordship, or your officers, have need of any formular of my household held there, if you write unto me for it, I will send it you, so soon as I can get it; for here I have none for that country: be sure of a just and painful man to be gentleman of your horse, who shall have need to have a yeoman under him; in these two officers resteth much, importing both honour and profit. There liveth yet an old man, Paul Green by name, unto whom, by the way, I beseech your lordship to
be

be good lord: he can instruct, and I am sure will, for so have I written to him, whosoever he be that your lordship will put in that office.

Your being in actual wars, I need not to advise your lordship to make none without the consent of the council: but for any charge that may be for the same wars laid upon the country, do it not without calling them to it, and others of the nobility, as hath been accustomed: for although you have not all to consent with you, yet I doubt not but you shall have so strong a party as always shall be sufficient for your discharge: one great matter you shall have to deal in at the council board, which is the cess for the army and your household: and, my lord, as this advised, compound not for any money they will offer you. I did, and, as I wrote before, undid myself by the same: for upon their grievous complaints, affirming that some one plough land was charged with twelve pounds, and I think might prove they were charged with eight, I compounded with them for five marks sterling; which five marks sterling upon every plough land amounted to two thousand and four hundred pounds sterling for one year, and the same received within one hundred pounds, little more or less, by the above-named clerk comptroller: and the same might have been fixed to the crown imperial for ever, if it had been well stood to here: the limits and counties charged to this I think will appear in the council book: if not, I know none so able to inform you as the secretary Chalinor; my opinion is, your lordship should be resolute in this, that you cess them according to the state of your household and number of your garrison: the man last named I ever found painful, skilful, and faithful, and pray your lordship to be good lord to him, and let him know that I forget him not. My dear lord, in consultation of this matter, and of all other matters that must be treated of at council board, suppress passion; you shall be tempted in *summo grade*. I had forgotten one late thing, and yet material, and that is, the choice of cessers for the garrison, and raters for your household; for albeit I found some more honest than other, yet amongst them all, never a perfect honest man.

For the wars now in action, I wote not what to write, for that not long ago

my lord of Leicester writ unto me of your lordship's safe arrival there, of the death of sir James of Desmond, and of the overthrow of sir John his brother, and how every thing went well there; but since I have heard of a shrewd conflict in Goulranell, and divers principal men slain in the same, and that the Desmonds are of such force as they be able to keep two armies; and to whether of these factions I should advise your lordship to address yourself, considering the nearness of the one to Dublin, the opinion and possibility of the landing of foreign force to the aid of the other, towards which if this year you do advance, leave a strong guard upon the pale behind you; for a cottage burnt there will be made more here than a town burn in Munster. If you will this year go about the extirpation of these cannibals of Goulranell, and their neighbours, or when you will, if your lordship let me know it, I think I will lay you down a better plot than ever any yet of your predecessors for these two hundred years ever followed: and let it not trouble you, that your people took some blow there, for I do not remember that ever any attempt was made there, nor yet ever heard by my elders, but that we had more loss than gain: those vermin have lived there offensively to Englishmen and Irish government, above four hundred years: and yet I think it very possible and very feasible to subdue or expulse them; and doubtless an acre won there is more honourable and profitable for the state, than a mile in any other remote place. Once again, my lord, if you go into Munster, leave a stronger guard upon the pale, and spare not to burthen them of the country to do it; it is for themselves; and what mass of treasure this crown exhausteth, besides that they yearly do, they cannot be ignorant of; I wish your lordship should in person be in either action.

If you go into Munster, I cannot perceive that there is any manner of proceeding yet but martially; this I had forgotten, that you leave all of that country birth behind you, that are meant to make any defence, and trust to your soldiers. Some counsellors of the country you shall need to have with you; the potentates of that province trust not till you have tried them, yet haply you must use them, but let them come imbrued before you greatly allow them.

And since it is martially that you must proceed, and considering your experience and judgment, I cease to treat any more of that, lest, as I writ in the beginning of my letter, I might pour more folly out of myself, than put wisdom into you; only this, that you spare for no cost to get spies; knaves will be bought for money, and for helping of you to such, I know none so apt men as Thomas Masterson, Robert Pipno, and Robert Harpole, all which I found honest, serviceable, and faithful; all which I do recommend unto your good lordship's favour.

Methinks it is now out of season to make any treatise or discourse of a general reformation, for that were like as if a man, seeing his house on fire, would set down and draw a plot for a new, before he would put his helping hand to quench the old. Neither yet do I know what course you shall be directed, or of yourself are inclined to hold; for if your course be either by direction or inclination to temporise, then must you proceed in different manner, from that course which you must hold if you aspire to a perfect reformation of that accursed country. Here will come in question whether provincial councils and forces be to be maintained, or not; and as these courses be different, so must you use difference of action, counsellors, and ministers; and herein, whensoever you will make me privy, you shall have the best advice that I shall be able to give you; protesting that if Philip Sidney were in your place, who most earnestly and often hath spoken and written to do this loving office, he I say should have no more of me, than I most willingly will write to you from time to time. But it will be best that you oppose me by questions; I will answer them as well as I can.

And now, my good lord and beloved companion, I will cease to write of any matter, and to treat a little of men: the most sufficient, most faithful kind that ever I found there, were, the baron of Upper Ossery, Sir Lucas Dillon, and sir Nicholas Malbie; these for principal men both for counsel and action, and who ever most diligently and faithfully discharged that which I committed to them, and truly they be men of great sufficiency. Make much of this bringer, for he may and I am sure will stand your lordship in stead; I have always found him a just sound friend. If he be alive, there is an

honest gentleman called Thomas le Strange, he was sometimes henchman to kings, and at the last servant to me, and now to the queen, planted there by me; if it please you to call him to you at times and give him good countenance, he will well inform you of that tract of the country where he dwelleth. I commend to your lordship also Launcelot Alford the surveyor; all these I have found sound and fast friends to me. I had almost forgotten my nearest and dearest friend and kinsman, and knight of mine own making, nephew and godson, sir Henry Harrington: I beseech your lordship bestow on him your favourable and loving countenance; you shall find in him nobility of mind, and that he is not void of good counsel through experience. It is not for lack of love that I place not aright your marshal there, sir Nicholas Bagnall, whom I have ever found a faithful constant friend, and serviceable and most fast and assured to that family wherewith I am matched, and with which your lordship is allied; his son, my godson and knight, I commend unto your lordship: I desire your lordship to give your good countenance to my old cousin James Wingfield, I trust he will deserve it; and now last, though not least in liking, the bishop of Meath, whom I ever found a good counsellor for the state, a good countryman for the commonwealth, a good housekeeper, and always my fast and sound friend: these that I have thus written of, I pray you let them know that I have not forgotten them to your lordship.

I might write of many other, but I will write evil of none, yet evil have I found of some whom you must use, for haply God ordained them to be scourges for my sins, and yet they may be good and fruitful instruments to further your services; (which if you find) use them thereafter, and like them never the less for any thing done to me; but if benefit would have bound, I should have found fast where I found loose.

As I find your lordship liketh this, I will supply you with more; and now desire you to commend me to the newcomers of Ireland, viz. my cousin John Cheke, who, without challenge be it spoken, passed by Chester and saw me not, albeit he tarried there days enough; and to my good ally John Zouche, whom I thank
for

for coming to me to this town, and to my governor and dear friend Mr. Edward Denny: unto all which I wish from my heart all good and happiness.

My lord, I had forgotten three kinsmen of mine, sir Edward Moore, Owen Moore, and Thomas Moore: one of them was my man and now the queen's, the other my lord of Warwick's and now a knight, the third my man still: I pray your lordship let them know that I forget them not; the best worthy of captains that I left behind me was Humphry Mackworth, he was a boy of my own breeding, I pray your lordship favour him the rather for my sake. I know I shall have many other that in respect of me will desire grace at your hands, and according to the goodness of the cause I beseech you to extend the same unto them: I would that they for whom I have written might know that I have not forgotten them, and that you would keep this letter secret, lest others not named might take occasion to deem themselves of me condemned.

My lord, I did omit to write this letter myself, only for the shaking of my hand, which is such as with difficulty I write my own name, but also for that my letters written, are to any reader, yea almost to myself, illegible; and so I pray you accept it, though set down by the pen of my man, yet delivered by the tongue of myself: finally I commend myself, my son Philip (who is not here), and the friendship and service of us both, to your good lordship, whom you shall find your fast and sound friends. From Denbigh, the 17th of September 1580. Your lordship's ancient ally, loving companion, and faithful friend.

POSTSCRIPT.

My lord,

THERE is a debt due unto me by Oreilie, for the recovery whereof I have put Launcelot Alford in trust: but for that men of his sort, who are not commonly to be dealt withal by ordinary authority, become slow payers of their debts except they be very earnestly solicited, I pray your lordship therefore (if need be) to assist Alford by your countenance and commission, the rather to quicken him to procure me payment. My good lord, I had almost forgotten, by reason of the diversity of other mat-

ter, to recommend unto you, amongst other of my friends, sir Henry Cowley, a knight of mine own making, who whilst he was young and the ability and strength of his body served, was valiant, fortunate, and a good servant, having by my appointment the charge of the King's County, keep the country well ordered and in good obedience: he is as good a borderer as ever I found any there. I left him at my coming hence a counsellor, and tried him for his experience and judgment, very sufficient for the room he was called unto: he was a sound and fast friend to me, and so I doubt not but your lordship shall find when you have occasion to employ him: and once more, my lord, I pray you to be good to Thomas Masterson; he is one of the ancientest followers I had there, and one that hath been of longest acquaintance with me; you shall find him valiant, of great experience, and a very good borderer, and fit to be used when you shall have any occasion to try his service: finally, my lord, take this for my last precept, make not many ministers for the laying out of your money, and to deal with your purser: what loss I sustained that way, no man can better inform your lordship than this bearer, who knew my estate, and by what means and degrees I took the most harm.

LETTER XXIV.

Sir Philip Sidney to his brother Robert Sidney, who was the first Earl of Leicester of that name.

My dear brother,

FOR the money you have received, assure yourself (for it is true) there is nothing I spend so pleaseth me, as that which is for you. If ever I have ability you will find it; if not, yet shall not any brother living be better beloved than you of me. I cannot write now to, N. White, do you excuse me. For his nephew, they are but passions in my father, which we must bear with reverence; but I am sorry he should return till he had the circuit of his travel, for you shall never have such a servant as he would prove; use your own discretion therein. For your countenance I would for no cause have it diminished in Germany; in Italy your greatest expence must be upon worthy men, and not upon house-

holding. Look to your diet (sweet Robin), and hold up your heart in courage and virtue; truly great part of my comfort is in you. I know not myself what I meant by bravery in you, so greatly you may see I condemn you; be careful of yourself, and I shall never have cares. I have written to Mr. Savell, I wish you kept still together, he is an excellent man; and there may if you list pass good exercises betwixt you and Mr. Nevell, there is great expectation of you both. For the method of writing history, Boden hath written at large; you may read him and gather out of many words some matter. This I think in haste, a story is either to be considered as a story, or as a treatise, which, besides that, addeth many things for profit and ornament; as a story, he is nothing but a narration of things done, with the beginnings, causes, and appendencies thereof: in that kind your method must be to have *seriem temporum* very exactly, which the chronologies of Melancthon, Tarchagnora, Langnet, and such other, will help you to. Then to consider by that

as you not yourself, Xenophon to follow Thucydides, so doth Thucydides follow Herodotus, and Diodorus Siculus follow Xenophon: so generally do the Roman stories follow the Greek, and the particular stories of present monarchies follow the Roman. In that kind you have principally to note the examples of virtue or vice, with their good or evil successes; the establishments or ruins of great estates, with the causes, the time, and circumstances of the laws then writ of; the enterings and endings of war, and therein the stratagems against the enemy, and the discipline upon the soldier; and thus much as a very historiographer. Besides this, the historian makes himself a discourser for profit, and an orator, yea a poet sometimes for ornament. An orator, in making excellent orations, *ere nata*, which are to be marked, but marked with the note of rhetorical remembrances: a poet, in painting forth the effects, the motions, the whisperings of the people, which though in disputation one might say were true, yet who will mark them well, shall find them taste of a poetical vein, and in that kind are gallantly to be marked, for though perchance they were not so, yet it is enough they might be so. The last point which tends to teach

profit, is of a discourser, which name I give to whosoever speaks, *non simpliciter de facto, sed de qualitatibus et circumstantiis facti*; and that is it which makes me, and many others, rather note much with our pen than with our mind, because we leave all these discourses to the confused trust of our memory, because they being not tied to the tenor of a question, as philosophers use sometimes places; the divine, in telling his opinion and reasons in religion; sometimes the lawyer, in shewing the causes and benefits of law; sometimes a natural philosopher, in setting down the causes of any strange thing, which the story binds him to speak of; but most commonly a moral philosopher, either in the ethic part, when he sets forth virtues or vices, and the natures of passions, or in the politic, when he doth (as often he doth) meddle sententiously with matters of estate. Again, sometimes he gives precepts of war, both offensive and defensive; and so lastly, not professing any art, as his matter leads him he deals with all arts, which because it carrieth the life of a lively example, it is wonderful what light it gives to the arts themselves, so as the great civilians help themselves with the discourses of the historians; so do soldiers, and even philosophers, and astronomers: but that I wish herein, in this, that when you read any such thing, you straight bring it to his head, not only of what art, but, by your logical subdivisions, to the next member and parcel of the art. And so as in a table, be it witty words, of which Tacitus is full; sentences of which Livy, or similitudes whereof Plutarch; straight to lay it up in the right place of his storehouse, as either military, or more specially defensive military, or more particularly defensive by fortification, and so lay it up. So likewise in politic matters, and such a little table you may easily make wherewith I would have you ever join the historical part, which is only the example of some stratagem, or good counsel, or such like. This write I to you in great haste, of method without method, but with more leisure and study (if I do not find some book that satisfies) I will venture to write more largely of it unto you. Mr. Savell will with ease help you to set down such a table of remembrance to yourself, and for your sake I perceive he will do much, and if ever I be able I will deserve it of him;

him; one only thing, as it comes unto my mind, let me remember you of, that you consider wherein the historian excelleth, and that to note, as Dion Nicæus, in the searching the secrets of government; Tacitus, in the pithy opening the venom of wickedness, and so of the rest. My time, exceedingly short, will suffer me to write no more leisurely; Stephen can tell you, who stands with me while I am writing. Now (dear brother) take delight likewise in the mathematical, Mr. Savell is excellent in them. I think you understand the sphere; if you do, I care little for any more astronomy in you. Arithmetic, and geometry, I would wish you well seen in, so as both in matter of number and measure you might have a feeling and active judgment; I would you did bear the mechanical instruments, wherein the Dutch excel. I write this to you as one, that for myself have given over the delight in the world, but wish to you as much, if not more, than to myself. So you can speak and write Latin, not barbarously, I never require great study in Ciceronianism, the chief abuse of Oxford, *qui dum verba secantur, res ipsas negligunt*. My toyful books I will send, with God's help, by February, at which time you shall have your money: and for 200l. a year, assure yourself, if the estates of England remain, you shall not fail of it, use it to your best profit. My lord of Leicester sends you 40l. as I understand by Stephen, and promiseth he will continue that stipend yearly at the least, then that is above commons; in any case write largely and diligently unto him, for in truth I have good proof, that he means to be every way good unto you; the odd 30l. shall come with the 100l. or else my father and I will jarle. Now, sweet brother, take a delight to keep and increase your music, you will not believe what a want I find of it in my melancholy times. At horsemanship, when you exercise it, read Crison Claudia, and a book that is called *La Gloria de l' Cavallo*, withal, that you may join the thorough contemplation of it with the exercise; and so shall you profit more in a month, than others in a year, and mark the biting, saddling, and curing of horses. I would by the way your worship would learn a better hand, you write worse than I, and I write evil enough. Once again have a care of your diet, and consequently of your com-

plexion; remember *gratior est veniens in pulchro corpore virtus*. Now, sir, for news, I refer myself to this bearer, he can tell you how idle we look on our neighbours' fires, and nothing is happened notable at home, save only Drake's return, of which yet I know not the secret points; but about the world he hath been, and rich he is returned. Portugal we say is lost; and to conclude, my eyes are almost closed up, overwatched with tedious business. God bless you, sweet boy, and accomplish the joyful hope I conceived of you. Once again commend me to Mr. Nevell, Mr. Savell, and honest Harry White, and bid him be merry. When you play at weapons, I would have you get thick caps and brasers, and play out your play lustily, for indeed ticks and dalliances are nothing in earnest, for the time of the one and the other greatly differs, and use the blow as well as the thrust; it is good in itself, and besides exerciseth your breath and strength, and will make you a strong man at the tourney and barriers. First in any case practise the single sword, and then with the dagger; let no day pass without an hour or two such exercise; the rest study, or confer diligently, and so shall you come home to my comfort and credit. Lord how I have babbled, once again farewell, dearest brother. Your most loving and careful brother.

At Leicester-house, this 18th of October 1580.

LETTER XXV.

Sir Philip Sidney to Queen Elizabeth, anno 1580, persuading her not to marry with the Duke of Anjou.

Most feared and beloved, most sweet and gracious Sovereign,

To seek out excuses of this my boldness, and to arm the acknowledging of a fault with reasons for it, might better shew I knew I did amiss, than any way diminish the attempt, especially in your judgment; who being able to discern lively into the nature of the thing done, it were folly to hope, by laying on better colours, to make it more acceptable. Therefore carrying no other olive-branch of intercession, than the laying of myself at your feet, nor no other insinuation, either for attention or pardon, but the true vowed sacrifice of unfeigned love;

love; I will in simple and direct terms (as hoping they shall only come to your merciful eyes) set down the overflowing of my mind in this most important matter, importing, as I think, the continuance of your safety; and, as I know, the joys of my life. And because my words (I confess shallow, but coming from the deep well-spring of most loyal affection) have delivered to your most gracious ear, what is the general sum of my travailling thoughts therein; I will now but only declare, what be the reasons that make me think that the marriage with Monsieur will be unprofitable unto you; then will I answer the objection of those fears, which might procure so violent a refuge.

The good or evil that will come by it, must be considered, either according to your estate or person. To your estate, what can be added to the being an absolute born, and accordingly respected princess? But, as they say the Irishmen are wont to call over them that die, They are rich, they are fair; what needed they to die so cruelly? not unfitly of you, endowed with felicity above all others, a man might well ask, What makes you in such a calm to change course; to so healthful a body, to apply so unsavoury a medicine? what can recompence so hazardous an adventure? indeed, were it but the altering of a well maintained, add well approved trade: for, as in bodies natural, every sudden change is full of peril; so in this body politic, whereof you are the only head, it is so much the more dangerous, as there are more humours to receive a hurtful impression. But hazards are then most to be regarded, when the nature of the patient is fitly composed to occasion them.

The patient I account your realm; the agent Monsieur, and his design; for neither outward accidents do much prevail against a true inward strength; nor doth inward weakness lightly subvert itself, without being thrust at by some outward force.

Your inward force (for as for your treasures indeed, the sinews of your crown, your majesty doth best and only know) consisteth in your subjects, generally unexpert in warlike defence; and as they are divided now into mighty factions (and factions bound in the never-dying knot of religion). The one of them, to whom your happy government hath granted the free

exercise of the external truth; with this, by the continuance of time, by the multitude of them; by the principal offices, and strength they hold; and lastly, by your dealings both at home and abroad against the adverse party; your state is so entrapped, as it were impossible for you, without excessive trouble, to pull yourself out of the party so long maintained. For such a course once taken in hand, is not much unlike a ship in a tempest, which how dangerously soever it may be beaten with waves, yet is there no safety or succour without it: these, therefore, as their souls live by your happy government, so are they your chief, if not your sole strength: these, howsoever the necessity of human life makes them lack, yet can they not look for better conditions than presently they enjoy: these, how their hearts will be galled, if not aliened, when they shall see you take a husband, a Frenchman and a Papist, in whom (howsoever fine wits may find further dealings or painted excuses) the very common people well know this, that he is the son of a Jezebel of our age: that his brother made oblation of his own sister's marriage, the easier to make massacres of our brethen in belief: that he himself, contrary to his promise, and all gratefulness, having his liberty and principal estate by the Hugonots means, did sack Lacharists, and utterly spoil them with fire and sword. This, I say, even at first sight, gives occasion to all, truly religious, to abhor such a master, and consequently to diminish much of the hopeful love they have long held to you.

The other faction, most rightly indeed to be called a faction, is the Papists; men, whose spirits are full of anguish, some being infested by others, whom they accounted damnable; some having their ambition stopped, because they are not in the way of advancement; some in prison and disgrace; some whose best friends are banished practisers; many thinking you are an usurper; many thinking also you had disannulled your right, because of the pope's excommunication; all burthened with the weight of their conscience; men of great numbers, of great riches (because the affairs of state have not lain on them), of united minds (as all men that deem themselves oppressed naturally are); with these, I would willingly join all discontented persons,

sons, such as want and disgrace keep lower than they have set their hearts; such as have resolved what to look for at your hands; such as Cæsar said, *Quibus opus est bello civili*, and are of his mind, *malo in acie, quam in foro cadere*. These be men so much the more to be doubted, because, as they do embrace all estates, so are they commonly of the bravest and wakefullest sort, and that know the advantage of the world most. This double rank of people, how their minds have stood, the northern rebellion, and infinite other practices, have well taught you; which, if it be said, it did not prevail, that is true indeed; for if they had prevailed, it were too late now to deliberate. But, at this present, they want nothing so much as a head, who, in effect, needs not but to receive their instructions; since they may do mischief only with his countenance. Let the Singiniam in Henry the Fourth's time, Perkin Warbeck in your grandfather's; but of all, the most lively and proper is that of Lewis the French king's son in Henry the Third's time; who having at all no shew of title, yet did he cause the nobility, and more, to swear direct fealty and vassalage; and they delivered the strongest holds unto him. I say, let these be sufficient to prove, that occasion gives minds and scope to stranger things than ever would have been imagined. If then the affectionate side have their affections weakened, and the discontented have a gap to utter their discontent; I think it will seem an ill preparative for the patient (I mean your estate) to a great sickness.

Now the agent party, which is Monsieur: whether he be not apt to work on the disadvantage of your estate, he is to be judged by his will and power; his will to be as full of light ambition as is possible; besides the French disposition, and his own education; his inconstant temper against his brother; his thrusting himself into the Low Country matters; his sometimes seeking the king of Spain's daughter; sometimes your majesty; are evident testimonies of his being carried away with every wind of hope; taught to love greatness any way gotten; and having for the motioners and ministers of the mind, only such young men, as have shewed they think evil contentment a ground of any rebellion, who have seen no commonwealth but in faction; and divers of which have defiled their hands

in odious murders: with such fancies and favourites, what is to be hoped for? or that he will contain himself within the limits of your conditions; since, in truth, it were strange that he that cannot be contented to be the second person in France, and heir apparent, should be content to come to be a second person, where he should pretend no way to sovereignty. His power, I imagine, is not to be despised, since he is come into a country, where the way of evil doing will be presented unto him; where there needs nothing but a head to draw together all the ill-affected members: himself a prince of great revenues, of the most popular nation in the world, full of soldiery, and such as are used to serve without pay, so as they may have shew of spoil; and, without question, shall have his brother ready to help him, as well for old revenge, as to divert him from troubling France, and to deliver his own country from evil humours. Neither is king Philip's marriage here any example; since then it was between two of one religion, so that only he in England stood only upon her strength, and had abroad king Henry of France ready to impeach any enterprise he should make for his greatness that way. And yet what events time would have brought forth of that marriage, your most blessed reign hath made vain all such considerations. But things holding in present state, I think I may easily conclude, that your country as well by long peace, and fruits of peace, as by the poison of division, wherewith the faithful shall by this means be wounded, and the contrary enabled, made fit to receive hurt; and Monsieur being every way likely to use the occasions to hurt, there can almost happen no worldly thing of more imminent danger to your estate royal. And as to your person, in the scale of your happiness, what good there may come by it, to balance with the loss of so honourable a constancy; truly, yet I perceive not. I will not shew so much malice, as to object the universal doubt, the race's unfaithfulness; neither will I lay to his charge the ague-like manner of proceedings, sometimes hot, and sometimes cold, in the time of pursuit; which always rightly is most fervent; and I will temper my speeches from any other unreverend disgracings of him in particular (though they might be never so true);

true); this only will I say, that if he do come hither, he must live here in far less reputation than his mind will well brook, having no other royalty to countenance himself with; or else you must deliver him the keys of your kingdom, and live at his discretion; or, lastly, he must be separate himself, with more dishonour, and further disuniting of heart, than ever before. Often have I heard you, with protestation, say, no private pleasure, nor self-affliction, could lead you to it; but if it be both unprofitable for your kingdom, and unpleasant to you, certainly it were a dear purchase of repentance; nothing can it add unto you, but the bliss of children, which, I confess, were a most unspeakable comfort; but yet no more appertaining unto him, than to any other, to whom the height of all good haps were allotted to be your husband; and therefore I may assuredly affirm, that what good soever can follow marriage, is no more his than any body's; but the evils and dangers are peculiarly annexed to his person and condition. For, as for the enriching of your country with treasure, which either he hath not, or hath otherwise bestowed it; or the staying of your servants minds with new expectations and liberality, which is more dangerous than fruitful; or the easing of your majesty of cares, which is as much as to say, as the easing of you to be queen and sovereign: I think every one perceives this way to be full of hurt, or void of help. Now resteth to consider, what be the motives of this sudden change, as I have heard you in most sweet words deliver; fear of standing alone, in respect of foreign dealings; and in them, from whom you shall have respect, doubt of contempt. Truly, standing alone, with good foresight of government, both in peace and warlike defence, is the honourablest thing that can be to a well-established monarchy; those buildings being ever most strongly durable, which lean to none other, but remain from their own foundation.

So yet in the particulars of your estate at present, I will not altogether deny that a true Massinissa were fit to countermine the enterprise of mighty Carthage: but how this general truth can be applied to Monsieur, in truth I perceive not. The wisest, that have given best rules where surest leagues are made, have said, that it must be between such as either vehe-

ment desire of a third thing, or as vehement fear, doth knit their minds together. Desire is counted the weaker bond, but yet that bound so many princes to the Holy Land. It united that invincible king Henry V. and that good duke of Burgundy; the one desiring to win the crown of France from the Dauphin, the other desiring to revenge his father's murder upon the Dauphin; which both tended to one. That coupled Lewis XII. and Ferdinando of Spain to the conquest of Naples. Of fear, there are innumerable examples: Monsieur's desires, and yours, how they shall meet in public matters, I think no oracle can tell; for as the geometricians say, that parallels, because they maintain diverse lines, can never join: so truly, two, having in the beginning contrary principles, to bring forth one doctrine, must be some miracle. He of the Romish religion; and if he be a man, must needs have that manlike property, to desire that all men be of his mind: you the erector and defender of the contrary, and the only sun that dazzleth their eyes: he French, and desiring to make France great: your majesty English, and desiring nothing less than that France should not grow great: he, both by own fancy and his youthful governors, embracing all ambitious hopes; having Alexander's image in his head, but, perhaps, evil painted: your majesty, with excellent virtue, taught what you should hope, and by no less wisdom, what you may hope; with a council renowned over all Christendom for their well-tempered minds, having set the utmost of their ambition in your favour, and the study of their souls in your safety.

Fear hath as little shew of outward appearance, as reason, to match you together; for in this estate he is in, whom should he fear? his brother? alas; his brother is afraid since the king of Navarre is to step into his place. Neither can his brother be the safer by his fall, but he may be the greater by his brother's; whereto, whether you will be an accessary, you are to determine. The king of Spain certainly cannot make war upon him, but it must be upon all the crown of France, which is no likelihood he will do: well may Monsieur (as he hath done) seek to enlarge the bounds of France upon this state; which likewise, whether it be safe for you to be a countenance

tenance to, any other way, may be seen: so that if neither desire nor fear be such in him, as are to bind any public fastness, it may be said, that the only fortress of this your marriage, is of his private affection; a thing too incident to the person laying it up in such knots.

The other objection, of contempt in the subjects: I assure your majesty, if I had heard it proceed out of your mouth, which of all other I do most dearly reverence, it would as soon (considering the perfections of body and mind have set all men's eyes by the height of your estate) have come to the possibility of my imagination, if one should have told me on the contrary side, that the greatest princess of the world should envy the state of some poor deformed pilgrim. What is there, either within you or without you, that can possibly fall into the danger of contempt, to whom fortunes are tied by so long descent of your royal ancestors? But our minds rejoice with the experience of your inward virtues, and our eyes are delighted with the sight of you. But because your own eyes cannot see yourself, neither can there be in the world any example fit to blaze you by, I beseech you vouchsafe to weigh the grounds thereof. The natural causes are, length of government, and uncertainty of succession: the effects, as you term them, appear by cherishing some abominable speeches, which some hellish minds have uttered. The longer a prince reigneth, it is certain the more he is esteemed; there is no man ever was weary of well-being. And good increased to good, maketh the same good both greater and stronger; for it useth men to know no other cares, when either men are born in the time, and so never saw other; or have spent much of their flourishing time, and so have no joy to seek other; in evil princes, abuse growing upon abuse, according to the nature of evil, with the increase of time, ruins itself. But in so rare a government, where neighbours fires give us light to see our quietness, where nothing wants that true administration of justice brings forth; certainly the length of time rather breeds a mind to think there is no other life but in it, than that there is any tediousness in so fruitful a government. Examples of good princes do ever confirm this, who the longer they lived, the deeper they sunk into their subjects hearts.

Neither will I trouble you with examples, being so many and manifest. Look into your own estate, how willingly they grant, and how dutifully they pay such subsidies, as you demand of them: how they are no less troublesome to your majesty in certain requests, then they were in the beginning of your reign; and your majesty shall find you have a people more than ever devoted to you.

As for the uncertainty of succession, although for mine own part I have cast the utmost anchor of my hope; yet for England's sake I would not say any thing against such determination; but that uncertain good should bring a contempt to a certain good, I think it is beyond all reach of reason; nay because if there were no other cause (as there are infinite) common reason and profit would teach us to hold that jewel dear, the loss of which would bring us to we know not what; which likewise is to be said of your majesty's speech of the rising sun; a speech first used by Sylla to Pompey, in Rome, as then a popular city, where indeed men were to rise and fall according to the flourish and breath of a many-headed confusion. But in solineal a monarchy, wherever the infants suck the love of their rightful prince, who would leave the beams of so fair a sun, for the dreadful expectation of a divided company of stars? Virtue and justice are the only bonds of people's love; and as for that point, many princes have lost their crowns, whose own children were manifest successors; and some that had their own children used as instruments of their ruin: not that I deny the bliss of children, but only to shew religion and equity to be of themselves sufficient stays. Neither is the love born in the queen your sister's days, any contradiction hereunto; for she was the oppressor of that religion which lived in many men's hearts, and whereof you were known to be the favourer; by her loss was the most excellent prince in the world to succeed; by your loss, all blindness light upon him that sees not our misery. Lastly, and most properly for this purpose, she had made an odious marriage with a stranger (which is now in question whether your majesty shall do or no); so that if your subjects do at this time look for any afterchance, it is put as the pilot doth to the ship boat, if his ship should perish; driven by extremity of the one, but as long

long as he can with his life, tending the other. And this I say, not only for the lively parts that be in you; but even for their own sakes, for they must needs see what tempests threaten them.

The last proof in this contempt should be, the venomous matter, certain men imposthomed with wickedness should utter against you. Certainly not to be evil spoken of, neither Christ's holiness, nor Caesar's might, could ever prevent or warrant; there being for that no other rule than so to do, as that they may not justly say evil of you; which whether your majesty have not done, I leave it in you, to the sincereness of your own conscience, and wisdom of your judgment in the world, to your most manifest fruits and fame throughout Europe. Augustus was told, that men speak of him much hurt: it is no matter, said he, so long as they cannot do much hurt. And lastly Charles V. to one that told him, *Les Hollandois parlent mal; mais ils patient bien*, answered he. I might make a scholar-like reckoning of many such examples; it sufficeth that these great princes knew well enough upon what way they flew, and cared little for the barking of a few curs: and truly in the behalf of your subjects, I durst with my blood answer it, that there was never monarch held in more precious reckoning of her people; and before God how can it be otherwise? For mine own part, when I hear some lost wretch hath defiled such a name with his mouth, I consider the right name of blasphemy, whose unbridled soul doth delight to deprave that, which is accounted generally most high and holy. No, no, most excellent lady, do not raze out the impression you have made in such a multitude of hearts; and let not the scum of such vile minds bear any witness against your subjects devotions; which, to proceed one point further, if it were otherwise, could little be helped, but rather nourished, and in effect began by this. The only means of avoiding contempt, are love and fear; love, as you have by divers means sent into the depth of their souls; so if any thing can stain so true a form, it must be the trimming yourself, not in your own likeness, but in new colours unto them; their fear by him cannot be increased, without the appearance of French forces, the manifest death of your estate; but well may it against him

bear that face, which (as the tragic Seneca saith) *Metus in authorem redit*, as because both in will and power he is like enough to do harm. Since then it is dangerous for your state, as well because by inward weakness (principally caused by division) it is fit to receive harm; since to your person it can be no way comfortable, you not desiring marriage; and neither to person or estate is he to bring any more good than any body; but more evil he may, since the causes that should drive you to this, are either fears of that which cannot happen, or by this means cannot be prevented: I do with most humble heart say unto your majesty (having assayed this dangerous help) for your standing alone, you must take it for a singular honour God hath done you, to be indeed the only protector of his church; and yet in worldly respects your kingdom very sufficient so to do, if you make that religion, upon which you stand, to carry the only strength, and have abroad those that still maintain the same course; who as long as they may be kept from utter falling, your majesty is sure enough from your mightiest enemies. As for this man, as long as he is but Monsieur in might, and a Papist in profession, he neither can, nor will, greatly shield you; and if he get once to be king, his defence will be like Ajax's shield, which rather weighed them down, than defended those that bare it. Against contempt, if there be any, which I will never believe, let your excellent virtues of piety, justice, and liberality, daily, if it be possible, more and more shine. Let such particular actions be found out (which be easy as I think to be done) by which you may gratify all the hearts of your people: let those in whom you find trust, and to whom you have committed trust, in your weighty affairs, be held up in the eyes of your subjects; lastly, doing as you do, you shall be as you be, the example of princes, the ornament of this age, and the most excellent fruit of your progenitors, and the perfect mirror of your posterity. Your majesty's faithful, humble, and obedient subject.

LETTER XXVI.

Sir Philip Sidney to Edmund Molineux, Esq.

I PRAY you, for my sake, you will not make yourself an instrument to cross my cousin Fowke's [Greville] title in any part, or construction of his letters patents. It will turn to other bodies good, and to hurt him willingly were a foolish discourtesy. I pray you, as you make account of me, let me be sure you will deal herein according to my request, and so I leave you to God. At Baynard's Castle, this 10th of April 1581. Your loving friend.

LETTER XXVII.

From the same to the same.

Molineux,

I PRAY thee write to me diligently. I would you came down yourself. Solicit my lord treasurer, and Mr. vice chamberlain for my being of the council. I would fain bring in my cousin Coningsby if it were possible; you shall do me much pleasure to labour it. Farewel, even very well, for so I wish you. From Hereford, this 23d of July 1582. Your loving friend.

LETTER XXVIII.

Sir Philip Sidney to William Lord Burleigh.

Right honourable, my singular good lord,

I HAVE from my childhood been much bound to your lordship, which as the means of my fortune keeps me from ability to requite, so gives it me daily cause to make the bond greater, by seeking and using your favour towards me.

The queen, at my lord of Warwick's request, hath been moved to join me in his office of ordnance; and, as I learn, her majesty yields gracious hearing unto it. My suit is, your lordship will favour and further it; which I truly affirm unto your lordship, I much more desire, for the being busied in a thing of some serviceable experience, than for any other commodity, which I think is but small, that can arise of it.

I conclude your lordship's trouble with this, that I have no reason to be thus bold with your lordship, but the presuming of your honourable goodwill towards me, which I cannot deserve, but I can and will greatly esteem. I humbly take my leave, and pray for your long and prosperous life. At Court, this 27th of January 1582. Your lordship's most humble at commandment.

LETTER XXIX.

Sir Philip Sidney to Sir Edward Stafford.

Sir,

THE cause of my sending at this time this bearer, Mr. Burnham will tell you. Only let me salute you in the kindest manner that one near friend can do another.

I would gladly know how you and your noble lady do, and what you do in this absence of the king's.

We are here all *solito*. Methinks you should do well to begin betimes to demand something of her majesty as might be found fit for you. And let folks chafe as well when you ask, as when you do not. Her majesty seems affected to deal in the Low Country matters, but I think nothing will come of it. We are half persuaded to enter into the journey of sir Humphrey Gilbert very eagerly; whereunto your Mr. Hackluit hath served for a very good trumpet.

I can write no more, but that I pray for your long and happy life. And so I commit you both to the giver of it. At Court, this 21st of July 1584. Yours assuredly.

LETTER XXX.

Thomas Lord Buckhurst, to Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester, on the death of Sir Philip Sidney.

My very good lord,

WITH great grief do I write these lines unto you, being thereby forced to renew to your remembrance the decease of that noble gentleman your nephew, by whose death not only your lordship, and all other his friends and kinsfolks, but even her majesty, and the whole realm besides, do suffer no small loss and detriment. Nevertheless, it may not bring the

the least comfort unto you, that as he hath both lived and died in fame of honour and reputation to his name, in the worthy service of his prince and country, and with as great love in his life, and with as many tears for his death, as ever any had; so hath he also by his good and godly end so greatly testified the assurance of God's infinite mercy towards him, as there is no doubt but that he now liveth with immortality, free from the cares and calamities of mortal misery; and in place thereof, remaineth filled with all heavenly joys and felicities, such as cannot be expressed: so as I doubt not, but that your lordship in wisdom, after you have yielded some while to the imperfection of man's nature, will yet in time remember how happy in truth he is, and how miserable and blind we are, that lament his blessed change. Her majesty seemeth resolute to call home your lordship, and intendeth presently to think of some fit personage that may take your place and charge. And in my opinion, her majesty had never more cause to wish you here than now; I pray God send it speedily. I shall not need to enlarge my letter with any other matters, for that this messenger, your lordship's wholly devoted, can sufficiently inform you of all. And so wishing all comfort and contentation unto your lordship, I rest your lordship's wholly for ever, to use and command as your own. From the Court, this 3d of November 1586. Your lordship's most assured to command.

LETTER XXXI.

Sir Henry Hobart, Knight and Baronet, Lord Chief Justice, to Robert Earl of Leicester.*

My very good lord,

I HAVE received your lordship's letter, wherein I find all that could be expected; for I find an entire loving fa-

* This sir Henry Hobart was great-grandson of sir James Hobart, attorney general, and of the privy council to king Henry the Seventh, who is celebrated by Camden, and other historians, for his piety, charity, and public benefactions. Sir Henry was knighted by king James on his accession to the throne, made his attorney general, and created a baronet on the first erection of that dignity anno 1611, being the ninth in order of precedency. Also, the same year, was constituted lord chief justice of the common

ther in your sorrow: I find a true Christian in your patience: and I find a noble disposition, in that it pleaseth you to acknowledge the love which was repaid to that Christian soul in a full measure, not only by her husband, but by us, and all that belong unto us; whereof I would your lordship were an eye witness, to see the many unfeigned mourners, of my wife, children, kinsmen, allies, and friends, which though they do increase and daily revive the grief, yet I must confess it is a kind of contentment, when we see others join in that affection that we like and hold dear. But for my son, I must say true, his sorrow keeps no bounds, and when it will end I know not, and yet I cannot find in my heart to blame it. There are two things, that may much allay our sorrows; we have cause to joy that she died in the favour

pleas, in which office he died, 26th December, 1 Car. I. 1625, and was buried under a fair monument in the middle isle on the north side in Christ Church, Norwich. Since his death were published reports of several law cases, which are yet esteemed among the professors of the law, and bear this title, "The Reports of that reverend and learned Judge the right honourable Sir Henry Hobart, Knight and Baronet, Lord Chief Justice of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, and Chancellor to both their Highnesses, Henry and Charles Prince of Wales, &c." He married on the 22d of April 1590, Dorothy, daughter to sir Robert Bell, of Beaupree-Hall, in the county of Norfolk, knight, by whom he had issue sixteen children, the natiivities whereof he recorded in a Bible, bought by my ingenious friend, and valuable antiquary, Ralph Thoresby, of Leeds, F. R. S. who informed me that Henry his eldest son was born at Norwich, 28th April 1591, and that his twelfth, and youngest son, named also Henry, was born 17th November 1619. His eldest surviving son, John, was born at Norwich the 19th of April 1593, was knighted with his father, and was seated at Blickling, in the county of Norfolk, a manor his father had purchased of the noble family of Bullens, and had built there a stately house. He married the lady Philippa, daughter of Robert Sidney, the first earl of Leicester, and is the lady whose death occasioned this letter of the lord chief justice Hobart to her father. She was born 18th August 1594, and died in the twenty-seventh year of her age, leaving a son, who died young, and a daughter, Dorothy, married first to sir John Hele, knight, and secondly to William lord Crofts, who had no issue by her. And the said sir John dying without issue male, was succeeded by his nephew and heir, John Hobart, son and heir of sir Miles Hobart, the second surviving son of the lord chief justice Hobart. From which John the present lord Hobart is lineally descended, who is captain of the band of gentlemen pensioners to our most gracious sovereign king George.

of God and men; for she lived most virtuous, and was in her devotions with zeal to her last breath: and she lived as long as was possible, for it appears, by that last act of her opening (which was guided by Dr. Harvey) that she had been preserved hitherto by art and care, and now all would not serve, and so she was overcome. For the two motherless children, there lies a charge upon me (for I will not quit myself from my part) to see to them, which I will not neglect. And for your Lordship, I pray you let me find no change of affection on your part, and your Lordship shall be assured that I will ever continue your Lordship's poor friend to do you service.

LETTER XXXII.

Dorothy Countess of Leicester, to the Earl her husband.

My dearest heart,
MY Lord of Holland sent me this letter of my Lord Treasurer's to him, and I wonder much that I have heard nothing since, having desired Mr. Hawkins, in a letter, since he was here, to solicit the business very diligently, and to send one of purpose to let me know when any thing was concluded, which I fear he has not yet had occasion to do. When Brown will be dispatched, I know not, for I heard nothing of him since he went; and they say the council comes not to Hampton Court, but that the King will meet them every Saturday at Windsor. Sir John Temple, who is inquisitive in all affairs, and much your servant, told me, that in the court it was rumoured that either you had commandment to make new demands, or some restrictions, which you had not before. He hears also, that the King is well inclined to the French business. My Lord of Holland is very jealous in it, and not one besides, which makes me fear that there will be great oppositions in what you desire to effect: but, howsoever, I hope your labours and good intentions shall be well accepted by God and your King. Emott was lately here with me, concerning some business of yours, in which I gave him the best advice I could, but the particulars you will receive from him. It is a month since I expected my sister's company; but my Lord Deputy is still thereabouts, and till he be gone, I must

not look for her. My brother I have not yet seen, being full of the King's business, as he pretends; neither have I perceived any inclination in him, to draw me from the solitariness I suffer in this place; for though I expressed a willingness to go to him, were I accommodated for a journey, yet have I received no manner of invitation, which I take a little unkindly; but it shall not much afflict me: for I thank God, and you, my dearest heart, that the obligations which I have received from my friends have been very small, and I hope my necessities of their favours will not be increased. But of this coldness in my brother I will take no notice, or very little, and content myself the best I can, with this lonely life, without envying their greatness, their plenty, or their jollity. The principal trouble I suffer, next to the want of your company, is the apprehensions I have, of your being crost in what you desire to accomplish. But my best and most earnest prayers shall be often presented for you, and with your own, which I believe are better than mine, I hope those blessings shall be obtained which shall make us happy; and at this time, my only dear, no more shall be said to you, by your, &c.

Penshurst, 10th November 1636.

Yesterday we had here a very solemn fast, which is appointed to continue every Wednesday till it shall please God to remove this plague from us. All your girls are well, and so was Robin a week ago. To Algernon I do send a blessing, whom I hear much commended by all that comes from you; and Nic, who spake well of very few, said he had a huge deal of wit, and much sweetness of nature.

LETTER XXXIII.

The Countess of Leicester, to her husband Robert Earl of Leicester.

My dearest heart,
YOUR letters come now so rarely to me, as I suffer more in your absence than I did; for when I received almost every week those dear testimonies of your well being, and your kindness to me, it did ease much those discomforts that your absence doth bring. This is the first letter that I send by London;

for the last week my brother's being here forced me to omit writing. He came on Monday, and left us again on Thursday, in which time we were so continually together, as I could not make my dispatch. I perceive no alteration in him, neither do I find him much engaged in friendship with any of the great ones. Cottington, I perceive, is in declination with him, and so will he be with many more, except his power be greater than most believe it is. Of my brother I inquired, what he had heard concerning you; he told me, nothing to your prejudice; but that it was said, Seigneur Condée had persuaded you to be more inclinable to France than is well thought on here; and that you were more earnest to engage the King in a war than the wise here do think fit. But I hope your proceedings are unblamable, and that your master, who understands them best, will find them such as shall give him perfect satisfaction. I long extremely to hear what you think will be the conclusion of your labour; for the world among us affirm confidently that the King will not be engaged in any war, and that the Elector shall return into Holland with a pension of 12,000*l.* a year; but perhaps many things are unknown to those that I converse with, and therefore credit my intelligence no farther than you find there is cause. My sister is yet here, and so she intends to be till the latter end of Christmas; but I cannot brag much of her kindness to me, for it is very little, and certainly stays here for other considerations than my company. My brother was very earnest in persuading me to come to London, which I have promised to do in the latter end of February, though I know not how to accommodate myself handsomely for that place; but my special want is a gentleman usher, which I am unwilling to take. If Daniel behave himself well with you, which I beseech you to let me know; for if he be not worth keeping, I would inquire after another, and so free myself from him; but if he be good, I will suffer much rather than take a new one, and I will do any thing rather than wish him from you, if he does you service. It would joy me much to receive some hope of that Lord's addresses to Doll, which once you writ of to me; for, next to what concerns you, I confess she is considered by me above any thing

of this world; but you shall have the first place, or rather the whole possession of her heart, who is most faithfully your own.

Penshurst, 19th Dec. 1636.

Give Algernon a blessing, and offer my service to Mr. Croft. Your companion Watt (Montague) is expected here every day.

LETTER XXXIV.

The Countess of Leicester, to the Earl her husband.

My dearest heart,
My brother Northumberland writ me word, that your letters gave little hope that our propositions would be received in France; and all that I hear doth extremely discourage me from expecting a good conclusion in those affairs; but if you part, please your master. I hope we shall not suffer for howsoever the business doth prosper between the Kings. I believe this employment may prove advantageous to you in a great proportion, which I confess is the principal thing I consider; and I do not believe that you have such enemies in the court as you conceive, for I have made curious inquiries, and cannot hear that any thing hath been said to your prejudice but what proceeded from the old secretary. If the great man be less kind to you than he was, assuredly it is because you have entertained so great an intelligence with Holland, which now is not to be diminished; for then it will be thought, that your addresses to him were only in consideration of the money business which you desired he should solicit. Many think this great man hath much kindness to your companion (Scudamore), and that he doth resent the complaints you made of him; but I hope you are still reasonable well with him, and that you will be better when you meet; for the other, which you think doth not love you, I hear he speaks very seldom with the King; and though my Lord Goring said that he had done you ill offices, yet he could tell no particular, neither could I ever receive the knowledge of any, though I have sought with diligence.

I forgot to tell you the last week, that my Lord of Essex's son was dead, and now

now I think that it will be no news. My Lord Spencer hath also done the King the courtesy to leave him a good ward; and if you desire news for your little Watt (Montague) you may tell him that his father is drunk every meal, and that his brother Mandevil is enriched by Sir Nathaniel Rich, who is dead, and hath given all his fortune to him.

You tell me that I do not care for news, but I desire much more than you do afford me; for it is very long since you told me any thing of your opinion concerning the success of your business, which I long extremely to hear; and any thing else that belongs to you I covet with an excessive greediness. Wherefore, my dearest, be a little more liberal in those informations, and be assured, that your pains are bestowed for her satisfaction, who would not refuse to give her life for your service, so infinitely are you beloved by your, &c.

Penshurst, 28th December 1636.

My sister is yet here, and all your children are well.

LETTER XXXV.

From the same to the same.

My dearest heart,

For my exceptions to your silence, I humbly ask your pardon; for since I have received three letters from you, the one by Mr. Auger, who I have not yet seen, but he writ to me with much civility; and, I hear, that he speaks of you with all the honour, estimation, and affection, that can be, which shall make him as welcome to me as either of my brothers. Two letters more I have had since his arrival, but that which was first written came last to my hands, for my Lord of Holland sent it to me yesterday: and the other, which was dated the 27th January, was received by me the 4th February. They all brought such contentment to me as nothing but your own person can give me a joy beyond it; and though you reproach me for chiding, yet I hope the consideration of the cause shall free me from any further punishment than that gentle rebuke which you have already given me. By the two letters here inclosed, you will find a change from what I have heretofore declared to you; and besides the good success which

is now expected of your negotiation, I find there is a general applaud of your proceedings, which is no small delight to me, and, I hope, will be a great encouragement to you: for though I conceive your labours to be very great, yet I trust the conclusion will be very good, and then all the pains will be remembered with pleasure and advantage to you. I hope you apprehend more an alteration in the Archbishop of Canterbury, than there is cause, for I could never hear of any thing he said to your prejudice, though I have been inquisitive enough; but that he favours Scudmore there is no question; and if it be nothing but what has happened between you, I believe it will easily pass away. No ill offices can be done by Cottington, for they are at such a distance as they seldom speak one to the other: and, besides, I could never find that the suspected party expressed any thing of malice to you, but when he multiplied the money that had been paid to Leicester, which might be a mistake. I am glad you find the Deputy of Ireland kind to Leicester, for certainly he may do great courtesies, and so has he behaved himself lately, as he is extreme great with Canterbury, Cottington, Coke, and Windebank. I have no more cause to fear ill offices from — than formerly; for it is no new conceit that — is not affectionate to me or mine; but if the party deceive me, I shall be glad, and for any thing I know, we are on the same terms you left us. I hope the 300l. you commanded shall be returned to you at the time appointed; and when more is received, it shall be disposed of according to your directions.

The present also for the Queen of France I will be very careful to provide; but it cannot be handsome for that proportion of money which you do mention; for those bone laces, if they be good, are dear, and I will send of the best, for the honour of the nation, and my own credit. You persuade my going to London, and there I shall play the ill housewife, which I perceive you are content to suffer, rather than I should remain in this solitariness; and yet my intention is not to remove till the beginning of the next month, except Mr. Auger's going away carry me up sooner. All the children I will leave here, according to your advice, and if you can

spare Daniel, I desire that you will send him to me for the time of my being at London. Mr. Seladine comes in with your letter, whom I am engaged to entertain a little; besides, it is supper time, or else I should bestow one side of this paper in making love to you; and since I may with modesty express it, I will say, that if it be love to think on you sleeping and waking, to discourse of nothing with pleasure but what concerns you, to wish myself every hour with you, and to pray for you with as much devotion as for my own soul; then certainly it may be said that I am in love; and this is all that you shall at this time hear from your, &c.

Penshurst, 7th Feb. 1636.

Kiss my boy Algernon for me, who sent me a very pretty French letter.

LETTER XXXIV.

The Countess of Leicester, to the Earl her husband.

My dearest heart,

YESTERDAY I received Mr. Ruigny's visit and your letter. This morning, on my waking, I was saluted with more of your most welcome lines, which I expected the last night with some impatience. For, besides the most desired news of your good health, and the beloved expressions of your affection, I am infinitely desirous to receive from you some assurance of a happy success in those affairs that you have negotiated with so much pains. But, howsoever the French behave themselves, I hope you will acquit yourself so as the King shall find cause to value your service, and not to blame it. What has made people think you more inclinable to France than you ought to be, I do not know; but certainly that has been the exception that the King has had to you; which opinion I hope is now removed, and then it will be easy to keep yourself from the like suspicion. I think ———'s interest with the King is more than is generally known, and I believe will be more than it is; for with that party you are very well, as I hear by several persons. Watt Montague has supped twice here within this week, and speaks of you with much estimation. It is not good losing the offices which he may do, and therefore I pray continue a civility to

him. This week St. George's feast has been solemnized; my Lord of Danby, who I have not yet seen, performed his part, though he be very weak, and I fear will not last long, for they say he is deeply in a consumption. My Lord Lovelace I hear will be in town this week, and I think shall be presented first to my brother Northumberland, and then to us; his estate, my lord Danby says, is 6000l. a year, and he now enters on 3500l.; the rest his mother has, who they say is rich, and loves him very much. His person, I am told, is not to be disliked, nor he wants not wit; but has kept extreme ill company, and will sometimes drink to distemper himself. This is a foul fault, and would keep me from thinking on him at all, did I not hope, that good advice, and good conversation, would bring him from any such delight; for his brothers-in-law, who are the best persons that he keeps with, do draw him to that vice, being extremely addicted to it themselves. When I know more concerning him, you shall be further informed. I know you persuade me to leave this town, only in consideration of the danger, and therefore I do not intend to remove, till the King and Queen go from hence, because I apprehend that it is possible for me to do you some service here.

I have received 100l. from the Low Countries, which I think must be employed in paying interest money. 200l. I have received from Hen. Crickendall, which is reserved only for the payment of workmen, having already begun to finish the upper rooms: the men do not work in the house, and can bring no danger to us.

I do not conceive it to be at all dangerous for you to let the King know that you have spent much above his allowance, and that you cannot subsist without some addition; for I believe he will not think it reasonable that your fortune should be ruined in his service; and I think you may represent your condition so to him, as he shall find cause to grant you a supply. In my opinion, you had best direct this request only to himself; but I shall submit to any way that you think better. Madam Croft is come hither, and I saw her yesterday. Sir William is extremely careful in what concerns Poll, and very kind to us all. My Lady Berkshire carries my sister now from

from all creatures, which is no trouble to me. And since I have nothing to say that merits another sheet of paper, I will in this give you a farewell, with more affection than can be declared by so ill expressor as is your, &c.

Leicester House, 20th April 1637.

LETTER XXXVII.

From the same to the same.

My dearest heart,

M^y civility to this bearer doth not so much persuade me to write, as the desires I have at all times to perform that which may bring me to your memory. And though I have nothing to say, which I can deliver without apprehensions of giving you trouble, yet can I not be silent when any occasion is offered. By Mr. Cavendish I thought to have sent my present for the Queen, but it is not yet ready, and therefore I must attend another opportunity, for I will have it in as good order as I can. My Lord of Danby is much better than he was, and this day I am going to see him. My Lord Lovelace is at this instant here, and would fain made an excuse for his absence, which I have received with such an answer as he may understand to be a little check: what will come after it, shall be delivered to you the next week; and at this time I beseech you to receive a full assurance of her faithful affection, who is, with all sincerity, intirely yours.

Leicester House, 12th May, 1637.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From the same to the same.

My dearest heart,

THE apprehension of your going to Hamburg brought me much trouble, till I was told that it would be absolutely left to your choice; and offered to you rather as a compliment, than pressed on you as a necessity. Wherefore, in that particular I am now reasonably well satisfied; yet will I not desist from the performance of all that may defend you from that journey: for I am more adverse to it than you can be; though I am confident that if the King have any such intention, it is with a belief that it will please you, and not discontent you; for I think he is very well disposed to

you. I am sorry you cannot keep yourself from being troubled with your companion's folly, who I think is very little considered here, for I seldom hear him named; and when he is, it is with contempt. All my present for the Queen of France is provided, which I have done with great care and some trouble; the expence I cannot yet directly tell you; but I think it will be about 120*l*. for the bone laces are extremely dear. I intend to send it by Monsieur Ruvigny, for most of the things are of new fashion; and if I should keep them, they would be less acceptable; for what is new now, will quickly grow common, such things being sent over almost every week. Now concerning Doll, of whom I can neither say what I desire, nor what I thought I should have done; for I find my Lord Lovelace so uncertain and so idle, so much addicted to mean company, and so easily drawn to debauchery, as it is now my study how to break off with him in such a manner as it may be said that we refused him; for since Sunday last, we have not seen him, though he is every day very near us. Many particulars I could tell you of his wildness; but the knowledge of them would be of no use to you, since he is likely to be a stranger to us; for though his estate is good, his person pretty enough, and his wit much more than ordinary, yet dare I not venture to give Doll to him. And concerning my Lord of Devonshire, I can say as little to please you; for though his mother and sister made fair shows of good intentions to us, yet in the end we find them, just as I expected, full of deceit and juggling. The sister is gone from this town; but the young Lord is still here, who never visited us but once, and yet all the town spoke of a marriage: which I think came upon my Lord of Holland's divulging his confidence that it would be so; and he conceives that he had much reason to believe what he did. My dear heart, let not these cross accidents trouble you, for we do not know what God has provided for her; and, howsoever, let us submit to his will, and confess that his benefits are far beyond our deserts, and his punishments much less than we have reason to expect. The last Sunday, being at the court to wait on the Queen, the Earl of Holland came formally in, and whispered with her Majesty, who presently

sently called me; and, with a cheerful countenance, said, that all was concluded in France, and that you had sent one to give that advertisement. Which news I received with much joy, and went home with an expectation of hearing it confirmed by a letter of yours; but, upon enquiry, I found that Holland had made this report upon a letter which came to Secretary Cooke, wherein there was no such thing as he had told the Queen. He makes such foolish discourses to the King of all that you write to him, as I think you had better say nothing to him of those discontents which I believe sometimes come to you by false informations. And though you have cause of dislike, I do not think it advantageous for you to be ever taking exceptions; and Holland is so glad to get any thing to talk on to the King, as he multiplies the least information that he receives; so as in my opinion you had not best write any thing to him which you would not have him discourse of. And, at this present, I can say no more; but that I am more yours than can be imagined, am more impatient to see you than can be expressed; which I hope will persuade you to bestow thoughts of kindness on your, &c.

Leicester House, 18th May 1637.

LETTER XXXIX.

The Lady Dorothy Sidney (afterwards Countess of Sunderland) to her father Robert Earl of Leicester.

My Lord,

HAD not my intention been diverted by the trouble of a distemper, which a great cold produced; and since that by the expectation of Rochell's coming hither, I would not have been thus slow in presenting your Lordship with my most humble thanks for the many fine things that you have bestowed on me. And though they will be my greatest ornaments, which is of much consideration by persons no wiser than I am; they could not give me any contentment, but as I understand they are expressions of your Lordship's favour; a blessing that, above all others in this world, I do with most passion desire: and my ambition is, that whatsoever your Lordship doth propound to be in the perfectest good child upon the earth, you may find accomplish-

ed in me, that will ever be your Lordship's most affectionate, most humble and exactly obedient.

Penshurst, Dec. 29, 1638.

LETTER XL.

Robert Lord Spencer, to his Lady Dorothy, daughter of Robert Earl of Leicester, Most of it in cypher, and decyphered.

My dearest heart,

THE King's condition is much improved of late; his force increaseth daily, which increaseth the insolency of the Papists. How much I am unsatisfied with the proceedings here, I have at large expressed in several letters. Neither is there wanting, daily, handsome occasion to retire, were it not for grinning honour. For let occasion be never so handsome, unless a man were resolved to fight on the Parliament side, which, for my part I had rather be hanged, it will be said without doubt, that a man is afraid to fight. If there could be an expedient found, to save the punctilio of honour, I would not continue here an hour. The discontent that I, and many other honest men, receive daily, is beyond expression. People are much divided; the King is of late very much averse to peace, by the persuasions of ——— and ———. It is likewise conceived, that the King has taken a resolution not to do any thing in that way before the Queen comes; for people advising the King to agree with the Parliament, was the occasion of the Queen's return. Till that time no advice will be received; nevertheless, the honest men will take all occasions to procure an accommodation; which the King, when he sent those messages, did heartily desire, and would still make offers in that way, but for ——— and ——— and the expectation of the Queen, and the fear of the Papists, who threaten people of ———: I fear the Papists threats have a much greater influence upon the King than upon ———. What the King's intentions are, to those that I converse with, are altogether unknown; some say he will hazard a battle very quickly; others say he thinks of wintering; which as it is suspected, so if it were generally believed, Sunderland and many others would make no scruple to retire; for I think it as far from gallant,

lant, either to starve with the King, or to do worse, us to avoid fighting. It is said the King goes on Friday towards Chester, for a day or two, leaving his forces here, which are, 6000 foot, 1500 dragoons, and above 2000 horse. There are 4000 foot more raised, they say 2000 by my Lord Strange, 1000 by Sir Thomas Salisbury, and 1200 by Sir Edward Stradling; all which will be here within a very few days. This is a lightning before death. I am yours, &c.

Shrewsbury, the 21st Sept. 1642.

LETTER XLI.

From the same to the same, decyphered.

My dearest heart,

I HAVE received your letter of the 10th of this instant, but have had none else a good while, though you mentioned two others in this. Since we have been upon our march, I have had neither time nor opportunity to write, but I sent Alibone yesterday to Althorpe, with a short letter to you, and a long one to my lady; for which trouble I beseech you to make my excuse, above one more than this, I believe I shall not have time to write, and opportunity to send, before we come to London; which, by the grace of God, will be as soon as so great an army can march so many miles. For not only ———, but most men believe, that the King's army will make its way, though Lord Essex's army is five times as many as we are. If the King, or rather ——— prevail, we are in a sad condition, for they will be insupportable to all, but most to us who have opposed them, so that if the King prevails by force, I must not live at home, which is grievous to me, but more to you; but if ——— I apprehend I shall not be suffered to live in England: and yet I cannot fancy any way to avoid both; for the King is so awed by ———, that he dares not propose peace, or accept: I fear though by his last message he is engaged. But if that be offered by the Parliament, I and others will speak their opinion, though by that, concerning the treaty, were threatened by ———, who caused ——— to be commanded by the King, upon his allegiance, to return against his will, he being too powerful for ———, and by whom England is now likely to be governed.

————— that if ———

————— taken notice of it, ever since the Duke's going away: my Lord Southampton, who presents to you his service, has lain in the bedchamber, for all the King never speaks to ———

—————, I had above an hour's discourse with the King, about the treaty, which I would be glad you knew, but it is too long with cyphers and unfit without, else we have had no commerce since we came from Nottingham: I thank you for your care to supply me with money; I should be sorry not to see you till I wanted it, for yesterday I gave six score pounds for a horse of my cousin Clumsey's, who kisses your hands. This may appear an argument that I shall want the sooner, but if I had been in danger of that, I would have ventured my body upon a worse horse. If I durst write thus freely of all things, you should have volumes, but by this constraint, I fear I have writ too much nonsense; for I can truly say of my writing in characters, as a great man of this kingdom said of his speaking, that he never knew what he meant to speak, before he spake, nor what he had said, after he had spoken. Pray let my Lady Leicester know, that to write news, without or with a cypher, is inconvenient; ill compliments I dare not, having heard her so often declaim against good ones, so that out of my respect I forbear writing often to her. I hear that Leicester has refused to shew his instructions to the Parliament without the King's leave, which resolution I hope he will not alter, lest it should be prejudicial to him; for the King is in so good condition at this time, that if the Parliament would restore all his right, unless the Parliament will deliver up to a legal trial all those persons named in his long ———, and some others, he will not hearken to peace. I hope Northumberland is in no danger, for besides the relation to him by you, I have been so obliged to him, that I very often think of him. The Parliament's confidence which you spoke of in your letter is put on, for really they are in ill condition, and it is impossible but they

they must know it. I never saw the King look better, he is very cheerful, and by the bawdy discourse I thought I had been in the drawing room. Money comes in beyond expectation, the foot are reasonably well paid; the horse have not been paid, but live upon the country. The King is very good of himself, and would be so still, were it not for evil counsellors: for he gives very strict order, that as little spoil be made as is possible. To-morrow we march to Birmingham*, and so on the road to London, from whence, by the grace of God, I will come to Penshurst, where I hope to see you past all your pains. I wrote to you last, to desire you to invite all my sisters to you, for I doubt London will be shortly a very ill place. I am yours, and my Lady Carlisle's humble servant. You see I have not spared my pains, but unless you have received a letter that I writ to you from ———, you will not well understand the inclosed: pray keep it to yourself, for I send it to you to have your opinion, whether it be ridiculous or no. I am yours.

LETTER XLII.

Robert Lord Spencer, to his Lady Dorothy, daughter of Robert Earl of Leicester.

My dearest heart,

THE King's sudden resolution of going before Gloucester, hath extremely disappointed me; for when I went from Bristol on Monday morning, he was resolved to come hither this day, and to that purpose sent his troop before. Upon this, I, and two or three gentlemen agreed to meet his Majesty here this day, and to take the Bath in our way, which we did accordingly; by which means, we missed his Majesty, being gone this morning towards Gloucester; and to-morrow morning he will be before it, where I intend to wait upon him. The King's going to Gloucester is in the opinion of most very unadvised. I find the Queen is unsatisfied with it; so is all the people of quality. I am not able to give you any account upon what grounds the King took this resolution: it may be you will think, that I am sparing of my pains, but really had I any more to

say, I would set it down. You will receive two other letters from me by this messenger, one of which I wrote before my going hence, the other at Bristol; they are of so old a date that I should do you a great service to burn them; but because you often reproach me for failing in this kind of kindness, I will send them, hoping that you will receive them kindly, according to the intention of him that wrote them; who is most passionately yours.

Aug. 9th, at sunset, 1643.

I do most humbly kiss my Lady Leicester's hands.

LETTER XLIII.

From the same to the same.

My dearest heart,

JUST as I was coming out of the trenches, on Wednesday, I received your letter of the 20th of this instant, which gave me so much satisfaction, that it put all the inconveniences of this siege out of my thoughts. At that instant, if I had followed my own inclinations, I had returned an answer to yours; writing to you, and hearing from you, being the most pleasant entertainment that I am capable of in any place; but especially here, where, but when I am in the trenches (which place is seldom without my company), I am more solitary than ever I was in my life; this country being very full of little private cottages, in one of which I am quartered, where my Lord Falkland did me the honour, last night, to sup: Mr. Chillingworth* is now here with me, in Sir Nicholas Selwin's place, who has been this week at Oxford; our little engineer comes not hither so much out of kindness to me as for his own conveniency, my quarter being three or four miles nearer the leaguer than my Lord of Devonshire's, with whom he stayed till he was commanded to make ready his engines with all possible speed. It is not to be imagined with what diligence and satisfaction (I mean to himself) he executes this command; for my part, I think it not unwisely done of him to change his profession, and I think you would have been of my mind if you had heard him

* October 14th, 1642, the King marched to Birmingham.

* A famous divine.

dispute last night with my Lord Falkland in favour of Socinianism; wherein he was by his Lordship so often confounded, that really it appears he has much more reason for his engine than for his opinion: I put off my writing till last night, out of hopes that something here would have happened worthy your knowledge, more than what I wrote to you the day before; and you see what good company made me defer it last night, at which time I was newly come from our leaguer, whither I thought to have gone this morning; but I have got such an angry pimple, or rather a kind of a small bile, in such a place that as I cannot ride without pain, so I cannot with modesty make a more particular description.

_____ find that we had only an alarm, which they gave to hinder our working, not daring to sally any more, being so well beaten the last time: the night before they offered to make a sally, forty or fifty of them being without their sally port, but we instantly beat them back. Our gallery will be finished within this day or two, and then we shall soon dispatch our mine, and them with it. Many of the soldiers are confident that we shall have the town within this four days, which I extremely long for, not that I am weary of the siege; for really though we suffer many inconveniences, yet I am not ill pleased at this variety, so directly opposite to one another, as the being in the trenches with so much good company, together with the noise and tintamarre of guns and drums, the horrid spectacles, and hideous cries, of dead and hurt men, is to the solitariness of my quarter; together with all the marks of peace, which often bring into my thoughts (notwithstanding your mother's opinion of me) how infinitely more happy I should esteem myself quietly to enjoy your company at Althorpe, than to be troubled with the noises, and engaged in the factions of the court, which I shall ever endeavour to avoid; should that be compassed, nothing on my part shall be omitted, he being as he tells me, now contriving how to lay the business so with _____ and Lord Jermin, who professed much kindness _____

_____ that it may in probability, take _____

_____ notwithstanding _____

_____ I thought it would not be amiss to acquaint you with this, because it may interrupt your friend _____ his business; for it appears so foul a business to my friend _____, that he told me he would endeavour to do them both all the service he could, by keeping it off; but if that cannot be done; and that it is necessary for _____ to be engaged (which if it is possible he will avoid) in justice he must be very severe to that person who is very kind to him (pardon this outrageous parenthesis); but that I would be glad to know what resolution we shall take upon it, that I might order my own private business accordingly. I shall endeavour to provide you better lodgings at Oxford, and will be careful to furnish them according to your desire; which I forbear yet to do, because it is not yet certain that we shall not take in Coventry and Northampton in our way to London. I have writ two or three letters to you since that which Alibone brought you, in one of which I took notice of Holdenby, by which I am more disoblighd than by any thing that was in his power to do: Sunderland was not at all concerned in it for himself; for his principal design was, so to order that business that Lady Sunderland might have had it after him, who, should he die now, would be destitute of a good house. I am able to give you no account of the Earls of Bedford, Clare, and Holland: nothing being resolved concerning them when I came from Oxford, more than that they should be very well used, but without doubt they will ere long be better received than they ought to expect. When we were at Bristol, Sir William was there, but I hear that he is now lately gone to Hereford, for which I envy him, and all others, that can go to their own houses; but I hope ere long you will let me have your company, and Popet's, the thought of which is to me most pleasant, and passionately desired by yours.

Aug. 25th, from before Gloucester.

Since I wrote this, I hear the King goes to-morrow to Oxford, from whence he will return on Monday, whither I cannot ride without pain, and therefore intend

intend not to wait upon him. Sir William Killigrew is your servant, to whom the King has given the reversion of Pendennis Castle, after Arundell, who is threescore and ten; with which he is extremely pleased, it being the thing in the world he most desired.

LETTER XLIV.

Robert Lord Spencer, to his Lady Dorothy, daughter of Robert Earl of Leicester, four days before the fight of Newberry, where he was slain.

SINCE I wrote to you last from Sulbey, we had some hopes one day to fight with my Lord of Essex's army, we receiving certain intelligence of his being in a field convenient enough, called Ripple Field, towards which we advanced with all possible speed; upon which he retired with the body of his army to Tewkesbury, where by the advantage of the bridge, he was able to make good his quarter, with five hundred men, against twenty thousand. So that though we were at so near a distance, as we could have been with him in two hours; his quarter being so strong, it was resolved on Thursday, that we seeing for the present he would not fight with us, we should endeavour to force him to it by cutting off his provisions; for which purpose, the best way was, for the body of our army to go back to Evesholme, and for our horse to distress him: upon which I, and many others, resolved to come for a few days hither, there being no probability of fighting very suddenly, where we arrived late on Thursday night. As soon as I came, I went to your father's, where I found Alibone, with whose face I was better pleased than with any of the ladies here. This expression is so much a bolder thing than charging my Lord Essex, that should this letter miscarry, and come to the knowledge of our dames, I should, by having my eyes scratched out, be cleared from coming away from the army for fear; where if I had stayed, it is odds I should not have lost more than one. Last night very good news came to court, that we, yesterday morning, fell upon a horse quarter of the enemies, and cut off a regiment, and that my Lord of Newcastle hath killed and taken prisoners, two whole regiments of horse and foot that

issued out of Hull; which place he hath great hopes to take ere long. By the same messenger, last night, the King sent the Queen word that he would come hither on Monday or Tuesday; upon one of which days, if he alter his resolutions, I shall not fail to return to the army. I am afraid our sitting down before Gloucester has hindered us from making an end of the war this year, which nothing could keep us from doing, if we had a month's more time, which we lost there, for we never were in a more prosperous condition; and yet the divisions do not at all diminish, especially betwixt ——— and ———, by which we received prejudice. I never saw ——— use any body with more neglect than ———, and we say he is not used much better by the Queen. Mrs. Jernyn met my Lord Jernyn (who, notwithstanding your intelligence, is but a Baron) with whom I came, at Woodstoke, with a coach, who told me she would write to you, which I hope she hath done; for since I came here, I have seen no creature but your father and my uncle; so that I am altogether ignorant of the intrigues of this place. Before I go hence, I hope somebody will come from you, howsoever I shall have a letter here for you. I have taken the best care I can about my economical affairs; I am afraid I shall not be able to get you a better house, every body thinking me mad for speaking about it. Pray bless Popet* for me, and tell her I would have writ to her; but that, upon mature deliberation, I found it to be uncivil to return an answer to a lady, in another character than her own, which I am not yet learned enough to do. I cannot by walking about my chamber, call any thing more to mind to set down here, and really I have made you no small compliment in writing thus much; for I have so great a cold, that I do nothing but sneeze, and mine eyes do nothing but water, all the while I am in this posture of hanging down my head. I beseech you to present his service to my lady, who is most passionately and perfectly yours.

Oxford, September the 16th, 1643.

My humble service to Lady Lucy, and the other little ladies.

* She was his daughter, and afterwards Marchioness of Halifax.

LETTER XLV.

Robert Earl of Leicester, to his daughter Dorothy Countess of Sunderland, on the death of the Earl her husband, who lost his life, valiantly fighting for King Charles the First, at the battle of Newberry, 20th Sept. 1643.

My dear Doll,

I KNOW it is no purpose to advise you not to grieve; that is not my intention; for such a loss as yours cannot be received indifferently, by a nature so tender and so sensible as yours; but though your affection to him whom you loved so dearly, and your reason in valuing his merit (neither of which you could do too much), did expose you to the danger of that sorrow which now oppresseth you; yet if you consult with that affection, and with that reason, I am persuaded that you will see cause to moderate that sorrow; for your affection to that worthy person may tell you, that even to it you cannot justify yourself, if you lament his being raised to a degree of happiness, far beyond any that he did or could enjoy upon the earth; such as depends upon no uncertainties, nor can suffer no diminution; and wherein, though he knew your sufferings, he could not be grieved at your afflictions. And your reason will assure you, that beside the vanity of bemoaning that which hath no remedy, you offend him whom you loved, if you hurt that person whom he loved. Remember how apprehensive he was of your dangers, and how sorry for any thing that troubled you: imagine that he sees how you afflict and hurt yourself; you will then believe, that though he looks upon it without any perturbation, for that cannot be admitted, by that blessed condition wherein he is, yet he may censure you, and think you forgetful of the friendship that was between you, if you pursue not his desires, in being careful of yourself, who was so dear unto him. But he sees you not; he knows not what you do; well, what then! Will you do any thing that would displease him if he knew it, because he is where he doth not know it? I am sure that was never in your thoughts; for the rules of your actions were, and must be, virtue, and affection to your husband, not the consideration of his ignorance or knowledge of what you do;

that is but an accident; neither do I think that his presence was at any time more than a circumstance, not at all necessary to your abstaining from those things which might displease him. Assure yourself, that all the sighs and tears that your heart and eyes can sacrifice unto your grief are not such testimonies of your affection, as the taking care of those whom he loved, that is, of yourself and of those pledges of your mutual friendship and affection which he hath left with you; and which, though you would abandon yourself, may justly challenge of you the performance of their father's trust, reposed in you, to be careful of them. For their sakes, therefore, assuage your grief; they all have need of you, and one, especially, whose life, as yet, doth absolutely depend on yours. I know you lived happily, and so as nobody but yourself could measure the contentment of it. I rejoiced at it, and did thank God for making me one of the means to procure it for you. That now is past, and I will not flatter you so much, as to say, I think you can ever be so happy in this life again: but this comfort you owe me, that I may see you bear this change and your misfortunes patiently. I shall be more pleased with that than with the other, by as much as I esteem virtue and wisdom in you, more than any inconstant benefits that fortune could bestow upon you: it is likely that, as many others do, you will use examples to authorise the present passion which possesseth you; and you may say, that our Saviour himself did weep for the death of one he loved; that is true; but we must not adventure too far after his example in that, no more than a child should run into a river, because he saw a man wade through; for neither his sorrow, nor any other passion could make him sin; but it is not so with us: he was pleased to take our infirmities, but he hath not imparted to us his power to limit or restrain them; for if we let our passions loose, they will grow headstrong, and deprive us of the power which we must reserve to ourselves, that we may recover the government which our reason and our religion ought to have above them. I doubt not but your eyes are full of tears, and not the emptier for those they shed. God comfort you, and let us join in prayer to him, that he will

be pleased to give his grace to you, to your mother, and to myself, that all of us may resign and submit ourselves entirely and cheerfully to his pleasure. So nothing shall be able to make us unhappy in this life, nor to hinder us from being happy in that which is eternal. Which that you may enjoy at the end of your days, whose number I wish as great as of any mortal creature; and that through them all you may find such comforts as are best and most necessary for you; it is, and shall ever be, the constant prayer of your father that loves you dearly.

Oxford, 10th October, 1643.

LETTER XLVI.

Robert Earl of Leicester to the Queen, at Oxford, desiring to know why he was dismissed from the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Madam,

SUFFER yourself, I beseech you, to receive from a person, happy heretofore in your Majesty's good opinion, this humble petition: That whereas the King hath conferred a great honour upon me, which now he hath taken from me, after a long and expenceful attendance for my dispatch; and after his Majesty had divers times signified, not only to me, but to my Lord Percy also, his intention to send me into Ireland; since which, I cannot imagine what I have done, to alter his Majesty's just and gracious purpose towards me.

And whereas it hath pleased the King to tell me lately that he had both acquainted your Majesty at the first, with his intention to give me that employment, and since, that he would deprive me of it; I humbly conceive it to be very likely, that the King hath also told your Majesty the cause that moved him to it; for, I presume, that upon a servant of his, and yours, recommended to his favour by your Majesty, he would not put such a disgrace without telling your Majesty the reason why he did it; but, as I could never flatter myself with any conceit that I had deserved that honour, so I cannot accuse myself neither of having deserved to be dispossessed of it in a manner so extraordinary, and so unusual to the King, to punish without shewing the causes of his displeasure.

In all humility, therefore, I beseech your Majesty to let me know my fault, which I am confident I shall acknowledge, as soon as I may see it; for though it be too late to offer such satisfaction as, being graciously accepted, might have prevented the misfortune which has fallen upon me; yet I may present the testimonies of my sorrow for having given any just cause of offence to either of your Majesties.

I seek not to recover my office, Madam, but your good opinion; or to obtain your pardon, if my fault be but of error; and that I may either have the happiness to satisfy your Majesties that I have not offended, and so justify my first innocence, or gain repentance, which I may call a second innocence. I must confess, this is a great importunity; but, I presume, your Majesty will forgive it, if you please to consider how much I am concerned in that which brings instant destruction to my fortune, present dishonour to myself, and the same, for ever, to my poor family; for I might have passed away unregarded and unremembered. But now, having been raised to an eminent place, and dispossessed of it otherwise than I think any of my predecessors in that place have been, the usual time being not expired, no offence objected, nor any recompence assigned; I shall be transmitted to the knowledge of following times, with a mark of distrust, which I cannot but think an infamy, full of grief to myself, and of prejudice to my posterity.

For these reasons, I humbly beseech your Majesty to make my offence to appear, that I may undeceive myself, and see that it was but a false integrity which I have boasted and presumed upon, that others may know that which yet they can but suspect; and that I may no longer shelter myself under the vain protection of a pretended affection to the King and your Majesty's service, nor under the excuse of ignorance or infirmity: but let me bear the whole burden of disloyalty and ingratitude, which admits no protection nor excuse. And I humbly promise your Majesty, that if either of those crimes be proved against me, I never will be so impudent as to importune you for my pardon. But if I be no otherwise guilty than a misinformation, or misfortune, many times makes men in this world; then I beg
leave

leave to think still, that I have been a faithful subject and servant to the King. And though I renounce all other worldly contentments, whilst the miseries of these times endure, wherein the King, your Majesty, and the whole kingdom suffer so much that it would be a shame for any private man to be happy, and a sin to think himself so; yet there is one happiness that I may justify; therefore I aspire unto it, and humbly desire it of your Majesty, that you will be pleased to think of me as of your Majesty's most faithful and most obedient creature.

9th December, 1643.

LETTER XLVII.

Algernon Sidney to his father, Robert Earl of Leicester.

My Lord,

THE passage of letters from England hither is so uncertain, that I did not, until within these very few days, hear the sad news of my mother's death. I was then with the King of Sweden at Nyköping in Falster. This is the first opportunity I have had, of sending to condole with your Lordship, a loss that is so great to yourself and your family: of which my sense was not so much diminished, in being prepared by her long, languishing, and certainly incurable sickness, as increased by the last words and actions of her life. I confess, persons in such tempers are most fit to die, but they are also most wanted here; and we that for a while are left in the world, are most apt, and perhaps with reason, to regret most the loss of those we most want. It may be, light and human passions are most suitably employed upon human and worldly things, wherein we have some sensible concernment; thoughts, absolutely abstracted from ourselves, are more suitable unto that steadiness of mind that is much spoken of, little sought, and never found, than that which is seen amongst men. It were a small compliment for me to offer your Lordship to leave the employment in which I am, if I may in any thing be able to ease your Lordship's solitude. If I could propose that to myself, I would cheerfully leave a condition of much more pleasure and advantage than I can with reason hope for.

LETTER XLVIII.

Dr. Sharp to the Duke of Buckingham; with Queen Elizabeth's speech to her army at Tilbury Fort.

I REMEMBER, in eighty-eight, waiting upon the Earl of Leicester at Tilbury Camp, and in eighty-nine, going into Portugal with my noble master, the Earl of Essex, I learned somewhat fit to be imparted to your Grace.

The Queen, lying in the camp one night, guarded with her army, the old Lord Treasurer Burleigh came thither, and delivered to the Earl the examination of Don Pedro, who was taken and brought in by Sir Francis Drake, which examination the Earl of Leicester delivered unto me to publish to the army in my next sermon. The sum of it was this:

Don Pedro being asked, what was the intent of their coming, stoutly answered the Lords, What, but to subdue your nation, and root it out?

Good, said the Lords; and what meant you then to do with the Catholics? He answered, We meant to send then (good men) directly unto Heaven, as all you that are heretics to hell. Yea, but said the Lords, what meant you to do with your whips of cord and wire? (whereof they had great store in their ships) What? said he, we meant to whip you heretics to death, that have assisted my master's rebels, and done such dishonours to our Catholic King and people. Yea, but what would you have done, said they, with their young children? They, said he, which were above seven years old, should have gone the way their fathers went; the rest should have lived, branded in the forehead with the letter L. for Lutheran, to perpetual bondage.

This, I take God to witness, I received of those great Lords upon examination taken by the council, and by commandment delivered it to the army.

The Queen, the next morning, rode through all the squadrons of her army, as armed Pallas, attended by noble footmen, Leicester, Essex, and Norris then Lord Marshal, and divers other great Lords. Where she made an excellent oration to her army, which the next day after her departure, I was commanded to re-deliver to all the army together, to keep

keep a public fast. Her words were these:

"My loving people, we have been
 "persuaded by some that are careful of
 "our safety, to take heed how we com-
 "mit ourself to armed multitudes for
 "fear of treachery: but I assure you, I
 "do not desire to live to distrust my
 "faithful and loving people. Let tyrants
 "fear; I have always so behaved myself,
 "that under God I have placed my
 "chiefest strength and safeguard in the
 "loyal hearts and good-will of my sub-
 "jects. And therefore I am come
 "amongst you as you see, at this time,
 "not for my recreation and disport, but
 "being resolved in the midst and heat
 "of the battle to live or die amongst
 "you all, to lay down for my God, and
 "for my kingdom, and for my people,
 "my honour, and my blood, even in the
 "dust. I know I have the body but of
 "a weak and feeble woman, but I have
 "the heart and stomach of a King, and
 "of a king of England too; and think
 "foul scorn, that Parma, or Spain, or
 "any Prince in Europe, should dare to
 "invade the borders of my realm; to
 "which, rather than any dishonour
 "should grow by me, I myself will
 "take up arms, I myself will be your
 "general, judge, and rewarder of every
 "one of your virtues in the field. I
 "know already for your forwardness,
 "you have deserved rewards and
 "crowns; and we do assure you in the
 "word of a Prince, they shall be duly
 "paid you. In the mean time, my
 "Lieutenant General shall be in my
 "stead, than whom never Prince com-
 "manded a more noble or worthy sub-
 "ject; not doubting but by your obe-
 "dience to my general, by your con-
 "cord in the camp, and your valour in
 "the field, we shall shortly have a fa-
 "mous victory over those enemies of
 "my God, of my kingdoms, and of my
 "people."

This I thought would delight your
 Grace, and no man hath it but myself,
 and such as I have given it to; and
 therefore I made bold to send it unto you,
 if you have it not already.

LETTER XLIX.

Lord Bacon to James I.

It may please your most excellent majesty,
 I no many times with gladness, and
 for a remedy of my other labours, re-
 volve in my mind the great happiness
 which God (of his singular goodness)
 hath accumulated upon your majesty
 every way; and how complete the same
 would be, if the state of your means were
 once rectified and well ordered; your
 people military and obedient, fit for war,
 used to peace; your church enlightened
 with good preachers, as an heaven with
 stars; your judges learned, and learning
 from you just, and just by your exam-
 ple; your nobility in a right distance be-
 tween crown and people, no oppressors
 of the people, no overshadowers of the
 crown; your council full of tributes of
 care, faith, and freedom; your gentlemen
 and justices of peace willing to apply
 your royal mandates to the nature of
 their several counties, but ready to obey;
 your servants in awe of your wisdom, in
 hope of your goodness; the fields grow-
 ing every day, by the improvement and
 recovery of grounds; from the desert to
 the garden; the city grown from wood
 to brick; your sea-walls, or *pomerium* of
 your island surveyed, and in edifying;
 your merchants embracing the whole
 compass of the world, east, west, north,
 and south; the times giving you peace,
 and yet offering you opportunities of
 action abroad; and, lastly, your excellent
 royal issue entailing these blessings and
 favours of God to descend to all poste-
 rity. It resteth, therefore, that God
 having done so great things for your ma-
 jesty, and you for others, you would do
 so much for yourself as to go through
 (according to your good beginnings)
 with the rectifying and settling of your
 estate and means, which only is wanting.
Hoc rebus deficit unum. I therefore, whom
 only love and duty to your majesty, and
 your royal line hath made a financier,
 do intend to present unto your majesty a
 perfect book of your estate, like a per-
 spective glass, to draw your estate near
 to your sight; beseeching your majesty
 to conceive, that if I have not attained
 to that that I would do in this which is
 not proper for me, nor in my element,
 I shall make your majesty amends in some
 other thing in which I am better bred.
 God ever preserve, &c.

LETTER I.

Sir Walter Raleigh to James I.

IT is one part of the office of a just and worthy prince to hear the complaints of his vassals, especially such as are in great misery. I know not, amongst many other presumptions gathered against me, how your majesty hath been persuaded that I was one of them who were greatly discontented, and therefore the more likely to prove disloyal. But the great God so relieve me in both worlds as I was the contrary; and I took as great comfort to behold your majesty, and always learned some good, and bettering my knowledge by hearing your majesty's discourse. I do most humbly beseech your sovereign majesty not to believe any of those in my particular, who, under pretence of offences to kings, do easily work their particular revenge. I trust no man, under the colour of making examples, should persuade your majesty to leave the word *merciful* out of your style; for it will be no less profit to your majesty, and become your greatness than the word *invincible*. It is true, that the laws of England are no less jealous of the kings than Cæsar was of Pompey's wife; for notwithstanding she was cleared for having company with Claudius, yet for being suspected he condemned her. For myself, I protest before almighty God, and I speak it to my master and sovereign, that I never invented treason against him; and yet I know I shall fall *in manibus eorum, a quibus non possum exadere*, unless by your majesty's gracious compassion I be sustained. Our law therefore, most merciful prince, knowing her own cruelty, and knowing that she is wont to compound treason out of presumptions and circumstances doth give this charitable advice to the king her supreme, *Non solum sapiens esse sed & misericors. &c. Cum tutius sit reddere rationem misericordie quam judicii*. I do, therefore, on the knees of my heart beseech your majesty, from your own sweet and comfortable disposition, to remember that I have served your majesty twenty years, for which your majesty hath yet given me no reward: and it is fitter I should be indebted unto my sovereign lord, than the king to his poor vassal. Save me therefore, most merciful prince, that I may owe your majesty my life itself, than which there

cannot be a greater debt. Limit me at least, my sovereign lord, that I may pay it for your service when your majesty shall please. If the law destroy me, your majesty shall put me out of your power, and I shall have none to fear but the King of kings.

LETTER II.

Sir Walter Raleigh to Sir Robert Cur.

Sir,

AFTER many losses and many years sorrows, of both which I have cause to fear I was mistaken in their ends, it is come to my knowledge, that yourself (whom I know not but by an honourable favour) hath been persuaded to give me and mine my last fatal blow, by obtaining from his majesty the inheritance of my children and nephews, lost in law for want of a word. This done, there remaineth nothing with me but the name of life. His majesty, whom I never offended (for I hold it unnatural and unmanlike to hate goodness), staid me at the grave's brink; not that I thought his majesty thought me worthy of many deaths, and to behold mine cast out of the world with myself, but as a king that knoweth the poor in truth, hath received a promise from God that his throne shall be established.

And for you, Sir, seeing your fair day is but in the dawn, mine drawn to the setting; your own virtues and the king's grace assuring you of many fortunes and much honour; I beseech you begin not your first building upon the ruins of the innocent, and let not mine and their sorrows attend your first plantation. I have ever been bound to your nation, as well for many other graces, as for the true report of my trial to the king's majesty; against whom had I been malignant, the hearing of my cause would not have changed enemies into friends, malice into compassion, and the minds of the greatest number then present into the commiseration of mine estate. It is not the nature of foul treason to beget such fair passions: neither could it agree with the duty and love of faithful subjects (especially of your nation) to bewail his overthrow that had conspired against their most natural and liberal lord. I therefore trust that you will not be the first that shall kill us outright, cut down the tree with the fruit, and undergo the curse

of them that enter the fields of the fatherless; which if it please you to know the truth, is far less in value than in fame. But that so worthy a gentleman as yourself will rather bind us to you (being six gentlemen not base in birth and alliance) which have interest therein; and myself, with my uttermost thankfulness, will remain ready to obey your commandments.

LETTER LII.

Sir Walter Raleigh to Prince Henry, Son of James I.

May it please your Highness,

THE following lines are addressed to your highness from a man who values his liberty, and a very small fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honours that he could any where enjoy under any other establishment.

You see, Sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained of calling your royal father, God's vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonour of God, and the impeachment of his majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulations; but your youth, and the thirst of praise which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my prince! Hear them not, fly from their deceits; you are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good must be conveyed from you. Your father is called the vicegerent of heaven; while he is good he is the vicegerent of heaven. Shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my prince; let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he has in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people, will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your

noble nature. Exert yourself, O generous prince, against such sycophants, in the glorious cause of liberty; and assume such an ambition worthy of you, to secure your fellow creatures from slavery; from a condition as much below that of brutes, as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of free agents; and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from God. While your highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many common places in your study of the science of government; when you mean nothing but justice they are an ease and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellations of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their very appearance, without applauding it as a benefit. Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions; while this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended? The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentence have a force of beauty. Whatever some men would insinuate you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men; the soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclinations. Chuse therefore to be the king or the conqueror of your people; it may be submission, but it cannot be obedience that is passive. I am, Sir, your highness's most faithful servant.

London, Aug. 12, 1611.

LETTER LIII.

Lord Bacon to James I. after his Disgrace.

To the King.

It may please your most excellent majesty.

IN the midst of my misery, which is rather assuaged by remembrance than by hope, my chiefest worldly comfort is to think, that since the time I had the

first

first vote of the commons house of parliament for commissioner of the union, until the time that I was, by this last parliament, chosen by both houses for their messenger to your majesty in the petition of religion (which two were my first and last services), I was evermore so happy as to have my poor services graciously accepted by your majesty, and likewise not to have had any of them miscarry in my hands; neither of which points I can any wise take to myself, but ascribe the former to your majesty's goodness, and the latter to your prudent directions, which I was ever careful to have and keep. For, as I have often said to your majesty, I was towards you but as a bucket and cistern, to draw forth and conserve, whereas yourself was the fountain. Unto this comfort of nineteen years prosperity, there succeeded a comfort even in my greatest adversity, somewhat of the same nature, which is, that in those offences wherewith I was charged, there was not any one that had special relation to your majesty, or any your particular commandments. For as towards Almighty God there are offences against the first and second table, and yet all against God; so with the servants of kings, there are offences more immediate against the sovereign, although all all offences against law are also against the king. Unto which comfort there is added this circumstance, that as my faults were not against your majesty, otherwise than as all faults are; so my fall was not your majesty's act, otherwise than as all acts of justice are yours. This I write not to insinuate with your majesty, but as a most humble appeal to your majesty's gracious remembrance, how honest and direct you have ever found me in your service, whereby I have an assured belief, that there is in your majesty's own princely thoughts, a great deal of serenity and clearness towards me, your majesty's now prostrate and cast down servant.

Neither, my most gracious sovereign, do I, by this mention of my former services, lay claim to your princely graces and bounty, though the privilege of calamity doth bear that form of petition. I know well, had they been much more, they had been but my bounden duty; nay, I must also confess, that they were from time to time, far above my merit, over and super-rewarded by your ma-

jesty's benefits, which you heaped upon me. Your majesty was and is that master to me, that raised and advanced me nine times, thrice in dignity, and six times in offices. The places were indeed the painfulest of all your services; but then they had both honour and profits; and the then profits might have maintained my now honours, if I had been wise; neither was your majesty's immediate liberality wanting towards me in some gifts if I may hold them. All this I do most thankfully acknowledge, and do herewith conclude, that for any thing arising from myself to move your eye of pity towards me, there is much more in my present misery than in my past services; save that the same, your majesty's goodness that may give relief to the one, may give value to the other.

And, indeed, if it may please your majesty, this theme of my misery is so plentiful, as it need not be coupled with any thing else. I have been somebody by your majesty's singular and undeserved favour, even the prime officer of your kingdom. Your majesty's arm hath often been laid over mine in council, when you presided at the table; so near was I! I have borne your majesty's image in metal, much more in my heart. I was never, in nineteen years service, chidden by your majesty; but, contrariwise, often overjoyed when your majesty would sometimes say, I was a good husband for you, though none for myself; sometimes, that I had a way to deal in business *suavibus modis*, which was the way which was most according to your own heart; and other most gracious speeches, of affections and trust, which I feed on to this day. But why should I speak of these things, which are now vanished? But only the better to express my downfal.

For now it is thus with me: I am a year and a half* old in misery; though I must ever acknowledge, not without some mixture of your majesty's grace and mercy. For I do not think it possible that any one, whom you once loved, should be totally miserable. Mine own means, through my own improvidence, are poor and weak, little better than my father left me. The poor things that I have had from your majesty are either in

* Therefore this was wrote near the middle of the year 1622.

question or at courtesy. My dignities remain marks of your past favour, but burdens of my present fortune. The poor remnants which I had of my former fortunes in plate or jewels, I have spread upon poor men unto whom I owed, scarce leaving myself a convenient subsistence; so as to conclude, I must pour out my misery before your majesty so far as to say, *Si tu desieris, perimus*.

But as I can offer to your majesty's compassion little arising from myself to move you, except it be my extreme misery, which I have truly opened: so looking up to your majesty's own self, I should think I committed Cain's fault, if I should despair. Your majesty is a king whose heart is as unscrutable for secret motions of goodness, as for depth of wisdom. Your are creator-like, factive, not destructive: you are the prince in whom hath ever been noted an aversion against any thing that favoured of an hard heart; as on the other side, your princely eye was wont to meet with any motion that was made on the relieving part. Therefore, as one that hath had the happiness to know your majesty near-hand, I have, most gracious sovereign, faith enough for a miracle, and much more for a grace, that your majesty will not suffer your poor creature to be utterly defaced, nor blot the name quite out of your book, upon which your sacred hand hath been so oft for the giving him new ornaments and additions.

Unto this degree of compassion, I hope God (of whose mercy towards me, both in my prosperity and adversity, I have had great testimonies and pledges, tho' mine own manifold and wretched unthankfulness might have averted them) will dispose your princely heart, already prepared to all piety you shall do for me*. And as all commiserable persons (especially such as find their hearts void of all malice) are apt to think that all men pity them, so I assure myself that the lords of your council, who, out of their wisdom and nobleness, cannot but be sensible of human events, will in this way which I go for the relief of my estate, further and advance your majesty's goodness towards me; for there is, as I conceive a kind of fraternity between great men that are, and those that have been, being but the several tenses of one

verb. Nay, I do farther presume, that both houses of parliament will love their justice the better, if it end not, in my ruin: for I have been often told by many of my lords, as it were in the way of excusing the severity of the sentence, that they knew they left me in good hands. And your majesty knoweth well I have been all my life long acceptable to those assemblies: not by flattery, but by moderation, and by honest expressing of a desire to have all things go fairly and well.

But if it may please your majesty (for saints I shall give them reverence, but no adoration; my address is to your majesty, the fountain of goodness) your majesty shall, by the grace of God, not feel that in gift which I shall extremely feel in help; for my desires are moderate, and my courses measured to a life orderly and reserved, hoping still to do your majesty honour in my way; only I most humbly beseech your majesty to give me leave to conclude with these words, which necessity speaketh: Help me, dear sovereign, lord and master, and pity so far, as that I, that have borne a bag, be not now in my age, forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor that I, that desire to live to study, may not be driven to study to live. I most humbly crave pardon of a long letter after a long silence. God of heaven ever bless, preserve, and prosper your majesty. Your majesty's poor ancient servant and bedsmān.

LETTER LIV.

Lord Baltimore to Lord Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford.

My Lord,

WERE not my occasions such as necessarily keep me here at this time, I would not send letters, but fly to you myself with all the speed I could, to express my own grief, and to take part of yours, which I know is exceedingly great, for the loss of so noble a lady, so virtuous and so loving a wife. There are few, perhaps, can judge of it better than I, who have been a long time myself a man of sorrows. But all things, my lord, in this world pass away: *statutum est*, wife, children, honour, wealth, friends, and what else is dear to flesh and blood; they are but lent us till God please to call

* Vouchsafe to express towards me.

call for them back again, that we may not esteem any thing our own, or set our hearts upon any thing but him alone, who only remains for ever. I beseech his almighty goodness to grant, that your lordship may, for his sake, bear this great cross with meekness and patience, whose only son our dear Lord and Saviour, bore a greater for you; and to consider that these humiliations, though they be very bitter, yet are they sovereign medicines ministered unto us by our heavenly physician to cure the sicknesses of our souls, if the fault be not ours. Good my lord, bear with this excess of zeal in a friend whose great affection to you transports him to dwell longer upon this melancholy theme that is needful to your lordship, whose own wisdom, assisted with God's grace, I hope, suggests unto you these and better resolutions than I can offer unto your remembrance. All I have to say more is but this, that I humbly and heartily pray for you to dispose of yourself and your affairs (the rites being done to the noble creature) as to be able to remove, as soon as conveniently you may, from those parts, where so many things represent themselves unto you, as to make your wound bleed afresh; and let us have you here, where the gracious welcome of your master, the conversation of your friends, and variety of businesses, may divert your thoughts the sooner from sad objects; the continuance whereof will but endanger your health, on which depends the welfare of your children, the comfort of your friends, and many other good things, for which I hope God will reserve you, to whose divine favour I humbly recommend you, and remain ever your lordship's most affectionate and faithful servant.

From my lodging in Lincoln's-
Inn-Fields, Oct. 11, 1631.

LETTER LV.

*Lord Wentworth, Lord Deputy of Ireland,
to the Earl of Portland, Lord Treasurer
to Charles I.*

May it please your Lordship,

SINCE I had the honour to serve his majesty, calumny and misreport have been my portions, which, for the most part, were passed over in silence and disdain; but when they dare attempt your lordship to my prejudice, then I confess they touch very nearly, considering that

if I commit any wilful crime here, where I have received, and to whom I profess so much, I must even acknowledge myself incapable any longer of trust or friendship amongst men.

Pardon me, therefore, I beseech your lordship, if I be as far from digesting this wrong, as I shall be ever found innocent from this guilt.

I understand some shameless person or other hath insinuated with your lordship as if I went about to be treasurer, and lays for a ground of that opinion my forwardness in his majesty's service. This I have cursorily and slightly in a letter from my cousin Wandesford; but with me it imprints, sinks, strikes deeper than to pass along so easily from me. Lord! with what shadows would they have overcast my negligence, with what darkness have benighted the least commission, that can fetch this conclusion out of those premises?

I will not deny, it is a full truth indeed, that there inhabits with me an infinite zeal and vigilance to serve my master, the most accepted way I can devise; nor shall any private ease or profit cool or lessen it, or any endeavour from abroad make me understand it as a fault to do so: yet, my lord, I do not greedily serve to repair a broken fortune, much less out of any ambitious desires, which (if any ever in me) were long ago laid to rest upon my receiving this place from his majesty, through the means of my friends, I confess (being then altogether a stranger to the king in service and person), and of them your lordship the very principal.

No, no, my lord, they are those sovereign and great duties I owe his majesty and your lordship, which thus provoke me beyond my own nature, rather to leave those cooler shades, wherein I took choicest pleasure, and thus put myself with you into the heat of the day, than poorly and meanly to start aside from my obligations, convinced in myself of the most wretched ingratitude in the whole world.

God knows how little delight I take in the outwards of this life, how infinitely ill satisfied I am with myself, to find daily those calm and quiet retirements, wherein to contemplate some things more divine and sacred than this world can afford us, at every moment interrupted through the importunity of the affairs I

have already. To heaven and earth I protest it, it grieves my very soul, and that is nothing but love (if I may be admitted a word of so near a distance, and of so little a courtship) to the persons of his majesty and yourself, that could make me take up this yoke and follow; no other affection or passion could effect it.

So, my lord, once for all, let me find belief with you; if I obtain it not from you with the greatest serenity possible (pardon me for saying so), you do that friendship and confidence, which ought to pass between men of honour, infinite wrong, and render yourself the most inexcusable man towards me that lives.

Let shame and confusion then cover me, if I do not abhor the intolerable anxiety I well understand to wait inseparably upon that staff, if I should not take a serpent as soon into my bosom, and, if I once find so mean a thought of me can enter into your heart, as that to compass whatever I could take most delight in, I should go about beguilefully to supplant any ordinary man (how much more then impotently to catch at such a staff and from my lord treasurer), if I leave not the court instantly, betake myself to my private fortune, reposedly seek my contentment and quiet within my own doors, and follow the dictamen of my own reason and conscience, more according to nature and liberty, than in those gyves which now pinch and hang upon me.

Thus you see how easily you may be rid of me when you list, and in good faith with a thousand thanks; yet be pleased not to judge, this proceeds out of any wayward weary humour in me neither; for my endeavours are as vigorous and as cheerful to serve the crown and you, as ever they were, nor shall you ever find them to faint or flakeur. I am none of those soft-tempered spirits; but I cannot endure to be mistaken, or suffer my purer and more intire affections to be soiled, or in the least degree prejudiced, with the loathsome and odious attributes of covetousness and ambitious falsehood. Do me but right in this, judge my watches to issue (as in faith they do) from those clearer cisterns. I lay my hand under your foot, I despise danger, I laugh at labour. Command me in all difficulties, in all confidence, in all readi-

ness, your Lordship's ever most faithful friend, and most humble servant.

York, this 21st of October 1632.

LETTER LVI.

Lord Wentworth to Sir William Saville.

My dear Nephew,

IT shall be much contentment unto me when the power or means I have may communicate any thing which may be of acceptation with you: and now that it hath pleased God to take from you your mother, I hold myself more bound to preserve a care for you, being sorry that my remoteness renders me of less use unto you now upon your entrance into the world, than perchance otherwise I might have been.

It is true, that it is not my custom to put myself into counsels uncalled, and having been a minister in the troublesome settlement of your estate, methought it might have stood well enough with civility and discretion to have let me be acquainted with the course of your new conveyances, when you and I were both at London last; being so made a stranger to that end, the effecting and accomplishing whereof I had so painfully endeavoured for so many years together.--- Surely neither I nor mine should have been a penny better by it; for I must tell you, for all the service I have done you and your house, I never had the worth of a groat forth of your purse, or the purse of your mother, and, which is more, never will; for I trust, by God's blessing, to leave my child an estate able to maintain him as a gentleman, without being burthensome to any.

And indeed, if I did not conceive this neglect was rather the good-will of Cookson than any formal direction of your own, I should resolve to perform my own duty towards the nearness of that blood which runs in our veins, without ever desiring to intermeddle at all in your counsels for the government of yourself and fortune; but indeed your years shew me, you were all discretion to be merely passive in that action, and no doubt having my Lord Keeper's advice therein, all is well and orderly disposed and executed.

Admit me then, in consideration and remembrance of your noble father, and that I may say to my own heart I have

not

not betrayed the trust he was pleased to repose in me, to deliver you my opinion, how you are futurely to dispose yourself and fortune; which, as it shall come from me with all the candour in the world, so doth it also with all the indifference possible; desiring God Almighty that you may not follow one word of advice of mine, where there is a better for you to govern yourself after.

Being then upon that period of life, that as you set forth now at first, you will in all likelihood continue so to the end, be it you take the paths of virtue or the contrary, you cannot consider yourself and advise and debate your actions with your friends too much; and till such time as experience hath ripened your judgment, it shall be great wisdom and advantage to distrust yourself, and to fortify your youth by the counsel of your more aged friends, before you undertake anything of consequence. It was the course that I governed myself by after my father's death, with great advantage to myself and affairs: and yet my breeding abroad hath shewn me more of the world than yours hath done, and I had natural reason like other men, only I confess I did in all things distrust myself; wherein you shall do, as I said, extremely well if you do so too.

I conceive you should lay aside all thoughts of going to London these four or five years; live in your own house; order and understand your own estate; inform and employ yourself in the affairs of the country; carry yourself respectively and kindly towards your neighbours: desire the company of such as are well governed and discreet amongst them, and make them as much as you can your friends; in country business keeping yourself from all faction; and at the first be not too positive, or take too much upon you, till you fully understand the course of proceedings; for, have but a little patience, and the command and government of that part of the country will infallibly fall into your hands, with honour to yourself, and contentment to others; whereas if you catch at it too soon, it will be but a means to publish your want of understanding and modesty, and that you shall grow cheap and in contempt before them that shall see you undertake that, where you are not able to guide yourself in your own way.

Be sure to moderate your expence, so

as it may be without foolish waste or mean savings; take your own accounts and betimes inure yourself to examine how your estate prospers, where it suffers, or where it is to be improved; otherwise there will such an easiness and neglect gather upon you, as it may be you will never patiently endure the labour of it whilst you live: and so as much as in you lies, cast from you that which, tends most to the preservation of your fortune of any other thing; for I am persuaded few men that understood their expence ever wasted; and few that do not ever well governed their estate.

Considering that your houses, in my judgment, are not suitable to your quality, nor yet your place and furniture, I conceive your expence ought to be reduced to two thirds of your estate, the rest saved to the accommodating of you in that kind: those things provided, you may, if you see cause, enlarge yourself the more.

In these and all things else, you shall do passing well to consult Mr. Greenwood, who hath seen much, is very well able to judge, and certainly most faithful to you. If you use him not most respectfully, you deal extreme ungratefully with him, and ill for yourself. He was the man your father loved and trusted above all men, and did as faithfully discharge the trust reposed in him, as ever in my time I knew any man do for his dead friend; taking excessive pains in settling your estate with all possible cheerfulness, without charge to you at all: his advice will be always upright, and you may safely pour your secrets into him, which by that time you have conversed a little more abroad in the world, you will find to be the greatest and noblest treasure this world can make any man owner of; and I protest to God, were I in your place, I would think him the greatest and best riches I did or could possess.

In any case, think not of putting yourself into court before you be thirty years of age at least; till your judgment be so awakened as that you may be able to discover and put aside such trains as will always infallibly be there laid for men of great fortunes by a company of flesh-flies, that ever buz up and down the palaces of princes: and this, let me tell you, I have seen many men of great estates come young thither and spend all, but

did I never see a good estate prosper amongst them that put itself forward before the master had an experience and knowledge how to husband and keep it: I having observed that the errors of young gallants in that kind ever proved fatal and irremediless, be their wits or providence never so great in playing their after-games, one only excepted; and how it may yet prove with him, God knows.

For your servants, neither use them so familiarly as to lose your reverence at their hands, nor so disdainfully as to purchase yourself their ill-will; but carry it in an equal temper towards them, both in punishments and rewards. For Cookson, I hold him a churlish proud-natured companion, but withal honest, and I am persuaded will be a good servant; if you keep him from drink, much better. Howbeit, you shall do well to take his accompts orderly and weekly, taking to you Mr. Greenwood to help you till you have gained the skill yourself.

You are left as weak in friends as any gentleman ever I knew of your quality; but how much more careful ought you then to be to oblige men by your respective courteous usage towards them, and provident circumspection towards yourself? You are, as I have observed, rash and hasty, apt to fall to censure others, and exercise your wit upon them: take heed of it, it is a quality of great offence to others, and danger towards a man's self: and that jeering, jesting demeanour is not to be used but where a man hath great interest in the person, and knows himself to be understood to love and respect him truly; with such a one, if the man be sad and wise to take and return it the right way, a man may be sometimes bold, but otherwise never.

Let no company or respect ever draw you to excess in drink, for be you well assured that if that ever possess you, you are instantly drunk to all honour and employment in the state; drunk to all the respects your friends will otherwise pay you, and shall by unequal staggering paces go to your grave with confusion of face, as well in them that love you, as in yourself; and therefore abhor all company that might entice you that way.

Spend not too much time, nor venture too much money at gaming; it is a great vanity that possesseth some men, and in most is occasioned by a greedy mind of

winning, which is a pursuit not becoming a generous noble heart, which will not brook such starving considerations as those.

In a word, guide yourself in all things in the paths of goodness and virtue, and so persevere therein, that you may thence take out those rules, which being learnt, may (when it comes to your turn) as well grace and enable you to lead and govern others, as (whilst you are learning of them) it will become you to follow and obey others; and thus shall you possess your youth in modesty, and your elder years in wisdom.

God Almighty prosper and bless you, in your person, in your lady, in your children, and in your estate, wherein no friend you have shall take more contentment than your most affectionate uncle and most faithful friend.

Dublin Castle, this 29th of December, 1633.

LETTER LVII.

Lord Wentworth to Archbishop Laud.

May it please your Grace,

I AM gotten hither to a poor house, I have, having been this last week almost feasted to death at York. In truth, for any thing I can find, they were not ill pleased to see me. Sure I am, it much contented me to be amongst my old acquaintance, which I would not leave for any other affection I have, but to that which I both profess and owe to the person of his sacred Majesty. Lord! with what quietness in myself could I live in comparison of that noise and labour I met with elsewhere; and I protest put up more crowns in my purse at the year's end too. But we'll let that pass. For I am not like to enjoy that blessed condition upon earth. And therefore my resolution is set, to endure and struggle with it so long as this crazy body will bear it; and finally drop into the silent grave, where both all these (which I now could, as I think, innocently delight myself in) and myself are to be forgotten; and fare them well. I persuade myself *exuto lepido* I am able to lay them down very quietly, and yet leave behind me, as a truth not to be forgotten, a perfect and full remembrance of my being your Grace's most humbly to be commanded.

Gawthorp, the 17th of Aug. 1636.

LETTER LVIII.

Charles I. to Lord Wentworth.

Wentworth,

CERTAINLY I should be much to blame not to admit so good a servant as you are to speak with me, since I deny it to none that there is not a just exception against; yet I must freely tell you, that the cause of this desire of yours, if it be known, will rather hearten than discourage your enemies; for, if they can once find that you apprehend the dark setting of a storm, when I say no, they will make you leave to care for any thing in a short while but for your fears. And, believe it, the marks of my favours that stop malicious tongues are neither places nor titles, but the little welcome I give to accusers, and the willing ear I give to my servants; this is, not to disparage those favours (for envy flies most at the fairest mark), but to shew their use; to wit, not to quell envy, but to reward service; it being truly so, when the master without the servant's importunity does it; otherwise men judge it more to proceed from the servant's wit, than the master's favour. I will end with a rule, that may serve for a statesman, a courtier, ora lover: never make a defence or apology before you be accused. And so I rest your assured friend.

Lindhurst, 3d Sept. 1636.

For my Lord Marshal, as you have armed me, so I warrant you.

LETTER LIX.

Charles I. to the Earl of Strafford.

Strafford,

THE misfortune that is fallen upon you by the strange mistaking and conjuncture of these times being such, that I must lay by the thought of employing you hereafter in my affairs; yet I cannot satisfy myself in honour or conscience, without assuring you (now in the midst of your troubles) that, upon the word of a King, you shall not suffer in life, honour, or fortune. This is but justice, and therefore a very mean reward from a master to so faithful and able a servant as you have shewed yourself to be; yet it is as much as I conceive the

present times will permit, though none shall hinder me from being your constant faithful friend.

Whitehall, April 23, 1641.

LETTER LX.

Earl of Strafford to his Son.

My dearest Will,

THESE are the last lines that you are to receive from a father that tenderly loves you. I wish there were a greater leisure to impart my mind unto you; but our merciful God will supply all things by his grace, and guide and protect you in all your ways: to whose infinite goodness I bequeath you; and therefore be not discouraged, but serve him, and trust in him, and he will preserve and prosper you in all things.

Be sure you give all respect to my wife, that hath ever had a great love unto you, and therefore will be well becoming you. Never be wanting in your love and care to your sisters, but let them ever be most dear unto you; for this will give others cause to esteem and respect you for it, and is a duty that you owe them in the memory of your excellent mother and myself; therefore your care and affection to them must be the very same that you are to have of yourself; and the like regard must you have to your youngest sister; for indeed you owe it to her also, both for her father and mother's sake.

Sweet Will, be careful to take the advice of those friends which are by me desired to advise you for your education. Serve God diligently morning and evening, and recommend yourself unto him, and have him before your eyes in all your ways. With patience hear the instructions of those friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their counsel; for, till you come by time to have experience in the world, it will be far more safe to trust to their judgments than your own.

Lose not the time of your youth, but gather those seeds of virtue and knowledge which may be of use to yourself, and comfort to your friends, for the rest of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereunto with patience, and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from anger. Suffer not sorrow

to cast you down, but with cheerfulness and good courage go on the race you have to run in all sobriety and truth. Be sure with an hallowed care to have respect to all the commandments of God, and give not yourself to neglect them in the least things, lest by degrees you come to forget them in the greatest; for the heart of man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than pensively, for God loves a cheerful giver. For your religion, let it be directed according to that which shall be taught by those which are in God's church the proper teachers therefore, rather than that you ever either fancy one to yourself, or be led by men that are singular in their own opinions, and delight to go ways of their own finding out; for you will certainly find soberness and truth in the one, and much unsteadiness and vanity in the other.

The king I trust will deal graciously with you, restore you those honours and that fortune which a distempered time hath deprived you of, together with the life of your father: which I rather advise might be by a new gift and creation from himself, than by any other means, to the end you may pay the thanks to him without having obligation to any other.

Be sure you avoid as much as you can to inquire after those that have been sharp in their judgments towards me, and I charge you never to suffer thought of revenge to enter your heart, but be careful to be informed who were my friends in this prosecution, and to them apply yourself to make them your friends also; and on such you may rely, and bestow much of your conversation amongst them.

And God Almighty of his infinite goodness bless you and your children's children; and his same goodness bless your sisters in like manner, perfect you in every good work, and give you right understandings in all things. Amen.
Your most loving father.

Tower, this 11th of May, 1641.

You must not fail to behave yourself towards my Lady Clare, your grandmother, with all duty and observance; for most tenderly doth she love you, and hath been passing kind unto me: God reward her charity for it. And both in this and all the rest, the same that I

counsel you, the same do I direct also to your sisters, that so the same may be observed by you all. And once more do I, from my very soul, beseech our gracious God to bless and govern you in all, to the saving you in the day of his visitation, and join us again in the communion of his blessed saints, where is fullness of joy and bliss for evermore. Amen.

LETTER LXI.

James Earl of Derby, to Commissary General Ireton, in answer to the summons sent the Earl to deliver up the Isle of Man.

Sir,

I HAVE received your letter with indignation, and with scorn return you this answer: That I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes that I should prove, like you, treacherous to my sovereign; since you cannot be ignorant of the manifest candour of my former actings in his late Majesty's service, from which principles of loyalty I am no whit departed. I scorn your proffer; I disdain your favour; I abhor your reason; and am so far from delivering up this island to your advantage, that I shall keep it to the utmost of my power, and, I hope, to your destruction. Take this for your final answer, and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messages of this nature, I will burn your paper, and hang up your messenger. This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be his Majesty's most loyal obedient subject.

From Castle-Town, this 12th July, 1649.

LETTER LXII.

Charles II. to the Duke of York.

Dear Brother,

I HAVE received yours without a date in which you mention that Mr. Montague has endeavoured to pervert you in your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you at my going away concerning that point, and am confident you will observe them. Yet the letters that come from Paris say, that it is the Queen's purpose

purpose to do all she can to change your religion, which, if you hearken to her, or any body else in that matter, you must never think to see England or me again; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me or my affairs from this time, I must lay all upon you as being the only cause of it. Therefore consider well what it is, not only to be the cause of ruining a brother that loves you so well, but also of your king and country. Do not let them persuade you either by force or fair promises; for the first they neither dare nor will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and will care no more for you.

I am also informed, that there is a purport to put you in the Jesuits' college, which I command you upon the same grounds never to consent unto. And whensoever any body shall go to dispute with you in religion, do not answer them at all; for though you have the reason on your side, yet they being prepared will have the advantage of any body that is not upon the same security that they are. If you do not consider what I say to you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were, to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it; which if you do not observe, this shall be the last time you will ever hear from, dear brother, your most affectionate brother.

Cologne, Nov. 10, 1654.

LETTER LXIII.

Oliver Cromwell to his Son H. Cromwell.

Son,

I HAVE seen your letter written unto Mr. Secretary Thurloe, and do find thereby that you are very apprehensive of the carriage of some persons with you towards yourself and the public affairs. I do believe there may be some particular persons who are not very well pleased with the present condition of things, and may be apt to shew their discontent as they have opportunity; but this should not make too great impressions on you. Time and patience may work them to a better frame of spirit, and bring them to see that which for the present seems to be hid from them: especially if they shall see your moderation and love towards them, whilst they are found in other ways

towards you: which I earnestly desire you to study and endeavour all that lies in you, whereof both you and I too shall have the comfort, whatsoever the issue and event thereof be.

For what you write of more help, I have long endeavoured it, and shall not be wanting to send you some further addition to the council as soon as men can be found out who are fit for that trust. I am also thinking of sending over to you a fit person, who may command the north of Ireland, which I believe stands in great need of one, and am of your opinion, that Trevor and Colonel Mervin are very dangerous persons. and may be made the heads of a new rebellion; and therefore I would have you move the council, that they be secured in some very safe place, and the farther out of their own countries the better. I commend you to the Lord, and rest your affectionate father.

21 Nov. 1655.

LETTER LXIV.

Lady Mary Cromwell to Henry Cromwell.

Dear Brother,

YOUR kind letters do so much engage my heart towards you, that I can never tell how to express in writing the true affection and value I have of you, who truly I think none that knows you but you may justly claim it from. I must confess myself in a great fault in the omitting of writing to you and your dear wife so long a time; but I suppose you cannot be ignorant of the reason, which truly has been the only cause, which is this business of my sister Frances and Mr. Rich. Truly I can truly say it, for these three months I think our family, and myself in particular, have been in the greatest confusion and trouble as ever poor family can be in: the Lord tell us his * * * * in it, and settle us, and make us what he would have us to be. I suppose you heard of the breaking off the business, and according to your desire in your last letter, as well as I can, I shall give you a full account of it, which is this: After a quarter of a year's admissions, my father and my Lord Warwick began to treat about the estate, and it seems my lord did not offer that that my father expected. I need not name particulars, for I suppose you may have had it from better hands; but if I may say the truth, I think

think it was not so much estate as some private reasons, that my father discovered to none but my sister Frances, and his own family, which was a dislike to the young person, which he had from some reports of his being a vicious man, given to play and such like things; which office was done by some that had a mind to break off the match. My sister, hearing these things, was resolved to know the truth of it, and truly did find all the reports to be false that were raised of him; and to tell you the truth, they were so much engaged in affection before this, that she could not think of breaking of it off; so that my sister engaged me, and all the friends she had, who truly were very few, to speak in her behalf to my father; which we did, but could not be heard to any purpose; only this my father promised, that if he were satisfied as to the report, the estate should not break it off, which she was satisfied with: but after this there was a second treaty, and my Lord Warwick desired my father to name what it was he demanded more, and to his utmost he would satisfy him; so my father upon this made new propositions, which my Lord Warwick has answered as much as he can; but it seems there is five hundred pounds a year in my Lord Rich's hands which he has power to sell, and there are some people that persuaded her Highness, that it would be dishonourable for him to conclude of it without these five hundred pounds a year be settled upon Mr. Rich after his father's death, and my Lord Rich having no esteem at all of his son, because he is not as bad as himself, will not agree to it; and these people upon this persuade my father, it would be a dishonour to him to yield upon these terms; it would shew, that he was made a fool on by my Lord Rich; which the truth is, how it should be, I cannot understand, nor very few else; and truly I must tell you privately, that they are so far engaged as the match cannot be broke off. She acquainted none of her friends with her resolution when she did it. Dear brother, this is as far as I can tell the state of the business. The Lord direct them what to do; and all I think ought to beg of God to pardon her in her doing of this thing, which I must say truly, she was put upon by the * * * of things. Dear, let me beg my excuses to my sister for not writing my best respects to her. Pardon

this trouble, and believe me, that I shall ever strive to approve myself, dear brother, your affectionate sister and servant.

June 23, 1656.

LETTER LXV.

Henry Cromwell to Lord Faulconberg.

My Lord, Sept. 8, 1658.

ALTHOUGH the last letters brought a very sad memento of mortality, yet I was not well enough prepared to receive yours by this post, without (it may be) too much consternation. I know the highest griefs arising from my natural affection to my dear father ought so far to give way, as to let me remember my present station; but I see more of this kind than I am able to practise; and truly when I recollect myself, and consider the desperate distractions which so nearly threaten us, I am quite lost in the way to the remedy. For I may truly tell your Lordship, that either through the design or unfaithfulness of my friends, or through their ignorance and incompetency for a work of that nature, I have never been acquainted with the inside either of things or persons, but fobbed off with intelligence about as much differing from Mabbot, as he from a Diurnall; so that I can contribute little to prevent our danger, more than by my prayers, and keeping the army and people under my charge in a good frame. I wish yours may be so kept in England. Methinks some begin their meetings very early. It may be they intend to give the law; but if they do not keep to what is honest, they may meet with disappointments. I do heartily thank your Lordship for your freedom and confidence in me. I am sure I cannot plead merit, but shall be glad to cherish that sympathy, or whatever else it is that makes me yours. I hope I shall always be just to your Lordship. Some late letters do a little revive us, and give hopes of his Highness's recovery; yet my trouble is exceeding great. I remain, &c.

LETTER LXVI.

Lord Broghill to Secretary Thurloe.

Dear Sir,

THOUGH I did on Monday last trouble you with a letter, yet having now also received the honour of another from

from you of the seventh instant. I could not but pay you my humble and hearty acknowledgments for it, and that in such a deep affliction as that you are under, and that load of business you support, you can yet oblige with your letters a person so unworthy of them, and so insignificant as I am. Your last is so express a picture of sorrow, that none could draw it so well that did not feel it. I know our late loss wounds deeply both the public and yourself, and yourself more upon the public account than your own. But I think sorrow for friends is more tolerable while they are dying than after they are dead. David's servants reasoned as ill as he himself did well; they concluded, if his grief were such when the child was but in danger of death, what would it be when he knew it was dead? He took and considered the thing another way; whilst there was life, that is, whilst the will of God was not declared, he thought it a duty to endeavour to move the mercy of God by his prayers and sorrow; but when God's pleasure was declared, he knew it was a duty cheerfully to yield unto it. I know, in the cause of grief now before us, I am the unfittest of any to offer comfort, which I need as much as any; and I know it is as unfit to offer to present it you, who, as you need it most of any, so you are ablest to afford it others above any: however, this one consideration of David's actings I could not but lay before you, it having proved an effectual consolation to me in the death of one I but too much loved. But I hope your sorrow for what is past does not drown your care for what is to come; nay, I am confident of it; for you that can in your sorrow and business mind me, makes me know your grief hinders us not from enjoying the accustomed effects of your care to the public; and while what we pay the dead does not obstruct what we owe the living, such sorrow is a debt, and not a fault.

In this nation his Highness has been proclaimed in most of the considerable places already, and in others he is daily a proclaiming, and indeed with signal demonstrations of love to his person, and of hope of happiness under his government.

I heartily join in all the good you say of him, and hope with you he will be happy if his friends stick to him; amongst all those I know you will; and I know

all promises with me are not kept, if you are not reckoned by him in the first rank, of which I have presumed to mind him in a letter I took the confidence to write unto him this week.

But I fear, while I thus trouble you, I give the honour of your letters a very disproportionate return; and therefore I will only now subscribe myself, what I am from the bottom of my heart, dear Sir, your most humble, most faithful, and most obliged affectionate servant,

Ballymallo, the 17th of September 1658.

LETTER LXVII.

Henry Cromwell to Richard Cromwell, Protector.

Sept. 28, 1658.

May it please your Highness,

I RECEIVED a letter from your Highness by Mr. Underwood, who, according to your commands, hath given me a particular account of the sickness and death of his late Highness, my dear father, which was such an amazing stroke that it did deeply affect the heart of every man, much more may it do those of a nearer relation. And indeed, for my own part, I am so astonished at it, that I know not what to say or write upon this so sad and grievous occasion. I know it is our duties upon all accounts to give submission to the will of God, and to be awakened by this mighty noise from the Lord to look into our own hearts and ways, and to put our mouths in the dust, acknowledging our own vileness and sinfulness before him; that so, if possible, we may thereby yet obtain mercy from him for ourselves and these poor nations. As this stroke was very stupendous, so the happy news of his late Highness leaving us so hopeful a foundation for our future peace, in appointing your Highness his successor, coming along with it to us, did not a little allay the other. For my part I can truly say I was relieved by it, not only upon the public consideration, but even upon the account of the goodness of God to our poor family, who hath preserved us from the contempt of our enemy. I gave a late account to Mr. Secretary Thurloe of what passed about the proclaiming your Highness here, which, I may say without vanity, was with as great joy and general satisfaction, as I believe in the best affected

fectured places in England. I doubt not but to give your Highness as good an account of the rest of the places in Ireland, so soon as the proclamations are returned. I did also give some account of the speedy compliance of the army, whose obedience your Highness may justly require at my hands. Now, that the God and Father of your late father and mine, and your Highness's predecessor, would support you, and by pouring down a double portion of the same spirit which was so eminently upon him, would enable you to walk in his steps, and to do worthily for his name, cause, and people, and continually preserve you in so doing, is and shall be the fervent and daily prayer of yours, &c.

LETTER LXVIII.

The Hon. Algernon Sidney to his friend.

Sir,

I AM sorry I cannot in all things conform myself to the advices of my friends; if theirs had any joint concernment with mine, I would willingly submit my interest to theirs; but when I alone am interested, and they only advise me to come over as soon as the act of indemnity is passed, because they think it is best for me, I cannot wholly lay aside my own judgment and choice. I confess, we are naturally inclined to delight in our own country, and I have a particular love to mine; and I hope I have given some testimony of it. I think that being exiled from it is a great evil, and would redeem myself from it with the loss of a great deal of my blood; but when that country of mine, which used to be esteemed a paradise, is now likely to be made a stage of injury; the liberty which we hoped to establish oppressed, all manner of profaneness, looseness, luxury, and lewdness set up in its height; instead of piety, virtue, sobriety, and modesty, which we hoped God, by our hands, would have introduced; the best of our nation made a prey to the worst; the parliament, court, and army corrupted, the people enslaved, all things vendible, and no man safe, but by such evil and infamous means as flattery and bribery; what joy can I have in my own country in this condition? Is it a pleasure to see all that I love in the world, sold and destroyed? Shall I re-

nounce all my old principles, learn the vile court arts, and make my peace by bribing some of them? Shall their corruption and vice be my safety? Ah! no; better is a life among strangers, than in my own country upon such conditions.--- Whilst I live, I will endeavour to preserve my liberty; or, at least, not consent to the destroying of it. I hope I shall die in the same principle in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preserve me. I have in my life been guilty of many follies, but, as I think, of no meanness. I will not blot and defile that which is past, by endeavouring to provide for the future. I have ever had in my mind, that when God should cast me into such a condition, as that I cannot save my life, but by doing an indecent thing, he shews me the time is come wherein I should resign it. And when I cannot live in my own country, but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think he shews me I ought to keep myself out of it. Let them please themselves with making the King glorious, who think a whole people may justly be sacrificed for the interest and pleasure of one man, and a few of his followers; let them rejoice in their subtilty, who, by betraying the former powers, have gained the favour of this, not only preserved but advanced themselves in those dangerous changes. Nevertheless (perhaps) they may find the King's glory is their shame, his plenty the people's misery: and that the gaining of an office, or a little money, is a poor reward for destroying a nation, which if it were preserved in liberty and virtue, would truly be the most glorious in the world! and that others may find they have, with much pains, purchased their own shame and misery: a dear price paid for that which is not worth keeping, nor the life that is accompanied with it: the honour of English parliaments has ever been in making the nation glorious and happy, not in selling and destroying the interest of it, to satisfy the lusts of one man. Miserable nation! that, from so great a height of glory, is fallen into the most despicable condition in the world, of having all its good depending upon the breath and will of the vilest persons in it! cheated and sold by them they trusted! Infamous traffic, equal almost in guilt to that of Judas! In all preceding ages, parliaments have been the pillars of

of our liberty, the sure defenders of the oppressed: they who formerly could bridle Kings, and keep the balance equal between them and the people, are now become the instruments of all our oppressions, and a sword in his hand to destroy us; they themselves, led by a few interested persons, who are willing to buy offices for themselves by the misery of the whole nation, and the blood of the most worthy and eminent persons in it. Detestable bribes, worse than the oaths now in fashion in this mercenary court! I mean to owe neither my life nor liberty to any such means; when the innocence of my actions will not protect me, I will stay away till the storm be over-passed. In short, where Vane, Lambert, and Haslerigg cannot live in safety, I cannot live at all. If I had been in England, I should have expected a lodging with them: or, though they may be the first, as being more eminent than I, I must expect to follow their example in suffering, as I have been their companion in acting. I am most in amaze at the mistaken informations that were sent to me by my friends, full of expectations, of favours, and employments. Who can think, that they, who imprison them, would employ me, or suffer me to live when they are put to death? If I might live, and employed, can it be expected that I should serve a government that seeks such detestable ways of establishing itself? Ah! no; I have not learnt to make my own peace, by persecuting and betraying my brethren, more innocent and worthy than myself. I must live by just means, and serve to just ends, or not at all, after such a manifestation of the ways by which it is intended the King shall govern. I should have renounced any place of favour into which the kindness and industry of my friends might have advanced me, when I found those that were better than I, were only fit to be destroyed. I had formerly some jealousies, the fraudulent proclamation for indemnity increased the imprisonment of those three men; and turning out of all the officers of the army, contrary to promise, confirmed me in my resolutions, not to return.

To conclude: the tide is not to be diverted, nor the oppressed delivered; but God, in his time, will have mercy on his people; he will save and defend them, and avenge the blood of those who shall

now perish, upon the heads of those who, in their pride, think nothing is able to oppose them. Happy are those whom God shall make instruments of his justice in so blessed a work. If I can live to see that day, I shall be ripe for the grave, and able to say with joy, Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, &c. (So Sir Arthur Haslerigg on Oliver's death.) Farewell. My thoughts as to King and state, depending upon their actions, no man shall be a more faithful servant to him than I, if he make the good and prosperity of his people his glory; none more his enemy, if he doth the contrary. To my particular friends I shall be constant in all occasions, and to you a most affectionate servant.

LETTER LXIX.

Mr. Boyle to the Countess of Ranelagh.

My dear Sister,

IF I were of those scribblers humour who love to put themselves to one trouble, to put their friends to another; and who weekly break their silence, only to acquaint us with their unwillingness to keep it; I must confess I had much oftener written you letters not worth the reading. But having ever looked upon silence and respect as things as near of kin as importunity and affection, I elected rather to trust to your good opinion, to your good-nature, than your patience with my letters: for which to suppose a welcome, must have presumed a greater kindness, than they could have expressed. For I am grown so perfect a villager, and live so removed, not only from the roads, but from the very by-paths of intelligence; that to entertain you with our country discourse, would have extremely puzzled me, since your children have not the rickets nor the measles; and as for news, I could not have sent you so much as that of my being well. To beseech you not to forget me, were but a bad compliment to your constancy; and to tell you I remember you, were a worse to my own judgment; and compliments of the other nature it were not easy for me to write from Stalbridge, and less easy to write to you: so that wanting all themes and strains, that might enable me to fill my letters with any thing that might pay the patience of reading them, I thought it pardonable to say nothing by a respectful silence, than by idle words. But

the causes being just so many excuses of that silence, I should have more need to apologize for my letters, if these seemed not necessary to prevent the misconception of their unfrequency; and if I did not send up the antidote with them, in the company of my brother Frank; by whom it were equally incongruous and unseasonable to send you no epistle, and to send you a long one; which (latter) that this may not prove, I must hasten to assure you, that though I have not very lately written you any common letters, it is not long since I was writing you a dedicatory one, which may (possibly) have the happiness to convey your name to posterity; and having told you this, I shall next take post to beseech you to believe, that whensoever you shall please to vouchsafe me the honour of your commands; my glad and exact obedience shall convince you, that though many others may oftener renew their bonds, I can esteem myself, by a single note under my hand, equally engaged to you for all the services that may become the relation, and justify the professions, that stile me, my dear sister, your most affectionate brother, and faithful humble servant, R. B. Stalbridge, this 13th Nov. 1646.

LETTER LXX.

Mr. Boyle to the Countess of Ranelagh.

My Sister,

I HAVE ever counted it amongst the highest infelicities of friendship, that it increasingly reflects upon us our imparted griefs; for if our friends appear unconcerned in them, that indifference offends us, and if they resent them, sympathy afflicts us. This consideration, concurring with my native disposition, has made me shy of disclosing my afflictions, where I could not expect their redress; being too proud to seek a relief in the being thought to need it, and too good a friend to find a satisfaction in their griefs I love, or to remit of the ill-natured consolation of seeing others wretched as well as I. This humour may in part inform you of the cause of my silence, and, I hope, in part excuse it; but I am not now at leisure to make apologies, though I will assure you I decline the employment for want of time, not justice. Since I wrote to you last, I was unlikely enough ever to be in a con-

dition to write to you again; and my danger was so sudden and unexpected, that nothing could transcend it, except theirs, whose dilatory conversion makes them trust eternity to the uncertain improvement of a future contingent minute of a life obnoxious to numerous casualties, as impossible (almost) to be numbered as avoided. What God has decreed of me, himself best knows; for my part, I shall still pray for a perfect resignation to his blessed will, and a resembling acquiescence in it; and I hope his Spirit will so conform me to his dispensations, that I may cheerfully, by his assignment, either continue my work, or ascend to receive my wages. And in this I must implore the assistance of your fervent prayers, dear sister, which I am confident will both find a shorter way to heaven, and be better welcomed there. These three or four weeks I have been troubled with the visits of a quotidian ague, which yet had not the power to hinder me from three or four journeys to serve Frank, and wait upon my dear Broghill, nor from continuing my Vulcanian feat; and, in the intervals of my fits, I both began and made some progress in the promised discourse of Public Spiritedness; but now truly weakness, and the doctor's prescriptions, have cast my pen into the fire; though, in spite of their menaces, I sometimes presume to snatch it out a while, and blot some paper with it. My present employment is, the reviewing some consolatory thoughts on the loss of friends, which my poor lady Susan's death obliged me to entertain myself with, and which I am now recruiting. If ever I finish them, I shall trouble you to read them; and if I do not, beseech you to make use of them. The melancholy which some have been pleased to misrepresent to you as the cause of my distemper, is certainly much more the effect of them: neither is it either of that quality or that degree you apprehend, but much more just than dangerous; yet, to obey you, I shall endeavour a divorce; and, as the properest means, endeavour to wait upon you; in order to which, I came this night in a litter to this town, whence I intend not to dislodge, till God's blessing upon the remedies enable me to do it on horseback. The kindness you expressed in the letter I received this morning, has brought me so high a consolation, that I should think it cheaply purchased by

by the occasion of it, if I had ignored that the sole want of suitable opportunities restrained the frequency of resembling strains; and if I were not too well acquainted with the greatness of your goodness, not to derive a higher joy from your obliging proffers, as they are effects of your friendship than testimonies of it. But though I value the blessing of your company at the rate of having the happiness of more than an indifferent acquaintance with you, I cannot consent to purchase my felicity (if such a thing could be done) by your disquiet: for your remove will not more certainly discompose your family, than it will be useless or unnecessary to me; the nature of my disease being such, that it will either frustrate your visit, or allow me to do so; for if in a very short time it destroy not, it will leave me strength enough to fetch a perfect cure of it at London, whither in spite of my present distempers, which are not small, nor (I fear) very fugitive, the physicians would persuade me that, by God's assistance I may be able to crawl in a short time. I shall beseech you therefore not to stir, until you hear further either from me, or of me; and to believe, that though your visits are favours of too precious a quality to be fully receivable from your intention only, yet my concern in your quiet will make me (in the purposed journey) more welcomingly resent your design than your presence. I hope you will pardon the disorder of this scribble to that of the writer, who is not only weary of his journey, but is at present troubled with a fit of his ague, which yet being but a sickness, cannot impair an affection, which will be sure to keep me really and unalterably till death, my dearest, dearest, dearest sister, your most affectionate brother and humble servant,

R. B.

Bath, August 2, 1649, late at night.

LETTER LXXI.

- *From the same to the same.*

My Sister,

I MUST confess that I should be as much in debt for your letters, though I had answered every one of yours, as he is in his creditor's, who for two angels has paid back but two shillings: for certainly, if any where, it is in the deductions of the mind, that the quality

ought to measure extent, and assign number and equity to multiply excellency, where wit has contracted it. I could easily evince this truth, and the justness of the application too, did I not apprehend that your modesty would make you mind me, that the nature of my disease forbids all strains. I am here, God be praised, upon the mending hand, though not yet exempted from either pain or fears; the latter of which I could wish (but believe not) as much enemies to my reason, as I find the former to my quiet. I intend notwithstanding, by God's blessing as soon as I have here recruited and refreshed my purse and self, to accomplish my designed removal to London: my hoped arrival at which I look on with more joy, as a fruit of my recovery, than a testimony of it. Sir William and his son went hence this morning, having by the favour (or rather charity) of a visit, made me some compensation for the many I have lately received from persons, whose visitations (I think I may call them) in spite of my averseness to physic, make me find a greater trouble in the congratulations, than the instruments of my recovery. You will pardon, perhaps, the bitterness of this expression, when I have told you, that having spent most of this week in drawing (for my particular use) a quintessence of wormwood, those disturbers of my work might easily shake some few drops into my ink. I will not now presume to entertain you with those moral speculations, with which my chemical practices have entertained me; but if this last sickness had not diverted me, I had before this presented you with a discourse (which my vanity made me hope would not have displeased you) of the theological use of natural philosophy, endeavouring to make the contemplation of the creatures contributory to the instruction of the prince, and to the glory of the author of them. But my blood has so thickened my ink, that I cannot yet make it run; and my thoughts of improving the creatures have been very much displaced by those of leaving them. Nor has my disease been more guilty of my oblivion, than my employment since it has begun to release me: for Vulcan has so transported and bewitched me, that as the delights I taste in it make me fancy my laboratory a kind of Elysium, so as if the threshold of it possessed the quality the poets ascribed to that Lethe, their

fictions

fictions made men taste of before their entrance into those seats of bliss, I there forget my standish and my books, and almost all things, but the unchangeable resolution I have made of continuing till death, sister, your

R. B.

Stalb. Aug. the last, 1649.

LETTER LXXII.

Mr. Boyle to Lord Broghill.

My dearest Governor,

I RECEIVE in our separation as much of happiness as is consistent with it, in hearing of you in so glorious, and from you in so obliging a way; and in being assured, by your letters and your actions, how true you are to your friendship and your gallantry. I am not a little satisfied to find, that since you were reduced to leave your Parthenissa, your successes have so happily emulated or continued the story of Artabanus; and that you have now given romances as well credit as reputation. Nor am I moderately pleased, to see you as good at reducing towns in Munster as Assyria, and to find your eloquence as prevalent with masters of garrisons as mistresses of hearts; for I esteem the former both much the difficulter conquest, and more the usefuller. Another may lawfully exalt your bold attempts and fortunate enterprizes; but, for my part, I think that such a celebration would extremely misbecome a friendship, to which your goodness and my affection flatter me into a belief that our relation has rather given the occasion than degree. Besides that I have so great a concern in all things wherein you have any, that the presumption of my own modesty does, as well as the greatness of yours, silence my praises. And truly, that which most endears your acquisitions to me is, that they have cost you so little blood. For besides that the glory is much more your own to reduce places by your own single virtue, and the interest it has acquired you, than if you had I know not how many thousand men to help you, and share as much the honour of your successes as they contribute to them; besides this consideration, I say, certainly though a laurel crown were more glorious amongst the Romans, the myrtle coronet (that crowned bloodless victories) ought to be acceptabler to a Christian,

who is tied by the bindingest principles of his religion to a peculiar charity towards those that profess it; to use towards delinquents as much gentleness as infringes not the just rights of the innocent: and to be very tender of spilling their blood, for whom Christ shed his. But I am less delighted to learn your successes in the world, than to find (by your letter to my sister Ranelagh) that you mean not that they shall tie you to it: and are resolved, as soon as your affairs and reputation will permit you, to divest your public employment, and retire to a quiet privacy, where you may enjoy yourself, and have leisure to consider the vanity of that posthume glory, which has nothing in it of certain but the uselessness. That, in the hurry of businesses that distracts you, you could find leisure to bless me with your letters, is a favour, which, though it amaze me not, does highly satisfy me. The kindness they express is welcome to me for what it argues, than for what it promises; and I am much more pleased to see you in a condition of making promises, than I should be with their accomplishment. I shall only, in general desire your countenance for those that manage my fortune in your province, whither I should wait upon my dearest lady M. if black Betty did not; and seriously, the jade arrived very seasonably to save me a journey; for which I was but slenderly provided; for having not yet been able to put off my L. Goring's statute, I am kept in this town, to do penance for my transgression of that precept, "My son, put money in thy purse." But the term assigned my expiation is, I hope, near expired; and I despair not to see myself shortly in a condition to make you a visit, that shall prevent the springs. I shall implore, for my lady Pegg, the self same passage I shall wish for myself, and solemnize the first easterly gale with a

Farewel, fair saint, may not the seas and wind, &c.

But I am so entirely taken up with the contemplation of her and you, that I had forgot that I have to write this night more letters than the four and twenty of the alphabet. My next shall give you an account of my transactions, my studies, and my amours; of the latter of which, black Betty will tell you as many lies as circumstances; but hope you know too well

well what she is, and whence she comes, not to take all her stories for fictions, almost as great as is the truth that styles me, my dearest brother, your most affectionate brother, and humble servant, London, this 20th of Decr. 1649. R. B.

LETTER LXXIII.

From the same to the Countess of Orrery, on the Earl's death, in October 1679.

THOUGH I received so early the sad account of my dearest brother's sickness, accompanied with ill presaging circumstances, that I could not but doubt it would prove his last, and so had time to prepare myself for the worst; yet, now that my fear is turned into certainty, I find, that though the warning I had kept me from being surprised, it cannot keep me from being so afflicted and discomposed, that I am much more fit to keep you company in your sadness, than endeavour to cure you of it. And therefore, knowing that I can offer you no consolations so pertinent and weighty as you may supply yourself with, out of your own stock of reason and religion, I shall not trouble you with a long letter, but only name to you two or three of those considerations, that my own experience most recommends to me in our common loss. Under so great a one, the chief thing I can pitch upon to quiet my troubled mind is, the consideration of that hand from which this heavy stroke comes: for God, who is infinitely wise and good, as well as absolute, has a much greater right of propriety in our relations than we ourselves have, they being but our friends or kindred, whereas he is their creator, preserver, benefactor, and owner; and, upon all these titles, has a right to dispose of them as may best conduce to his purposes; especially since the same course, by which he brings them to contribute to his glory, brings them to be the earlier partakers of it. Another thing, which has much impression on me, is the remembrance of those great torments and bodily infirmities that have, for divers years, made my dear brother's life very uneasy to him. This none knows better than yourself, whose extraordinary kindness have made you acquainted with it so much to your toil and trouble: so that, in a person that lived in so much pain, and died with so much

willingness; a pious end ought not to be lamented by us, otherwise than upon our own account; especially since God, by vouchsafing him some years of retirement from the noise and hurry of the world, gave him leisure and opportunity to set his mind and house in order, against the arrival of his great change. These and the like considerations do much contribute to call my thoughts, under this sharp trial, as it relates personally to him, so that much of my sorrow does, I confess, proceed from my own private loss of so excellent a brother and a friend; and from the sense I have of the general miss that the poor country he lived in will find of him, and the particular loss sustained by his afflicted family, and especially by you, my dear sister, who being now, in a more strict sense than before, the great support, ornament and comfort of it, I humbly beseech you to contribute all you can to preserve so great a blessing to it, not so remembering that you were a wife, as to forget that you are a Christian and a mother; and as you have exemplarily performed the utmost of what the first relation could require of you, so I hope and beg you will now apply yourself to what the two other relations exact: both strive to moderate your grief, and take great care of a health, which your kindness has made you too much, and I fear too long neglect; and for the recovery of which a great many, besides your own family, are not a little concerned, but none more heartily, and justly than, madam, your ladyship's, &c.

I beg to be represented as a most humble servant to all your disconsolate children, whose pardon I beg, for not being able to write to them in particular upon so sad an occasion, which allows me not enough either of leisure, or freedom of thoughts, for such an employment. I wish my lord of Orrery much joy of his new title, and that he may succeed his father as well in better things as in that. Having been of late not well myself, I have made no visits, but one to my brother Burlington, who kept his bed for the gout, and one to each of your daughters, whom I found (to-day) as I expected, extremely troubled at their great loss: but I hope that excess of sorrow, that threatened their health, is so far moderated, that it will not now prove at all dangerous.

LETTER LXXIV.

Mr. Boyle to the Lady Orrery.

London, Nov. 28, 1682.

I LITTLE thought, my dear sister, that so soon after I had sent you a congratulatory letter about my poor lady Donegal, I should have occasion to write you a condoling one upon her account. But it is partly our fault, as well as our unhappiness, if we so far forget the instability that human prosperity is subject to, as to be much surprised when we do not find it lasting. You have been of late years so accustomed to the loss of friends, that it may reasonably be supposed, that so much experience has not more exercised your patience than confirmed it. And the several accidents of this kind you have been subject to, would have put a person far less pious and considerate, upon reflections that doubtless would anticipate what I could offer to you by way of consolation; which, therefore, I shall forbear to trouble you with: only I cannot leave unmentioned this, that is a great one to your friends and servants here, that they find by a letter from so authentic a hand as my lord primate's, that though the person we lament died young and early, she did not die surprised nor unprepared; his grace giving such an account of her behaviour during her sickness and especially in the last sad scene of it, as forbids us to grieve for her, but only for ourselves and for you; to whom divine support, and a sanctified use of his afflictions, is heartily wished, by a sharer with you in it, that begs the justice to be esteemed, madam, your ladyship's most humble, most faithful, and most affectionate servant.

LETTER LXXV.

Lady Ranelagh to Mr. Boyle.

Lees, August 6, 1664-5.

I AM glad, my brother, to hear you go on to mend daily, in matter of your health, but sorry to find you are not yet quite recovered to your former state therein. If our reports do not speak louder than truth gives them leave to do, God has again put a new hand of mercy upon this poor nation, to draw it to himself. But for aught I hear, we are like

to make our returns as disingenuous towards him for this deliverance of the many preceding ones that he has afforded us; which makes me fear, that even our blessings will prove bitterness to us in the end. I congratulate with you the happiness God has given you in making the employments of your health such, as you may seasonably and comfortably review and continue in the times of your sickness: the rarity of the mercy, that brings any one to that course of life, highly recommends it to your value and gratitude, for most people do so live, as to leave themselves no better hope for their deathbeds, than that thereon they may by repentance undo all they have been doing in their way thither. Whether the dominion you are recommending to men will take so much with them, to raise their ambitions towards its attainment, as that they most commonly pursue with much more pains, I know not, and much doubt the worst. But certainly it is most likely, the best way of man's ruling the creature is by his employing those faculties to that purpose, which God himself has fitted in their employment to make him able to do so; and those are his rational ones, whereby as he may discover the properties and uses of other things, so he may chuse to apply them thereby to their proper ends, the service and instruction of mankind; but swords and guns are taken, upon the word of the great destroyer, to be more suitable means to that end, and used accordingly, though we daily see, that by that way of overcoming, we spoil what we should govern. Your naming Oxford to me as free from infection, makes me fear you may have some thoughts of going thither; which if you have, I shall much more repent my not staying with you, yet dare not persuade against it, because I assure myself you are carried thither in pursuit of aims, that I would rather excite than obstruct you in. But I earnestly petition, if you have, that you would before you go give me warning enough to make you a visit; for I have now got a lodging at Newington-Green, which miss's illness, which for two or three days has been pretty violent, though now turned into an ague at present, keeps from being used by, yours affectionately, K. R.

The ladies here present you services.
My girls are your humble servants.

LETTER LXXVI.

Sir William Temple to Sir William Coventry.

Sir,

I AM to acknowledge both the honour and obligation I received by yours of November the 9th; the last of which seems so great in that light you give it, and by those circumstances I now see attend it, that had it come from any other hands I should have wished a thousand times never to have received it: for, there are very few I desire much to be obliged to; having always thought that a sort of debt which ought as duly to be paid as that of money, with more interest, and much greater difficulty of casting up. But knowing that all generous persons are apt to favour and esteem their own, rather such whom they oblige, than such as serve them; I am extremely glad to have my name enter into the knowledge of his Royal Highness, by his bounty and favour in the grant of those passports, rather than any other way I could have taken; and I beg of you, that with my humble thanks, his Royal Highness may know I enter into his service with this advance of wages, which it shall be always my endeavour, as it is my duty, to deserve it. I owe, and should say a great deal to yourself upon this occasion, but that with my thanks for the thing itself, I am to join my complaints for the manner of it; I mean, that you should trouble yourself to reason me out of any custom or action you would have me leave off, or say any thing upon such a subject, besides that you wish it had been otherwise; which, I desire you to believe, shall in far greater matters be from your hand persuasion and command enough to me. My presumptions may be great with my friends, but they are the easiest checked of any man's alive; which is all I shall say upon this occasion as to the future; and for the past, I will only assure you that I should not in the least have offered at what I did, had it not been at the earnest instance of the Prince of Munster's resident here; and I am to make it my business abroad, to enter as far as I can into the secrets, and for that end, into the affections of such ministers as I have to deal with; and as some men are to be gained directly by

their heart, so are others by their hands: but another fault were easier to be borne than a long excuse; I will not add to it by our news, since, of all I write, I am sure you know as much as you please: only in general, our bishop loses not courage nor strength upon all the great preparations of enemies, or disappointment of friends. The Dutch seem to be plagued by their own God, and to grow unhappy in their own element, the sea having done them in the last storms most extravagant harms; some letters from Amsterdam say to the value of thirty, and others of sixty millions; their case may grow harder yet, if the frosts do so from the Munster side. Our court here is passionate towards the league between the two crowns; as I am in the desires of growing in your friendship and favour, and deserving it by any testimonies I can give of my being, Sir, your most faithful humble servant.

Brussels, Dec. 15, S. N. 1665.

LETTER LXXVII.

From the same to Dame Augustine Cary.

Madam,

I KNOW not whether the shame of having been so long in your debt, be greater than that of paying it so ill at last, but I am sure it is much harder to be excused, and therefore shall not attempt it, but leave it to Father Placid's oratory, though having failed in the substantial part of your business, I have little reason to hope he will succeed better in the ceremonial part of mine. The truth is, there is so great a difference in common sound between, It is done, and, It will be done, that I was unwilling to acknowledge the honour of having received your Ladyship's commands, before I had compassed that of obeying them, which the Marquis here hath so often assured me would suddenly fall to my share, that I thought we had both equal reason, his Excellency to do it, and I to believe it. This right I must yet do him, that I never pressed him in this concern of your Ladyship's, but he told me all my arguments were needless, for the thing should be done; and how to force a man that yields, I never understood: but yet I much doubt that till the result be given upon the gross of this affair, which is and has been sometime under

view, your part in particular will hardly be thought ripe for either his justice or favour, which will be rather the style it must run in, if it be a desire of exemption from a general rule given in the case: whatever person (after the father's return) shall be appointed to observe the course of this affair, and pursue the lady's pretensions here, will be sure of all the assistance I can at any time give him; though I think it would prove a more public service to find some way of dissolving your society, and by that means dispersing so much worth about the world, than, by preserving you together, confine it to a corner, and suffer it to shine so much less, and go out so much sooner, than otherwise it would. The ill effects of your retreat appear too much in the ill success of your business; for I cannot think any thing could fail that your Ladyship would solicit: but, I presume, nothing in this lower scene is worthy either that, or so much as your desire or care, which are words that enter not your gates, to disturb that perfect quiet and indifference, which I will believe inhabit there; and by your happiness decide the long dispute, whether the greater lies in wanting nothing, or possessing much.

I cannot but tell you it was unkindly done to refresh the memory of your brother Da Cary's loss, which was not a more general one to mankind, than it was particular to me: but if I can succeed in your Ladyship's service, as well as I had the honour once to do in his friendship, I shall think I have lived to good purpose here; and for hereafter, shall leave it to Almighty God, with a submission as abandoned as you can exercise in the low common concernments of this worthless life, which I can hardly imagine was intended us for so great a misery as it is here commonly made, or to betray so large a part of the world to so much greater hereafter as is commonly believed. However, I am obliged to your Ladyship for your prayers, which I am sure are well intended me, and shall return you mine, that no ill thoughts of my faith may possess your Ladyship with an ill one of my works too; which I am sure cannot fail of being very meritorious, if ever I reach the intentions I have of expressing myself upon all occasions, Madam, your Ladyship's most humble and most obedient servant.

Brussels, Feb. 16th, S. N. 1666.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Sir William Temple to Sir Orlando Bridgeman, Lord Keeper.

My Lord,

I RECEIVED some days since the honour of one from your Lordship of the 9th past, and though I owe all the acknowledgments that can be upon it, yet I will not so much wrong your Lordship's time, or my own sincereness, as to enlarge them with much ceremony. It will be enough to say, that nothing can be more obliging than your favours to me, both in the degree and manner of it, arising so freely from your Lordship's bounty and generosity, as well as expressed in a way so frank and so hearty as that of your last letter; and on the other side, that no man can resent it more, though they may much better deserve it; and that your Lordship can never reckon more truly nor more justly upon any person's esteem and services, than upon mind, which I humbly beg your Lordship to believe. I doubt you will be troubled with my wife's attendances, having told her your Lordship had given her that liberty; if she ever pretends your favour and countenance further than in receiving what the King has made me due upon this employment while I have it, or what his Majesty shall from his own motion assign me, upon any new commission, I disclaim her beforehand, and declare she goes not upon my errand; for I shall never think that too little which his Majesty thinks enough: for the rest, I will be confident, neither your Lordship nor my Lord Arlington intend I should ruin myself by my employments, or that I should at my own charge bear out a character, which of itself is enough to turn round a head that has all its life, till these last three years, being used to shade and silence. In case the occasion should break, and my journey to Aix should yet fail, I ask nothing of his Majesty, though putting myself in a posture to comply with any sudden necessity of it has already forced me to enter into very considerable expences; but in case I must go, I beg your Lordship, that has children, to consider how hard it would be for me to perform such a journey upon my own credit. Whatever it be that his Majesty thinks fit to assign me upon such an occasion, if he

pleases

pleases to order Alderman Backwell to furnish me with a letter of credit for so much, let it be what it will, I will live, according to what that and my own little revenue will reach, and not spare any little presents I have received in his Majesty's service, where his honour requires it: all I desire is, only not to be forced into debts, which, to say the truth, I have ever abhorred, and would by my good will eat dry crusts, and lie upon the floor rather than do it upon any other consideration than of his Majesty's immediate commands, and I hope those, his justice, and my friends favour, will prevent.

I beg your Lordship's pardon for troubling you with this strange freedom about my own concerns, which you have pleased to encourage me to, and may at any time check me in it, with the least discountenance, which I doubt I have already deserved. But I will not increase or lengthen my faults by excuses, nor trouble your Lordship, by repeating any thing as what my Lord Arlington receives from me at large, upon the course of public affairs here; which though seeming to change often, in others eyes, appears to me constant in the French design of a war; which I believe nothing can alter, but the visible marks of force and steadiness in their neighbours to oppose them.

I beg your Lordship's belief, that as I am with very great reason, so I am with very great passion too, my Lord, yours, &c.

Brussels, April 3, 1688.

LETTER LXXIX.

Earl of Clarendon to the Duke of York, on the Dutchess's turning Catholic.

I HAVE not presumed in any manner to approach your royal presence, since I have been marked with the brand of banishment; and I would still with the same forbear this presumption, if I did not believe myself bound by all the obligations of duty to make this address to you. I have been too much acquainted with the presumption and impudence of the times, in raising false and scandalous reproaches upon innocent and worthy persons of all qualities and degrees, to give credit to those bold whispers which have been too long scattered abroad concerning your

wife's being shaken in her religion; but when those whispers break out into noise, and public persons begin to report, that the Dutchess is become a Roman Catholic; when I heard that many worthy persons of unquestionable devotion to your Royal Highness are not without some fear and apprehension of it, and many reflections are made from thence to the prejudice of your royal person, and even of the King's Majesty, I hope it may not misbecome me, at what distance soever, to cast myself at your feet, and beseech you to look on this matter in time, and to apply some antidote to expel the poison of it.

It is not possible your Royal Highness can be without zeal and entire devotion for that church, for the purity and preservation whereof your blessed father made himself a sacrifice, and to the restoration whereof you have contributed so much yourself, and which highly deserves the King's protection, and yours, since there can be no possible defection in the hearts of the people, while due reverence is made to the church.

Your wife is generally believed to have so perfect a duty and entire resignation to the will of your Royal Highness, that any defection in her from her religion, will be for want of circumspection in you and not using your authority, or to your connivance. I need not tell the ill consequence that such a mutation would be attended with in reference to your Royal Highness, and even to the King himself, whose greatest security (under God) is in the affection and duty of his Protestant subjects. Your Royal Highness knows how far I have always been from wishing that the Roman Catholics should be prosecuted with severity; but I less wish it should be ever in their power to be able to prosecute those who differ from them, since we well know how little moderation they would or could use.

And if this which people so much talk of (I hope without ground) should fall out, it might very probably raise a greater storm against the Roman Catholics in general, than modest men can wish; since after such a breach any jealousy of their presumption would seem reasonable. I have written to the Dutchess with the freedom and affection of a troubled and perplexed father. I do most humbly beseech your Royal Highness by your authority to rescue her

from bringing a mischief upon you and herself that can never be repaired; and to think it worthy your wisdom to remove and dispel those reproaches (how false soever) by better evidence than contempt; and hope you do believe, that no severity I have, or can undergo, shall in any degree lessen or diminish my most profound duty to his Majesty and your Royal Highness; but that I do with all imaginable obedience submit to your good pleasure in all things.

God preserve your Royal Highness, and keep me in your favour. Sir, your Royal Highness's most humble and obedient servant.

LETTER LXXX.

Earl of Clarendon to the Dutchess of York, on the same occasion.

You have much reason to believe that I have no mind to trouble you, or displease you, especially in an argument that is so unpleasant and grievous to myself; but as no distance of a place that is between us, in respect of our residence, or the greater distance in respect of the high condition you are in, can make me less your father, or absolve me from performing those obligations which that relation requires from me; so when I receive any credible advertisement of what reflects upon you, in point of honour, conscience, or discretion, I ought not to omit the informing you of it, or administering such advice to you as to my understanding seems reasonable; and which I must still hope will have some credit with you. I will confess to you, that what you wrote to me many months since, upon those reproaches which I told you were generally reported concerning your defection in religion, gave me so much satisfaction, that I believed them to proceed from that ill spirit of the times that delights in slander and calumny. But I must tell you, that the same report increases of late very much, and I myself saw the last week a letter from Paris, from a person who said the English ambassador assured him the day before, that the Dutchess was become a Roman Catholic; and, which makes greater impressions upon me, I am assured that many good men in England, who have great

affection for you and me, and who have thought nothing more impossible than that there should be such a change in you, are at present under much affliction, with the observation of a great change in your course of life, and that constant exercise of that devotion which was so notorious; and do apprehend from your frequent discourses, that you have not the same reverence and veneration that you used to have for the Church of England; the church in which you was baptized, and the church the best constituted, and the most free from errors of any Christian church this day in the world; and the same persons by their insinuations have prevailed with you to have a better opinion of that which is most opposite to it, the Church of Rome, than the integrity thereof deserves.

It is not yet in my power to believe, that your wit and understanding (with God's blessing upon both) can suffer you to be shaken farther than with melancholy reflections upon the iniquity and wickedness of the age we live in; which discredits all religion, and which with equal licence breaks into the professors of all, and prevails upon the members of all churches, and whose manners will have no benefit from the faith of any church.

I presume you do not entangle yourself in the particular controversies between the Romanists and us, or think yourself a competent judge of all difficulties which occur therein: and therefore it must be some fallacious argument of antiquity and universality, confidently urged by men who know less than many of those you are acquainted with, and ought less to be believed by you, that can raise any doubts and scruples in you; and if you will with equal temper hear those who are well able to instruct you in those particulars, it is not possible for you to suck in that poison which can only corrupt and prevail over you by stopping your own ears, and shutting your own eyes. There are but two persons in the world who have greater authority with you than I can pretend to; and am sure they both suffer more in this rumour, and would suffer much more if there were ground for it, than I can do; and truly I am as unlikely to be deceived myself, or to deceive you, as any man that endeavours to pervert you in your religion. And therefore, I beseech you, let me have so much

much credit with you, as to persuade you to communicate any doubt or scruples which occur to you, before you suffer them to make too deep an impression upon you.

The common argument, that there is no salvation out of the church, and that the Church of Rome is that only true church, is both irrational and untrue; there are many churches in which salvation may be attained, as well as in any one of them; and were many, even in the Apostles time; otherwise they would never have directed their Epistles to so many several churches, in which there were different opinions received, and very different doctrines taught. There is indeed but one faith in which we can be saved, the steadfast belief of the birth, passion, and resurrection of our Saviour; and every church that receives and embraces that faith is in a state of salvation. If the Apostles preached true doctrine, the reception and retention of many errors does not destroy the essence of a church; if it did, the Church of Rome would be in as ill, if not in a worse condition, than most other Christian churches; because its errors are of a greater magnitude, and more destructive to religion. Let not the canting discourses of the universality and extent of the church, which has as little truth as the rest, prevail over you: they who would imitate the greatest part of the world, and turn Heathens; for it is generally believed, that above one half of the world is possessed by them, and that the Mahometans possess above one half of the remainder. There is a little question, that of the rest, which is inhabited by Christians, one part of four is not of the communion of the Church of Rome, and God knows in that very communion there is as great discord in opinion, and in matters of as great moment, as is between the other Christians.

I hear you do in public discourses dislike some things in the church of England, as the marriage of the clergy, which is a point which no Roman Catholic will pretend to be of the essence of religion, and is in use in many places which are of the communion of the Church of Rome; as in Bohemia, and those parts of the Greek Church which submit to the Roman: and all men know, that in the late Council of Trent, the sacraments of both kinds, and liberty of the clergy to

marry, were very passionately pressed both by the Emperor and King of France for their dominions; and it was afterwards granted to Germany, though under such conditions as made it inefficual; which however shews that it was not, nor even can be looked upon as a matter of religion. Christianity was many hundred years old before such a restraint was ever heard of in the church; and when it was endeavoured, it met with great opposition, and was never submitted to. And as the positive inhibition seems absolutely unlawful, so the inconveniences which result from thence, will upon a just disquisition be found superior to those which attend the liberty which the Christian religion permits.--- Those arguments which are not strong enough to draw persons from the Roman communion into that of the Church of England, when custom and education, and a long stupid resignation of all their faculties, to their teachers, usually shuts out all reason to the contrary; may yet be abundant to retain those who have been baptized, and bred, and instructed in the grounds and principles of that religion; which are, in truth, not only founded upon the clear authority of the Scriptures, but upon the consent of antiquity, and the practice of the primitive church: and men who look into antiquity, know well by what corruption and violence, and with what constant and continual opposition, those opinions, which are contrary to ours, crept into the world, and how warrantably the authority of the Bishop of Rome, which alone supports all the rest, came to prevail; which has no more pretence of authority and power in England, than the Bishop of Paris, or Toledo, can as reasonably lay claim to; and is so far from being matter of Catholic religion, that the Pope has so much, and no more, to do in France or Spain, or any other Catholic dominion, than the crown and laws and constitutions of several kingdoms give him leave; which makes him so little (if at all) considered in France, and so much in Spain; and therefore the English Catholics, which attribute so much to him, make themselves very unwarrantably of another religion than the Catholic Church professes: and without doubt those who desert the Church of England, of which they are members,

and become thereby disobedient to the ecclesiastical and civil laws of their country, and therein renounce their subjection to the state, as well as to the church (which are grievous sins), had need of a better excuse, than the meeting with some doubts which they could not answer; and less than a manifest evidence, that their salvation is desperate in that communion, cannot serve their turn: and they who imagine they have such an evidence, ought rather to suspect that their understanding has forsaken them, and that they are become mad, than that the church, which is replenished with all learning and piety requisite, can betray them to perdition.

I beseech you to consider (which I hope will over-rule those ordinary doubts and objections which may be infused into you), that if you change your religion, you renounce all obedience and affection to your father, who loves you so tenderly that such an odious mutation would break his heart, you condemn your father and your mother (whose incomparable virtues, and piety, and devotion, have placed her in heaven) for having impiously educated you; you declare the church and state, to both which you owe reverence and subjection, to be, in your judgment, Antichristian: you bring irreparable dishonour, scandal, and prejudice, to the Duke your husband, to whom you ought to pay all imaginable duty; and who, I presume, is much more precious to you than your own life; and all possible ruin to your children, of whose company and conversation you must look to be deprived; for God forbid that after such an apostacy you should have any power in the education of your children. You have many enemies, whom you would here abundantly gratify, and some friends whom you will thereby (at least as far as in you lies) perfectly destroy; and afflict many others, who have deserved well of you.

I know you are not inclined to any part of this mischief, and therefore offer these considerations as all those particulars would be infallible consequences of such a conclusion. It is to me the saddest circumstance of my banishment, that I may not be admitted, in such a season this, to confer with you, when I am confident I would satisfy you in all doubts, and make it appear to you, that

there are many absurdities in the Roman religion, inconsistent with your judgment and understanding; and many impieties inconsistent with your conscience; so that before you can submit to the obligations of faith, you must divest yourself of your natural reason and common sense, and captivate the dictates of your conscience, to the impositions of an authority which has not any pretence to oblige or advise you. If you will not with freedom communicate the doubts which occur to you, to those near you, of whose learning and piety you have had such experience, let me conjure you to impart them to me, and to expect my answer before you suffer them to prevail over you. God bless you and yours.

LETTER LXII.

The Dutchess's Answer.

WHETHERAS I have been ever from my infancy bred up in the English protestant religion, and have had very able persons to instruct me in the grounds thereof, and I doubt not but I am exposed to the censure of an infinite number of persons, who are astonished at my quitting it, to embrace the religion of the Roman Catholics (for which I have ever professed a great aversion); and therefore I have thought fit to give some satisfaction to my friends, by declaring unto them the reasons upon which I have been moved to do it; without engaging myself in long and unprofitable disputes touching the matter.

I protest therefore, before God, that since my coming into England, no person, either man or woman, hath at any time persuaded me to alter my religion, or hath used any discourses to me upon that subject. It hath been only a particular favour from God, who hath been graciously pleased to hear the prayers I daily made unto him, both in France and Flanders whilst I was there, that he would vouchsafe to bring me into the true church before I died, in case I was not in the right; and it was the devotion I observed in the Catholics there, which induced me to make that prayer; altho' my own devotion during all that time was very slender. I did notwithstanding, all the time I was in those countries, believe

believe I was in the true religion ; neither had I the least scruple of it until November last, at which time reading Dr. Heylin's History of the Reformation, which had been highly recommended to me, I was so far from finding the satisfaction I expected, that I found nothing but sacrileges ; and looking over the reasons therein set down, which caused the separation of the Church of England from that of Rome, I read three there, which to me were great impieties. The first was, That Henry VIII. had cast off the pope's authority, because he would not permit him to quit his wife and marry another.

The second, That during the minority of Edward VI. his uncle, the duke of Somerset, who then governed all, and was the principal in that alteration, did greatly enrich himself with the goods of the church, which he engrossed.

And the third consisted in this, That queen Elizabeth, not being rightful heir to the crown, could not keep it, but by renouncing a church which would never have allowed of such injustice. I could not be persuaded the Holy Ghost would ever have made use of such motives as these were to change religion, and was astonished at the bishops, if they had no other intention than to establish the doctrine of the primitive church, had not attempted it before the schism of Henry VIII. which was grounded upon such unjustifiable pretences.

Being troubled with these scruples, I began to make some reflections upon the points of doctrine wherein we differed from the Catholics ; and to that purpose had recourse to the Holy Scripture, and though I pretend not to be able perfectly to understand it, I found notwithstanding several points which seemed to me very plain ; and I cannot but wonder that I staid so long without taking notice of them. Amongst these were, the real presence of our Saviour in the sacraments, the infallibility of the church, confession, and prayers for the dead. I treated of these particulars severally, with two of the most learned bishops of England ; and advising upon these subjects, they told me, that it was to be wished that the church of England had retained several things it altered : as, for example, confession, which without doubt is of divine institution. They told me

also, that prayer for the dead had been in use in the primitive church, during the first centuries ; and that they themselves did daily observe those things, though they desired not publickly to own those doctrines. And having pressed one of them something earnestly touching these things, he frankly told me, that if he had been bred up in the Catholic religion, he should not have left it ; but now being a member of that church which believed all the articles necessary to salvation, he thought he should do ill to quit it, because he was beholden to that church for his baptism, and he should thereby give occasion of great scandal to others.

All these discourses were a means to increase the desire I had to embrace the Roman Catholic religion, and added much to the inward trouble of my mind ; but the fear I had to be hasty in a matter of that importance, made me act warily, with all precautions necessary in such a case. I prayed incessantly to God, that he would be pleased to inform me in the truth of these points whereof I doubted. Upon Christmas-day, going to receive at the king's chapel, I found myself in greater trouble than ever I had been in ; neither was it possible for me to be at quiet, until I had discovered myself to a certain Catholic, who presently brought me a priest. He was the first of them with whom I ever conversed, and the more I conversed with him, the more I found myself to be confirmed in the resolution I had taken. It was, I thought, impossible to doubt of these words, " This is " my body ; " and I am verily persuaded that our Saviour, who is truth itself, and hath promised to continue with his church to the world's end, would never suffer these holy mysteries to the laity, only under one kind, if it was inconsistent with his institution of that sacrament.

I am not able to dispute touching these things with any body, and if I were, I would not go about to do it, but I content myself to have wrote this to justify the change I have made of my religion ; and I call God to witness, I had not done it, had I believed I could have been saved in that church whereof till then I was a member. I protest seriously, I have not been induced to this, by any worldly interests or motives ; neither can the truth of

of this my protestation be rationally doubted by any person, since it was evident that thereby I lost all my friends, and very much prejudiced my reputation; but having seriously considered with myself, whether I ought to renounce my portion in the other world, to enjoy the advantages of my present being here, I assure you I found it no difficulty at all to resolve the contrary, for which I render thanks to God, who is the author of all goodness.

My only prayer to him is, that the poor Catholics of this kingdom may not be prosecuted upon my account, and I beseech God to grant me patience in my afflictions, and that what tribulations soever his goodness has appointed for me, I may so go through with them, as that I may hereafter enjoy a happiness for all eternity.

Given at St. James's, the 20th
of August 1670.

BOOK THE SECOND.

MODERN LETTERS.

MISCELLANEOUS OF EARLY DATE
CONTINUED.

SECTION II.

LETTER I.

*From James Howel, Esq; to Sir J. S. at
Leeds Castle.*

Sir,

Westmin. 25 July, 1625.

IT was a quaint difference the ancients did put betwixt a letter and an oration; that the one should be attired like a woman, the other like a man: the latter of the two is allowed large side robes, as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes: but a letter or epistle should be short-coated and closely couched: a hungerlin becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown; indeed we should write as we speak; and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes, in succinct and short terms. The tongue and the pen are both of them interpreters of the mind; but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two: the tongue *in udo posita*, being seated in a moist slippery place, may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions; but the pen having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record. Now letters, though they be capable of any subject, yet commonly they are either

narratory, oburgatory, consolatory, monatory, or congratulatory. The first consists of relations, the second of reprehensions, the third of comfort, the two last of counsel and joy: there are some who in lieu of letters write homilies; they preach when they should epistolize: there are others that turn them to tedious tractates: this is to make letters degenerate from their true nature. Some modern authors there are who have exposed their letters to the world, but most of them, I mean among your Latin epistolizers, go freighted with mere Bartholomew ware, with trite and trivial phrases only, listed with pedantic shreds of shool-boy verses. Others there are among our next transmarine neighbours eastward, who write in their own language, but their style is so soft and easy, that their letters may be said to be like bodies of loose flesh without sinews, they have neither joints of art nor arteries in them; they have a kind of simpering and lank hectic expressions made up of a bombast of words, and finical affected compliments only: I cannot well away with such sleazy stuff, with such cobweb-compositions, where there is no strength of matter, nothing for the reader to carry away with him that may enlarge the notions of his soul. One shall hardly find an apophthegm, example, simile, or any thing of philosophy, history, or splid knowledge, or as much

as one new created phrase in a hundred of them : and to draw any observations out of them, were as if one went about to distil cream out of froth ; inasmuch that it may be said of them, what was said of the Echo, " That she is a mere sound and nothing else."

I return you your Balzac by this bearer : and when I found those letters, wherein he is so familiar with his king, so flat ; and those to Richlieu, so puffed with profane hyperboles, and larded up and down with such gross flatteries, with others besides, which he sends as urinals up and down the world to look into his water for discovery of the crazy condition of his body ; I forbore him further. So I am your affectionate servitor.

LETTER II.

From James Howell, Esq ; to his Father, upon his first going beyond Sea.

Sir, Broad-street, London, 1st March 1618.
I SHOULD be much wanting to myself, and to that obligation of duty the law of God and his handmaid Nature hath imposed on me, if I should not acquaint you with the course and quality of my affairs and fortunes, especially at this time, that I am upon point of crossing the seas to eat my bread abroad. Nor is it the common relation of a son that only induced me hereunto, but that most indulgent and costly care you have been pleased (in so extraordinary a manner) to have had of my breeding (though but one child of fifteen) by placing me in a choicemethodical school (so far distant from your dwelling) under a learned (though lashing) master ; and by transplanting me thence to Oxford, to be graduated ; and so holding me still up by the chin until I could swim without bladders. This patrimony of liberal education you have been pleased to endow me withal, I now carry along with me abroad, as a sure inseparable treasure ; nor do I feel it any burthen or incumbrance unto me at all ; and what danger soever my person, or other things I have about me, do incur, yet I do not fear the losing of this, either by shipwreck, or pirates at sea, nor by robbers, or fire, or any other casualty on shore : and at my return to England, I hope at least-wise I shall do my endeavour, that

you may find this patrimony improved somewhat to your comfort.

In this my peregrination, if I happen, by some accident, to be disappointed of that allowance I am to subsist by, I must make my address to you, for I have no other rendezvous to flee unto ; but it shall not be, unless in case of great indigence.

The latter end of this week I am to go a ship-board, and first for the Low Countries. I humbly pray your blessing may accompany me in these my travels by land and sea, with a continuance of your prayers, which will be so many good gales to blow me safe to port ; for I have been taught, that the parent's benedictions contribute very much, and have a kind of prophetic virtue to make the child prosperous. In this opinion I shall ever rest your dutiful son.

LETTER III.

From the same to Dr. Francis Mansell, since Principal of Jesus College in Oxford.

Sir, London, 26th March 1618.

BEING to take leave of England, and to launch into the world abroad, to breathe foreign air a while, I thought it very handsome, and an act well becoming me, to take my leave also of you, and of my dearly honoured Mother Oxford : otherwise both of you might have just grounds to exhibit a bill of complaint, or rather a protest against me, and cry me up ; you for a forgetful friend ; she for an ungrateful son, if not some spurious issue. To prevent this, I salute you both together : you with the best of my most candid affections ; her with my most dutiful observance, and thankfulness for the milk she pleased to give me in that exuberance, had I taken it in that measure she offered it me while I slept in her lap : yet that little I have sucked, I carry with me now abroad, and hope that this course of life will help to connect it to a greater advantage, having opportunity, by the nature of my employment, to study men as well as books. The small time I supervised the glass-house, I got among those Venetians some smatterings of the Italian tongue, which besides the little I have, you know, of school-language, is all the prepara-

preparatives I have made for travel. I am to go this week down to Gravesend, and so embark for Holland. I have got a warrant from the Lords of the Council to travel for three years any where, Rome and St. Omer's excepted. I pray let me retain some room, though never so little, in your thoughts, during the time of this our separation; and let our souls meet sometimes by intercourse of letters; I promise you that yours shall receive the best entertainment I can make them, for I love you dearly, dearly well, and value your friendship at a very high rate. So with appreciation of as much happiness to you at home, as I shall desire to accompany me abroad, I rest ever your friend to serve you.

LETTER IV.

*From the same to Dan. Caldwell, Esq.
from Amsterdam.*

Amsterdam, 10th April 1619.

My dear Dan,

I HAVE made your friendship so necessary unto me for the contentment of my life, that happiness itself would be but a kind of infelicity without it: it is as needful to me, as fire and water, as the very air I take in, and breathe out: it is to me not only *necessitudo*, but *necessitas*: therefore I pray let me enjoy it in that fair proportion, that I desire to return unto you, by way of correspondence and retaliation. Our first league of love, you know, was contracted among the muses in Oxford; for no sooner was I matriculated to her, but I was adopted to you; I became her son, and your friend, at one time: you know I followed you then to London, where our love received confirmation in the Temple, and elsewhere. We are now far asunder, for no less than a sea severs us, and that no narrow one, but the German ocean; distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it; it much enhances the value of it, and makes it more precious. Let this be verified in us; let that love which formerly used to be nourished by personal communication and the lips, be now fed by letters; let the pen supply the office of the tongue: letters have a strong operation, they have a kind of art like embraces to mingle souls, and make them meet, though millions of paces asunder; by them we may

converse, and know how it fares with each other as it were by intercourse of spirits. Therefore among your civil speculations, I pray let your thoughts sometimes reflect on me (your absent self,) and wrap those thoughts in paper, and so send them me over; I promise you they shall be very welcome, I shall embrace and hug them with my best affections.

Commend me to Tom Browyer, and enjoin him the like: I pray be no niggard in distributing my love plentifully among our friends at the inns of court; let Jack Tolderry have my kind commends, with this caveat, that the pot which goes often to the water, comes home cracked at last: therefore I hope he will be careful how he makes the Fleece in Cornhill his thoroughfare too often. So may my dear Daniel live happy and love his, &c.

LETTER V.

*From the same to Mr. Richard Allham,
at his chamber in Gray's-Inn.*

Hague, 30th May, 1619.

THOUGH you be now a good way out of my reach, yet you are not out of my remembrance; you are still within the horizon of my love. Now the horizon of love is large and spacious, it is as boundless as that of the imagination; and where the imagination rangeth, the memory is still busy to usher in, and present this desired object it fixes upon: it is love that sets them both on work, and may be said to be the highest sphere whence they receive their motion. Thus you appear to me often in these foreign travels; and that you may believe me the better, I send you these lines as my ambassadors (and ambassadors must not lie) to inform you accordingly, and to salute you.

I desire to know how you like Plowden; I heard it often said, that there is no study requires patience and constancy more than the common law; for it is a good while before one comes to any known perfection in it, and consequently to any gainful practise. This (I think) made Jack Chaundler throw away his Littleton, like him that, when he could not catch the hare, said, A pox upon her, she is but dry tough meat, let her go: it is not so with you, for I know you are of that disposition, that when you mind a thing, nothing can frighten you in

in making constant pursuit after it till you have obtained it: for if the mathematics, with their crabbedness and intricacy, could not deter you, but that you waded through the very midst of them, and arrived to so excellent a perfection; I believe it is not in the power of Plowden to dastardize or cow your spirits, until you have overcome him, at leastwise have so much of him as will serve your turn. I know you were always a quick and pressing disputant in logic and philosophy; which makes me think your genius is fit for law (as the Baron your excellent father was), for a good logician makes always a good lawyer: and hereby one may give a strong conjecture of the aptness or inaptitude of one's capacity to that study and profession; and you know as well as I, that logicians who went under the name of Sophisters, were the first lawyers that ever were.

I shall be upon uncertain removes hence, until I come to Rouen in France, and there I mean to cast anchor a good while; I shall expect your letters there with impatience. I pray present my service to Sir James Altham, and to my good Lady your mother, with the rest to whom it is due in Bishopsgate-street, and elsewhere: so I am yours in the best degree of friendship.

LETTER VI.

From James Howel, Esq. to Capt. Francis Bacon, from Paris.

Sir, Paris, 30th March, 1620.

I RECEIVED two of yours in Rouen, with the bills of exchange there inclosed; and according to your directions I sent you those things which you wrote for.

I am now newly come to Paris, this huge magazine of men, the epitome of this large populous kingdom, and rendezvous of all foreigners. The structures here are indifferently fair, though the streets generally foul of all four seasons of the year; which I impute first to the position of the city, being built upon an isle (the isle of France, made so by the branching and serpentine course of the river of Seine), and having some of her suburbs seated high, the filth runs down the channel, and settles in many places within the body of the city, which lies upon a flat; as also for a world of

coaches, carts and horses of all sorts that go to and fro perpetually, so that sometimes one shall meet with a stop half a mile long of those coaches, carts and horses, that can move neither forward nor backward, by reason of some sudden encounter of others coming a cross-way: so that often-times it will be an hour or two before they can disentangle. In such a stop the great Henry was so fatally slain by Ravillac. Hence comes it to pass, that this town (for Paris is a town, a city, and an university) is always dirty, and it is such a dirt, that by perpetual motion is beaten into such black unctuous oil, that where it sticks no art can wash it off of some colours; insomuch, that it may be no improper comparison to say, that an ill name is like the crot (the dirt) of Paris, which is indelible; besides the stain this dirt leaves, it gives also so strong a scent, that may be smelt many miles off, if the wind be in one's face as he comes from the fresh air of the country: this may be one cause why the plague is always in some corner or other of this vast city, which may be called as once Scythia was, *vagina populorum*, or (as mankind was called by a great philosopher) a great mole-hill of ants; yet I believe this city is not so populous as she seems to be, for her form being round (as the whole kingdom is) the passengers wheel about, and meet oftener than they use to do in the long continued streets of London, which makes London appear less populous than she is indeed; so that London for length (though not for latitude), including Westminster, exceeds Paris, and hath in Michaelmas term more souls moving within her in all places. It is under one hundred years that Paris is become so sumptuous and strong in buildings; for her houses were mean, until a mine of white stone was discovered hard by, which runs in a continued vein of earth, and is digged out with ease, being soft, and is between a white clay and chalk at first: but being pulleyed up with the open air, it receives a crusty kind of hardness, and so becomes perfect free-stone; and before it is sent up from the pit, they can reduce it to any form: of this stone, the Louvre, the king's palace, is built, which is a vast fabric, for the gallery wants not much of an Italian mile in length, and will easily lodge 3000 men; which, some told me, was the end for which the last

King

King made it so big ; that, lying at the fag-end of this great mutinous city, if she perchance should rise, the King might pour out of the Louvre so many thousand men unawares into the heart of her.

I am lodged here hard by the Bastile, because it is furthest off from those places where the English resort ; for I would go on to get a little language as soon as I could. In my next, I shall impart unto you what state-news France affords ; in the interim, and always, I am your humble servant.

LETTER LVIII.

*From the same to Richard Altham, Esq;
from Paris.*

Dear Sir, Paris, 1st May, 1620.

LOVE is the marrow of friendship, and letters are the elixir of love ; they are the best fuel of affection, and cast a sweeter odour than any frankincense can do : such an odour, such an aromatic perfume, your late letter brought with it, proceeding from the fragrancy of those dainty flowers of eloquence, which I found blossoming as it were in every line ; I mean those sweet expressions of love and wit, which in every period were intermingled with so much art, that they seemed to contend for mastery which was the strongest. I must confess, that you put me to hard shifts to correspond with you in such exquisite strains and raptures of love, which were so lively, that I must needs judge them to proceed from the motions, from the diastole and systole of a heart truly affected ; certainly your heart did dictate every syllable you writ, and guided your hand all along. Sir, give me leave to tell you, that not a dram, nor a dose, nor a scruple of this precious love of yours is lost, but is safely treasured up in my breast, and answered in like proportion to the full : mine to you is as cordial, it is passionate and perfect as love can be.

I thank you for the desire you have to know how it fares with me abroad : I thank God I am perfectly well, and well contented with this wandering course of life a while : I never enjoyed my health better, but I was like to endanger it two nights ago ; for being in some jovial company abroad, and coming late to our lodging, we were suddenly surprised by a crew of *filous* or night rogues, who

drew upon us ; and as we had exchanged some blows, it pleased God the Chevalier du Guet, an officer who goes up and down the streets all night on horseback to prevent disorders, passed by, and so rescued us, but Jack White was hurt, and I had two thrusts in my cloak. There is never a night passes, but some robbing or murder committed in this town ; so that it is not safe to go late any where, specially about the Pont-Neuf, the New-bridge, though Henry the Great himself lies centinel there in arms, upon a huge Florentine horse, and sits bare to every one that passeth ; an improper posture methinks to a King on horseback. Not long since, one of the Secretaries of State (whereof there are always four,) having been invited to the suburbs of St. Germain to supper, left order with one of his lacqueys to bring him his horse about nine ; it so happened that a mischance befel the horse which lamed him as he went a watering to the Seine, insomuch that the secretary was put to beat the hoof himself, and foot it home ; but as he was passing the Pont-Neuf with his lacquey carrying a torch before him, he might over-hear a noise of clashing of swords, and fighting, and looking under the torch, and perceiving they were but two, he bade his lacquey to go on ; they had not made many paces, but two armed men, with their pistols cocked and swords drawn, made puffing towards them, whereof one had a paper in his hand, which he said he had casually took up in the streets, and the difference between them was about that paper ; therefore they desired the secretary to read it, with a great deal of compliment : the secretary took out his spectacles and fell a reading of the said paper, whereof the substance was, That it should be known to all men, that whosoever did pass over that bridge after nine o'clock at night in winter, and ten in summer, was to leave his cloak behind him, and in case of no cloak, his hat. The secretary starting at this, one of the comrades told him, that he thought that paper concerned him ; so they unmantled him of a new plush cloak, and my secretary was content to go home quietly, and *en curpo*. This makes me think often of the excellent nocturnal government of our city of London, where one may pass and repass securely all hours of the night, if he gives good words to the watch. There is a gentle

gentle calm of peace now throughout all France, and the King intends to make a progress to all the frontier towns of the kingdom, too see how they are fortified. The favourite Luines strengtheneth himself more and more in his minionship; but he is much murmured at, in regard the access of suitors to him is so difficult: which made a Lord of this land say, That three of the hardest things in the world were, to quadrate a circle, to find out the philosopher's-stone, and to speak with the Duke of Luines.

I have sent you by Vacandary, the post, the French beaver and tweeses you writ for: beaver hats are grown dearer of late, because the Jesuits have got the monopoly of them from the King.

Farewel, dear child of virtue, and minion of the muses, and continue to love yours, &c.

LETTER VII.

From James Howel, Esq.; to Sir James Crofts, from Paris.

Paris, 12th May, 1620.

I AM to set forward this week for Spain, and if I can find no commodity of embarkation as St. Maloes, I must be forced to journey it all the way by land, and clamber up the huge Pyrenee hills; but I could not bid Paris adieu, till I had conveyed my true and constant respects to you by this letter. I was yesterday to wait upon Sir Herbert Crofts at St. Geruains, where I met with a French gentleman, who, amongst other curiosities which he pleased to shew me up and down Paris, brought me to that place where the late King was slain, and to that where the Marquis of Ancre was shot; and so made me a punctual relation of all the circumstances of those two acts, which in regard they were rare, and I believe two of the notablest accidents that ever happened in France, I thought it worth the labour to make you partaker of some part of his discourse.

France, as all Christendom besides (for there was then a truce betwixt Spain and the Hollanders,) was in a profound peace, and had continued so twenty years together, when Henry IV. fell upon some great martial design, the bottom whereof is not known to this day; and being rich (for he had heaped up in the Bastile a mount of gold that was as high

as a lance), he levied a huge army of 40,000 men, whence came the song, "the King of France with forty thousand men;" and upon a sudden he put his army in perfect equipage, and some say he invited our Prince Henry to come to him to be a sharer in his exploits. But going one afternoon to the Bastile, to see his treasure and ammunition, his coach stopped suddenly, by reason of some colliers and other carts that were in that narrow-street; whereupon one Ravillac, a lay jesuit (who had a whole twelve-month watched an opportunity to do the act,) put his foot boldly upon one of the wheels of the coach, and with a long knife stretched himself over their shoulders who were in the boot of the coach, and reached the King at the end, and stabbed him right in the left side to the heart, and pulling out the fatal steel he doubled his thrust; the King with a ruthless voice cried out, *Je suis blessé* (I am hurt,) and suddenly the blood gushed out at his mouth. The regicide villain was apprehended, and command given that no violence should be offered him, that he might be reserved for the law, and some exquisite torture. The Queen grew half distracted hereupon, who had been crowned Queen of France the day before in great triumph; but in a few days after she had something to countervail, if not to overmatch, her sorrow; for according to St. Lewis's law, she was made Queen-regent of France, during the King's minority, who was then but about ten years of age. Many consultations were held how to punish Ravillac, and there were some Italian physicians that undertook to prescribe a torment, that should last a constant torment for three days; but he escaped only with this, his body was pulled between four horses, that one might hear his bones crack, and after the dislocation they were set again; and so he was carried in a cart, standing half naked, with a torch in that hand which had committed the murder, and in the place where the act was done it was cut off, and a gauntlet of hot oil was clapped upon the stump to staunch the blood; whereat he gave a doleful shriek: then was he brought upon a stage, where a new pair of boots was provided for him, half filled with boiling oil; then his body was pincered, and hot oil poured into the holes. In all the extremity of this torture he scarce shewed any sense of pain;

but

but when the gauntlet was clapped upon his arm, to stanch the flux at that time of reeking blood, he gave a shriek only. He bore up against all these torments about three hours before he died. All the confession that could be drawn from him was, 'That he thought to have done God good service, to take away that King which would have embroiled all Christendom in an endless war.'

A fatal thing it was that France should have three of her Kings come to such violent deaths in so short a revolution of time. Henry II. running at tilt with M. Montgomery, was killed by a splinter of a lance that pierced his eye: Henry III. not long after was killed by a young friar, who, in lieu of a letter which he pretended to have for him, pulled out of his long sleeve a knife, and thrust him into the bottom of the belly, as he was coming from his close-stool, and so dispatched him; but that regicide was hacked to pieces in the place by the nobles. The same destiny attended the King by Ravillac, which is become now a common name of reproach and infamy in France.

Never was a king so much lamented as this; there are a world not only of his pictures, but statues up and down France, and there is scarce a market-town but hath him erected in the market place, or over some gate, not upon sign-posts, as our Henry VIII.; and by a public act of parliament, which was confirmed in the consistory at Rome, he was entitled Henry the Great, and so placed in the temple of Immortality. A notable prince he was, and of an admirable temper of body and mind; he had a graceful facetious way to gain both love and awe: he would be never transported beyond himself with choler, but he would pass by any thing with some repartee, some witty strain, wherein he was excellent. I will instance in a few which were told me from a good hand. One day he was charged by the Duke of Bouillon to have changed his religion: he answered, "No, cousin, I have changed no religion, but an opinion:" and the Cardinal of Perron, being by, he enjoined him to write a treatise for his vindication; the Cardinal was long about the work, and when the King asked from time to time where his book was, he would still answer him, 'That he expected some manuscripts from

Rome before he could finish it. It happened, that one day the King took the Cardinal along with him to look on his workmen and new buildings at the Louvre; and passing by one corner which had been a long time begun, but left unfinished, the King asked the chief mason why that corner was not all this while perfected? "Sir, it is because I want some choice stones."--"No, no," said the King, looking upon the Cardinal, "it is because thou wantest manuscripts from Rome." Another time the old Duke of Main, who was used to play the droll with him, coming softly into his bed-chamber, and thrusting in his bald head and long neck, in a posture to make the King merry, it happened the King was coming from doing his ease, and spying him, he took the round cover of the close-stool, and clapped it on his bald scone, saying, "Ah, cousin, you thought once to have taken the crown off of my head, and wear it on your own; but this of my tail shall now serve your turn." Another time, when at the siege of Amiens, he having sent for the Count of Soissons (who had 100,000 franks a year pension from the crown) to assist him in those wars, and that the Count excused himself by reason of his years and poverty, having exhausted himself in the former wars, and all that he could do now was to pray for his Majesty, which he would do heartily; this answer being brought to the king, he replied, "Will my cousin, the Count of Soissons, do nothing else but pray for me? tell him that prayer without fasting is not available; therefore I will make my cousin fast also from his pension of 100,000 *per annum*."

He was once troubled with a fit of the gout; and the Spanish ambassador coming then to visit him, and saying he was sorry to see his Majesty so lame; he answered, "As lame as I am, if there were occasion, your master the King of Spain should no sooner have his foot in the stirrup, but he should find me on horseback."

By these few you may guess at the genius of this sprightly prince: I could make many more instances, but then I should exceed the bounds of a letter. When I am in Spain, you shall hear further from me; and if you can think on any thing wherein I may serve you, be-

lieve it, Sir, that any employment from you shall be welcome to your much obliged servant.

LETTER IX.

From James Howel, Esq; to Mr. Thomas Porter, after Captain Porter, from Barcelona.

Barcelona, 10th Nov. 1620.

My dear Tom,

I HAD no sooner set foot upon this soil, and breathed Spanish air, but my thoughts presently reflected upon you; of all my friends in England, you were the first I met here; you were the prime object of my speculation; methought the very winds in gentle whispers did breathe out your name and blow it on me; you seemed to reverberate upon me with the beams of the sun, which you know hath such a powerful influence, and indeed too great a stroke in this country. And all this you must ascribe to the operations of love, which hath such a strong virtual force, that when it fasteneth upon a pleasing subject, it sets the imagination in a strange fit of working; it employs all the faculties of the soul, so that not one cell in the brain is idle: it busieth the whole inward man, it affects the heart, amuseth the understanding; it quickeneth the fancy, and leads the will as it were by a silken thread to co-operate them all: I have felt these motions often in me, especially at this time that my memory is fixed upon you. But the reason that I fell first upon you in Spain was, that I remember I had heard you often discoursing how you have received part of your education here, which brought you to speak the language so exactly well. I think often of the relations I have heard you make of this country, and the good instruction you pleased to give me.

I am now in Barcelona, but the next week I intend to go on through your town of Valentia to Alicant, and thence you shall be sure to hear from me farther, for I make account to winter there. The Duke of Ossuna passed by here lately, and having got leave of grace to release some slaves, he went aboard the Cape gallies, and passing through the *churma* of slaves, he asked divers of them what their offences were: every one excused himself; one saying, That he was put in

out of malice, another by bribery of the judge, but all of them unjustly; amongst the rest there was one little sturdy black man, and the Duke asking him what he was in for; "Sir," said he, "I cannot deny but I am justly put in here, for I wanted money, and so took a purse hard by Tarragone, to keep me from starving." The Duke, with a little staff he had in his hand, gave him two or three blows upon the shoulders, saying, "You rogue, what do you do amongst so many honest innocent men? get you gone out of their company:" so he was freed, and the rest remained still *in statu quo prius*, to tug at the oar.

I pray commend me to Signior Camillo, and Mazalao, with the rest of the Venetians with you: and when you go aboard the ship behind the Exchange, think upon yours.

LETTER X.

From the same to Dr. Francis Mansel, from Valentia.

Sir, Valentia, 1st March, 1620.

THOUGH it be the same glorious sun that shines upon you in England, which illuminates also this part of the hemisphere: though it be the sun that ripeneth your pippins, and our pomegranates: your hops, and our vineyards here; yet he dispenseth his heat in different degrees of strength; those rays that do but warm you in England, do half roast us here; those beams that irradiate only and gild your honey-suckle fields, do scorch and parch this chinky gaping soil, and so put too many wrinkles upon the face of our common mother the earth. O blessed clime, O happy England, where there is such a rare temperature of heat and cold, and all the rest of elementary qualities, that one may pass (and suffer little) all the year long, without either shade in summer, or fire in winter!

I am now in Valentia, one of the noblest cities in all Spain, situate in a large *regu* or valley, above sixty miles compass: here are the strongest silks, the sweetest wines, the excellentest almonds, the best oils, and beautifullest females of all Spain, for the prime courtesans in Madrid and elsewhere are had hence. The very brute animals make themselves beds of rosemary, and other fragrant flowers,

flowers, hereabouts; and when one is at sea, if the wind blow from the shore, he may smell this soil before he come in sight of it, many leagues off, by the strong odoriferous scent it casts. As it is the most pleasant, so it is also the temperatest clime of all Spain; and they commonly call it the second Italy, which made the Moors, whereof many thousands were disterred and banished hence to Barbary, to think that paradise was in that part of the heavens which hung over this city. Some twelve miles off is old Sagunto, called new Morviedre, through which I passed, and saw many monuments of Roman antiquities there; amongst others, there is the temple dedicated to Venus, when the snake came about her neck, a little before Hannibal came thither. No more now, but that I heartily wish you were here with me, and I believe you would not desire to be a good while in England. So I am yours.

LETTER LVIII.

*From the same to Christophèr Jones, Esq;
at Gray's Inn.*

Alicant, 27th March, 1621.

I AM now (thanks be to God) come to Alicant, the chief rendezvous I aimed at in Spain; for I am to send hence a commodity called barillia to Sir Robert Mansel, for making of crystal glass; and I have treated with Signior Andriotti, a Genoa merchant, for a good round parcel of it, to the value of 2000l. by letters of credit from Master Richant; and upon his credit I might have taken many thousand pounds more, he is so well known in the kingdom of Valentia. This barillia is a strange kind of vegetable, and it grows no where upon the surface of the earth in that perfection, as here. The Venetians have it hence, and it is a commodity whereby this maritime town doth partly subsist: for it is an ingredient that goes to the making of the best Castile soap. It grows thus: It is a round thick earthly shrub that bears berries like barberries betwixt blue and green; it lies close to the ground, and when it is ripe they dig it up by the roots, and put it together in cocks, where they leave it to dry many days like hay; then they make a pit of a fathom deep in the earth, and with an instrument like one of our prongs, they take the tufts and put fire to them,

and when the flame comes to the berries, they melt and dissolve into an azure liquor, and fall down into the pit till it be full; then they dam it up, and some days after they open it, and find this barillia juice turned to a blue stone, so hard that it is scarcely malleable; it is sold at one hundred crowns a ton, but I had it for less. There is also a spurious flower called gazull, that grows here, but the glass that is made of that is not so resplendent and clear. I have been here now these three months, and most of my food hath been grapes and bread, with other roots, which have made me so fat that I think if you saw me you would hardly know me, such nutriture this deep sanguine Alicant grape gives. I have not received a syllable from you since I was in Antwerp, which transforms me to wonder and engender odd thoughts of jealousy in me, that as my body grows fatter, your love grows lanker towards me. I pray take off those scruples, and let me hear from you, else it will make a schism in friendship, which I hold to be a very holy league, and no less than a piacle to infringe it; in which opinion I rest your constant friend.

LETTER XII.

From the same to Richard Altham, Esq.

Dear Sir, Venice, 1st July, 1621.

I WAS plunged in a deep fit of melancholy, Saturn had cast his black influence over all my intellectuals; methought I felt my heart a lump of dough, and heavy as lead within my breast; when a letter of yours of the third of this month was brought me, which presently begot new spirits, within me, and made such strong impressions upon my intellectuals, that it turned and transformed me into another man. I have read of a Duke of Milan and others who were poisoned by reading of a letter; but yours produced contrary effects in me, it became an antidote, or rather a most sovereign cordial to me, more operative than bezoar, of more virtue than potable gold, or the elixir of amber, for it wrought a sudden cure upon me: that fluent and rare mixture of love and wit which I found up and down therein, were the ingredients of this cordial; they were as so many choice flowers strewed here and there, which did cast such an odoriferous scent,

that they revived all my senses, and dispelled those dull fumes which had formerly over-clouded my brain; such was the operation of your most ingenious and affectionate letter, and so sweet an entertainment it gave me. If your letter had that virtue, what would your person have done? and did you know all, you would wish your person here a while; did you know the rare beauty of this virgin city, you would quickly make love to her, and change your Royal Exchange for the Rialto, and your Gray's-Inn-Walks for St. Mark's Place for a time. Farewel, dear child of virtue, and minion of the muses; and love still yours.

LETTER XIII.

From James Howell, Esq; to Robert Brown, Esq; at the Middle Temple, from Venice.

Robin, Venice, 12th August 1621.

I HAVE now enough of the maiden city, and this week am to go further into Italy: for though I have been a good while in Venice, yet I cannot say I have hitherto been upon the continent of Italy; for this city is nought else but a knot of islands in the Adriatic sea, joined in one body by bridges, and a good way distant from the firm land. I have lighted upon very choice company, your cousin Brown and Master Webb; and we all take the road of Lombardy, but we made an order among ourselves, that our discourse be always in the language of the country, under penalty of a forfeiture, which is to be indispensably paid. Randal Symns made us a curious feast lately, where in a cup of the richest Greek we had your health, and I could not tell whether the wine or the remembrance of you was sweeter; for it was naturally a kind of aromatic wine, which left a fragrant perfuming kind of farewell behind it. I have sent you a runlet of it in the ship Lion, and if it come safe and unpricked, I pray bestow some bottles upon the lady (you know) with my humble service. When you write next to Mr. Symns, I pray acknowledge the good hospitality and extraordinary civilities I received from him. Before I conclude, I will acquaint you with a common saying that is used of this dainty city of Venice:

*Ventia, Ventia, chi non te vede non te pregia,
Ma chi t'ha troppe vedute te dispreggia.*

Englished and rhymed thus (though I know you need no translation, you understand so much of the Italian):

Venice, Venice, none thee unseen can prize;
Who hath seen too much will thee despise.

I will conclude with that famous bexastic which Sannazaro made of this great city, which pleaseth me much better:

*Viderat Hadriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
Stare urbem, & teti ponere jura mari;
Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantum vis, Jupiter, arces
Obijce & illa tui mœnia Martis ait,
Sic pelago Tibrim præfers urbem aspice utramque,
Illam homines dices, hanc possuisse Deus.*

When Neptune saw in Adrian surges stand
Venice, and give the sea laws of command:
Now Jove, said he, object thy Capitol,
And Mars' proud walls: this were for to extol
Tiber beyond the main; both tow'ns behold;
Rome, men thould't say, Venice the Gods did
mould.

Sannazaro had given him by St. Mark a hundred zecchini for every one of these verses, which amounts to about 300l. It would be long before the city of London would do the like; witness that cold reward, or rather those cold drops of water which were cast upon my countryman Sir Hugh Middleton, for bringing Ware river through her streets, the most serviceable and wholesome benefit that ever she received.

The parcel of Italian books that you write for, you shall receive from Mr. Leat, if it please God to send the ship to safe port; and I take it as a favour, that you employ me in any thing that may conduce to your contentment, because I am your serious servitor.

LETTER XIV.

From the same to Christopher Jones, Esq; at Gray's-Inn, from Naples.

Honoured Father, 8th Oct. 1621.

I MUST still style you so, since I was adopted your son by so good a mother as Oxford; my mind lately prompted me that I should commit a great solecism, if among the rest of my friends in England, I should leave you unsaluted, whom I love so dearly well, especially having such a fair and pregnant opportunity as the hand of this worthy gentleman your cousin Morgan, who is now posting hence for England. He will tell you how it fares

fares with me ; how any time these thirty odd months I have been tossed from shore to shore, and passed under various meridians, and am now in this voluptuous and luxuriant city of Naples : and though these frequent removes and tumbings under climes of different temper were not without some danger, yet the delight which accompanied them was far greater ; and it is impossible for any man to conceive the true pleasure of peregrination, but he who actually enjoys and puts it in practice. Believe it, Sir, that one year well employed abroad by one of mature judgment (which you know I want very much) advantageth more in point of useful and solid knowledge than three in any of our universities. You know running waters are the purest, so they that traverse the world up and down, have the clearest understanding ; being faithful eye-witnesses of those things which others receive but in trust, whereunto they must yield an intuitive consent, and a kind of implicit faith. When I passed through some parts of Lombardy, among other things I observed the physiognomies and complexions of the people, men and women ; and I thought I was in Wales, for divers of them have a cast of countenance, and a nearer resemblance with our nation than any I ever saw yet ; and the reason is obvious ; for the Romans having been near upon three hundred years among us, where they had four legions (before the English nation or language had any being), by so long a coalition and tract of time, the two nations must needs copulate and mix ; insomuch that I believe there is yet remaining in Wales many of the Roman race, and divers in Italy of the British. Among other resemblances one was in their prosody, and vein of versifying or rhyming, which is like our bards, who hold agnominations, and enforcing of consonant words or syllables one upon the other, to be the greatest elegance. As for example, in Welsh, *T'cwgriis, todyrris ty'r derryin, gwillt, &c.* so have I seen divers old rhymes in Italian running so ; *Donne, O danno, che felo affronto affronta : in selva salvo a me ; Più caro cuore, &c.*

Being lately in Rome ; among other pasquils I met with one that was against the Scots ; though it had some gall in it, yet it had a great deal of wit, especially towards the conclusion ; so that I think

if King James saw it, he would but laugh at it.

As I remember some years since there was a very abusive satire in verse brought to our king ; and as the passages were a-reading before him he often said, that if there were no more men in England, the rogue should hang for it : at last being come to the conclusion, which was (after all his railing)

Now God preserve the king, the queen, the
peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears ;

this pleased his Majesty so well, that he broke into a laughter, and said " By my saul, so thou shalt for me : thou art a bitter, but thou art a witty knave."

When you write to Monmouthshire, I pray send my respects to my tutor, Master Moor Fortune, and my service to Sir Charles Williams : and according to that relation which was betwixt us at Oxford, I rest your constant son to serve you.

LETTER XV.

From the same to Sir Eubule Theolall, Knight, and Principal of Jesus College in Oxford.

Sir,

London, idibus Mar. 1621.

I SEND you most due and humble thanks, that notwithstanding I have played the truant, and been absent so long from Oxford, you have been pleased lately to make a choice of me to be fellow of your new foundation in Jesus' College, whereof I was once a member. As the quality of my fortunes, and course of life run now, I cannot make present use of this your great favour, or promotion rather : yet I do highly value it, and humbly accept of it, and intend by your permission to reserve and lay it by, as a good warm garment against rough weather, if any fall on me. With this my expression of thankfulness, I do congratulate the great honour you have purchased both by your own beneficence, and by your painful endeavour besides, to perfect that national college, which hereafter is like to be a monument of your fame, as well as a seminary of learning, and will perpetuate your memory to all posterity.

God Almighty prosper and perfect your undertakings, and provide for you in heaven those rewards which such public works of piety use to be crowned

withal; it is the appreciation of your truly devoted servitor.

LETTER XVI.

From James Howel, Esq. to Dan. Caldwell, Esq; from the Lord Savage's house in Long Melford.

My dear Dan, 20th of May, 1619.

THOUGH, considering my former condition of life, I may now be called a countryman, yet you cannot call me a rustic (as you would imply in your letter) as long as I live in so civil and noble a family, as long as I lodge in so virtuous and regular a house as any I believe in the land, both for economical government and the choice company; for I never saw yet such a dainty race of children in all my life together; I never saw yet such an orderly and punctual attendance of servants, nor a great house so neatly kept; here one shall see no dog, nor a cat, nor cage, to cause any nastiness within the body of the house. The kitchen and gutters, and other offices of noise and drudgery, are at the fag-end; there is a back gate for the beggars and the meaner sort of swains to come in at; the stables butt upon the park, which for a cheerful rising ground, for groves and browsings for the deer, for rivulets of water, may compare with any for its highness in the whole land; it is opposite to the front of the great house, whence from the gallery one may see much of the game when they are a-hunting.--- Now for the gardening and costly choice flowers, for ponds, for stately large walks, green and gravelly, for orchards and choice fruits of all sorts, there are few the like in England; here you have your bon christian pear and bergamot in perfection; your muscadell grapes in such plenty, that there are some bottles of wine sent every year to the King; and one Mr. Daniel, a worthy gentleman hard by, who hath been long abroad, makes good store in his vintage. Truly this house of Long Melford, though it be not so great, yet it is so well compacted and contrived with such dainty conveniencies every way, that if you saw the landscape of it, you would be mightily taken with it, and it would serve for a choice pattern to build and contrive a house by. If you come this summer to

your manor of Sheriff in Essex, you will not be far off hence; if your occasions will permit, it will be worth your coming hither, though it be only to see him, who would think it a short journey to go from St. David's Head to Dover Cliffs to see and serve you, were there occasion: if you would know who the same is, it is yours, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From the same to his brother, Mr. Hugh Penny, upon his marriage.

Sir, 20th May, 1622.

YOU have had a good while the interest of a friend in me, but you have me now in a straighter tie, for I am your brother by your late marriage, which hath turned friendship into an alliance; you have in your arms one of my dearest sisters, who I hope, nay I know will make a good wife. I heartily congratulate this marriage, and pray that a blessing may descend upon it from that place where all marriages are made, which is from heaven, the fountain of all felicity: to this prayer I think it no profaneness to add the saying of the lyric poet Horace, in whom I know you delight much; and I send it you as a kind of epithalamium, and wish it may be verified in you both.

*Fœlices ter et amplius
Quo irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Dirivus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.*

Thus Englished:

That couple's more than trebly blest,
Which nuptial bonds do so combine,
That no distaste can them untwine,
Till the last day send both to rest.

So, my dear brother, I much rejoice for this alliance, and wish you may increase and multiply to your heart's content. Your affectionate brother.

LETTER XVIII.

From the same to Dr. Thomas Prichards at Worcester House.

Sir, Paris, 3d Aug. 1621.

FRIENDSHIP is the great chain of human society, and intercourse of letters

ters is one of the chiefest links of that chain : you know this as well as I, therefore I pray, let our friendship, let our love, that nationality of British love, that virtuous tie of academic love, be still strengthened (as heretofore) and receive daily more and more vigour. I am now in Paris, and there is weekly opportunity to receive and send ; and if you please to send, you shall be sure to receive, for I make it a kind of religion to be punctual in this kind of payment. I am heartily glad to hear that you are become a domestic member to that most noble family of the Worcesters, and I hold it to be a very good foundation for future preferment ; I wish you may be as happy in them as I know they will be happy in you. France is now barren of news, only there was a shrewd brush lately between the young king and his mother, who, having the Duke of Epernon and others for her champions, met him in open field about *Pont de Cé*, but she went away with the worst ; such was the rare dutifulness of the King, that he forgave her upon his knees, and pardoned all her accomplices ; and now there is an universal peace in this country, which it is thought will not last long, for there is a war intended against them of the reformed religion : for this King, though he be slow in speech, yet he is active in spirit, and loves motion. I am here comrade to a gallant young gentleman, my old acquaintance, who is full of excellent parts, which he hath acquired by a choice breeding the Baron his father gave him, both in the university and in the inns of court ; so that for the time I envy no man's happiness. So with my hearty commends, and much endeared love unto you, I rest yours.

LETTER XIX.

From the same to the Honourable Mr. John Savage (now Earl of Rivers), at Florence.

Sir,

Lond. 24th March, 1622.

My love is not so short but it can reach as far as Florence to find you out, and farther too, if occasion required ; nor are these affections I have to serve you so dull, but they can clamber over the Alps and Appenine to wait upon you, as they have adventured to do now in this paper. I am sorry I was not in London to kiss

your hands before you set to sea, and much more sorry that I had not the happiness to meet you in Holland or Brabant, for we went the very same road, and lay in Dort and Antwerp, in the same lodgings you had lain in a fortnight before. I presume you have by this time tasted the sweetness of travel, and that you have weaned your affections from England for a good while : you must now think upon home, (as one said) good men think upon heaven, aiming still to go thither, but not till they finish their course ; and yours I understand will be three years ; in the mean time you must not suffer any melting tenderness of thoughts or longing desires, to distract or interrupt you in that fair road you are in to virtue ; and to beautify within that comely edifice which nature hath built without you. I know your reputation is precious to you, as it should be to every noble mind ; you have exposed it now to the hazard, therefore you must be careful it receive no taint at your return, by not answering that expectation which your Prince and noble parents have of you. You are now under the chiefest clime of wisdom, fair Italy, the darling of nature, the nurse of policy, the theatre of virtue ; but though Italy give milk to virtue with one dug, she often suffers vice to suck at the other ; therefore you must take heed you mistake not the dug ; for there is an ill-favoured saying, that *Inglese Italiano è diavolo incarnato* ; an Englishman Italianate, is a devil incarnate. I fear no such thing of you, I have had such pregnant proofs of your ingenuity, and noble inclinations to virtue and honour : I know you have a mind to both, but I must tell you that you will hardly get the good will of the latter, unless the first speak a good word for you. When you go to Rome you may haply see the ruins of two temples, one dedicated to virtue, the other to honour ; and there was no way to enter into the last but through the first. Noble Sir, I wish your good very seriously, and if you please to call to memory, and examine the circumstance of things, and my carriage towards you since I had the happiness to be known first to your honourable family, I know you will conclude that I love and honour you in no vulgar way.

My Lord, your grandfather, was complaining lately that he had not heard from you a good while : by the next

shipping to Leghorn, among other things he intends to send you a whole brawn in collars: I pray be pleased to remember my affectionate service to Mr. Thomas Savage, and my kind respects to Mr. Bold. For English news, I know this packet comes freighted to you, therefore I forbear at this time to send any. Farewel, noble heir of honour, and command always your true servitor,

LETTER XX.

From James Howel, Esq; to Dr. Prichard.

Sir, London, 6th Jan. 1625.

SINCE I was beheldén to you for your many favours in Oxford, I have not heard from you (*ne gry quiden*) ; I pray let the wonted correspondence be now revived, and receive new vigour between us.

My Lord Chancellor Bacon is lately dead of a long languishing weakness; he died so poor that he scarce left money to bury him, which, though he had a great wit, did argue no great wisdom: it being one of the essential properties of a wise man to provide for the main chance. I have read, that it had been the fortunes of all poets commonly to die beggars; but for an orator, a lawyer, and philosopher, as he was, to die so, it is rare. It seems the same fate befel him that attended Demosthenes, Seneca, and Cicero (all great men), of whom the two first fell by corruption. The fairest diamond may have a flaw in it, but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the pelf of fortune, as also out of an excess of generosity, which appeared, as in divers others passages, so once when the King had sent him a stag, he sent up for the under-keeper, and having drank the King's health to him in a great silver gift bowl, he gave it for his fee.

He wrote a pitiful letter to King James not long before his death, and concludes, "Help me, dear Sovereign, Lord and Master, and pity me so far, that I who have been born to a bag, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor that I, who desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live." Which words, in my opinion argued a little abjection of spirit, as his former letter to the Prince did of profaneness; wherein he hoped, that as the

father was his creator, the son will be his redeemer. I write not this to derogate from the noble worth of the Lord Viscount Verulam, who was a rare man; a man *reconditæ scientiæ, et ad salutem literarum natus*, and I think the eloquentest that was born in this isle. They say he shall be the last Lord Chancellor, as Sir Edward Coke was the last Lord Chief Justice of England; for ever since they have been termed Lord Chief Justices of the King's Bench; so hereafter they shall be only Keepers of the Great Seal, which for title and office are deposable; but they say the Lord Chancellor's title is indelible.

I was lately at Gray's Inn with Sir Eubule, and he desired me to remember him to you, as I do also salute *Meum Prichardum ex imis præcordiis, Vale μεγαλὴ μοι προσφιλεστάτη*. Yours affectionately.

LETTER XXI.

From the same to his well-beloved Cousin Mr. T. V.

Cousin, London, 5th Feb. 1625.

YOU have a great work in hand, for you write to me that you are upon a treaty of marriage; a great work indeed, and a work of such consequence that it may make you, or mar you; it may make the whole remainder of your life uncouth or comfortable to you: for of all civil actions that are incident to man, there is not any that tends more to his infelicity or happiness; therefore it concerns you not to be over-hasty herein, nor to take the ball before the bound. You must be cautious how you thrust your neck into such a yoke, whence you will never have power to withdraw it again; for the tongue useth to tie so hard a knot that the teeth can never untie, no not Alexander's sword can cut asunder, amongst us Christians. If you are resolved to marry, chuse where you love, and resolve to love your choice: let love rather than lucre be your guide in this election; though a concurrence of both be good, yet for my part, I had rather the latter should be wanting than the first: the one is the pilot, the other but the ballast of the ship, which should carry us to the harbour of a happy life. If you are bent to wed, I wish you another guess wife than Socrates had: who when she had scolded him out of doors, as he was going

going through the portal, threw a chamber pot of stale urine upon his head; whereat the philosopher, having been silent all the while, smilingly said, "I thought after so much thunder we should have rain." And as I wish you may not light upon such a Xantippe (as the wisest men have had ill luck in this kind, as I could instance in two of our most eminent lawyers, C. B.), so I pray that God may deliver you from a wife of such a generation, that Strowd our cook here at Westminster said his wife was of, who, when (out of a mislike of the preacher) he had on Sunday in the afternoon gone out of the church to a tavern, and returning towards the evening pretty well-heated with Canary, to look to his roast, and his wife falling to read him a loud lesson in so furious a manner, as if she would have basted him instead of the mutton, and among other revilings, telling him often, "That the devil, the devil would fetch him," at last he broke out of a long silence, and told her, "I prithee, good wife, hold thyself content: for I know the devil will do me no hurt, for I have married his kin-woman." If you light upon such a wife (a wife that hath more bone than flesh), I wish you may have the same measure of patience that Socrates and Strowd had, to suffer the grey mare sometimes to be the better horse. I remember a French proverb;

*La maison est miserable et méchante,
Qu'à la poule plus haut que le coq chante.*

That house doth every day more wretched grow
Where the hen louder than the cock doth grow.

Yet we have another English proverb almost counter to this, "That it is better to marry a shrew than a sheep;" for though silence be the dumb orator of beauty, and the best ornament of a woman, yet a phlegmatic dull wife is fulsome and fastidious.

Excuse me, cousin, that I jest with you in so serious a business: I know you need no counsel of mine herein: you are discreet enough of yourself; nor I presume, do you want advice of parents, which by all means must go along with you. So wishing you all conjugal joy, and an happy confarreation, I rest your affectionate cousin.

LETTER XXII.

*From the same to the Lady Jane Savage,
Marchioness of Winchester.*

Excellent Lady, Lond. 15th Mar. 1626.

I MAY say of your Grace, as it was said once of a rare Italian Princess, that you are the greatest tyrant in the world, because you make all those that see you your slaves, much more them that know you, I mean those that are acquainted with your inward disposition, and with the faculties of your soul, as well as the phisnomy of your face; for virtue took as much pains to adorn the one, as nature did to perfect the other, I have had the happiness to know both, when your Grace took pleasure to learn Spanish: at which time, when my betters far had offered their service in this kind, I had the honour to be commanded by you often. He that hath as much experience of you as I have had, will confess, that the handmaid of God Almighty was never so prodigal of her gifts to any, or laboured more to frame an exact model of female perfection: nor was Dame Nature only busied in this work; but all the graces did consult and co-operate with her; and they wasted so much of their treasure to enrich this one piece, that it may be a good reason why so many lame and defective fragments of women-kind are daily thrust into the world.

I return you here the enclosed sonnet your Grace pleased to send me lately, rendered into Spanish, and fitted for the same air it had in English, both for cadence and number of feet. With it I send my most humble thanks, that your Grace would descend to command me in any thing that might conduce to your contentment and service; for there is nothing I desire with a greater ambition (and herein I have all the world my rival) than to be accounted, Madam, your Graces's most humble and ready servitor.

LETTER XXIII.

From the same to Mr. R. Sc. at York.

Lond. 19th July,
the 1st of the Dogdays, 1626.

Sir,
I sent you one of the 3d current, but it was not answered; I sent another the 13th like a second arrow, to find out the

the first, but I know not what's become of either: I send this to find out the other two; and if this fail, there shall go no more out of my quiver. If you forget me, I have cause to complain, and more if you remember me: to forget may proceed from the frailty of memory; not to answer me when you mind me, is pure neglect, and no less than a piacle. So I rest yours easily to be recovered.

*Ira furor brevis, brevis est mea littera, coger,
Ira correptus, corripuisse stylum.*

LETTER XXIV.

From James Howel, Esq; to the Right Honourable Lady Scroop, Countess of Sunderland; from Stamford.

Madam, Stamford, 5th Aug. 1628.

I LAY yesternight at the post-house at Stilton, and this morning betimes the post-master came to my bed's-head and told me the Duke of Buckingham was slain: my faith was not then strong enough to believe it, till an hour ago I met in the way with my Lord of Rutland (your brother) riding post towards London; it pleased him to alight, and shew me a letter, wherein there was an exact relation of all the circumstances of this sad tragedy.

Upon Saturday last, which was but next before yesterday, being Bartholomew eve, the Duke did rise up in a well-disposed humour out of his bed, and cut a caper, or two, and being ready, and having been under the barber's hand (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed, for he was leaning upon the window all the while) he went to breakfast, attended by a great company of commanders, where Monsieur Subize came to him, and whispered him in the ear that Rochel was relieved; the Duke seemed to slight the news, which made some think that Subize went away discontented. After breakfast the Duke going out, Colonel Fryer, stepped before him, and stopp'd him upon some business, and Lieutenant Felton, being behind, made a thrust with a common tenpenny knife over Fryer's arm at the Duke, which lighted so fatally that he slit his heart in two, leaving the knife sticking in the body. The Duke took out the knife, and threw it away: and laying his hand on his sword, and drawing it half out, said, "The villian hath killed me,"

(meaning, as some think, Colonel Fryer) for there had been some difference betwixt them; so reeling against a chimney, he fell down dead. The Dutchess being with child, hearing the noise below, came in her night-gceers from her bed-chamber, which was in an upper room, to a kind of rail, and thence beheld him weltering in his own blood. Felton had lost his hat in the crowd, wherein there was a paper sewed, wherein he declared, that the reason which moved him to this act, was no grudge of his own, though he had been far behind for his pay; and had been put by his Captain's place twice, but in regard he thought the Duke an enemy to the state, because he was branded in parliament; therefore what he did was for the public good of his country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his horse, which was tied to a hedge hard by; but he was so amazed that he missed his way, and so struck into the pastry, where, although the cry went that some Frenchman had done it, he, thinking the word was Felton, boldly confessed it was he that had done the deed, and so he was in their hands. Jack Stamford would have run at him, but he was kept off by Mr. Nicholas; so being carried up to a tower, Captain Mince tore off his spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an act, making him believe the Duke was not dead, he answered boldly, that he knew he was dispatched, for it was not he, but the hand of heaven that gave the stroke; and though his whole body had been covered over with armour of proof, he could not have avoided it. Captain Charles Price went post presently to the King four miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet never stirred, nor was he disturbed a whit till all divine service was done. This was the relation, as far as my memory could bear, in my Lord of Rutland's letter, who willed me to remember him to your Ladyship, and tell you that he was going to comfort your neice (the Dutchess) as fast as he could. And so I have sent the truth of this sad story to your Ladyship, as fast as I could by this post, because I cannot make that speed myself, in regard of some business I have to dispatch for my Lord in the way; so I humbly take my leave, and rest your Ladyship's most dutiful servant.

LETTER XXV.

*From the same to his Cousin Mr. St. John,
at Christ Church College in Oxford.*

Cousin, London, 25th Oct. 1627.

THROUGH you want no incitements to go on in that fair road of virtue where you are now running your course, yet being lately in your noble father's company, he did intimate to me, that any thing which came from me would take with you very much. I hear so well of your proceedings, that I should rather commend than encourage you. I know you were removed to Oxford in full maturity, you were a good orator, a good poet, and a good linguist for your time; I would not have that fate light upon you, which useth to befall some, who from golden students became silver batchelors, and leaden masters: I am far from entertaining such thought of you, that logic with her *quiddities*, and *que, la, vel hipps*, can any way unpolish your humane studies. As logic is clubbisted and crabbed, so she is terrible at first sight; she is like a gorgon's head to a young student, but after a twelve months constancy and patience, this gorgon's head will prove a mere bugbear; when you have devoured the organon, you will find philosophy far more delightful and pleasing to your palate. In feeding the soul with knowledge, the understanding requireth the same consecutive acts which nature useth in nourishing the body. To the nutrition of the body there are two essential conditions required, assumption and retention, then there follows two more, *πρῆσις* and *σπῆσις*, concoction and agglutination, or adhesion: so in feeding your soul with science, you must first assume and suck in the matter into your apprehension, then must the memory retain and keep it in; afterwards by disputation, discourse, and meditation, it must be well concocted: then it must be agglutinated, and converted to nutriment. All this may be reduced to these two heads, *teneri fideliter*, & *uti feliciter*, which are two of the happiest properties of a student. There is another act required to good concoction, called the act of expulsion, which puts off all that is unsound and noxious, so in study there must be an expulsive virtue to skun all that is erro-

neous; and there is no science but is full of such stuff, which by direction of tutor, and choice of good books, must be excerned. Do not confound yourself with multiplicity of authors, two is enough upon any science, provided they be pleary and orthodox; philosophy should be your substantial food, poetry your banquetting-stuff; philosophy hath more of reality in it than any knowledge; the philosopher can fathom the deep, measure mountains, reach the stars with a staff, and bless heaven with a girdle.

But among these studies, you must not forget the *unicum necessarium*; on Sundays and holidays, let divinity be the sole object of your speculation, in comparison whereof all other knowledge is but cobweb learning: *præ quâ quis puliæ cætera*.

When you can make truce with study, I should be glad you would employ some superfluous hour or other to write to me, for I much covet your good, because I am your affectionate cousin.

LETTER XXVI.

From the same to J. S. Knight.

Sir,

London, 25th May 1628.

YOU writ to me lately for a footman, and I think this bearer will fit you: I know he can run well, for he hath run away twice from me, but he knew the way back again. Yet though he hath a running head as well as running heels, (and who will expect a footman to be a stayed man?) I would not part with him were I not to go post to the North.--- There be some things in him that answer for his waggeries; he will come when you call him, go when you bid him, and shut the door after him; he is faithful and stout, and a lover of his master; he is a great enemy to all dogs, if they bark at him in his running, for I have seen him confront a huge mastiff, and knock him down; when you go a country journey, or have him run with you a hunting, you must spirit him with liquor; you must allow him also something extraordinary for socks, else you must not have him to wait at your table; when his grease melts in running hard, it is subject to fall into his toes. I send him you but for trial: if he be not for your
tun,

turn, turn him over to me again when I come back.

The best news I can send you at this time is, that we are like to have a peace both with France and Spain; so that Harwich men, your neighbours, shall not hereafter need to fear the name of Spinola, who struck such an apprehension into them lately, that I understand they began to fortify.

I pray present my most humble service to my good Lady, and at my return from the North, I will be bold to kiss her hands and yours. So I am your much obliged servitor.

LETTER XXVII.

From James Howel, Esq; to his Father.

Sir, London, 30th Sept. 1629.

OUR two younger brothers which you sent hither are disposed of; my brother Doctor hath placed the elder of the two with Mr. Hawes, a mereerin Cheap-side, and he took much pains in it; and I had placed my brother Ned with Mr. Barrington, a silk-man in the same street; but afterwards for some inconveniencies I removed him to one Mr. Smith at the Flower-de-luce in Lombard-street, a mercer also. Their masters both of them are very well to pass, and of good repute; I think it will prove some advantage to them hereafter, to be both of one trade: because when they are out of their time, they may join stocks together: so that I hope, Sir, they are as well placed as any two youths in London, but you must not use to send them such large tokens in money, for that may corrupt them. When I went to bind my brother Ned apprentice in Drapers' Hall, casting my eyes upon the chimney-piece of the great room, I spied a picture of an ancient gentleman, and underneath, Thomas Howel: I asked the clerk about him; and he told me that he had been a Spanish merchant in Henry VIII's time, and coming home rich, and dying a batchelor, he gave that hall to the company of drapers, with other things, so that he is accounted one of the chiefest benefactors. I told the clerk that one of the sons of Thonias Howel came now thither to be bound; he answered, that if he be a right Howel, he may have when he is free three hundred pounds to help to set up, and pay no interest for

five years. It may be hereafter we will make use of this. He told me also, that any maud that can prove her father to be a true Howel may come and demand fifty pounds towards her portion of the said Hall. I am to go post towards York, to-morrow, to my charge, but hope, God willing, to be here again the next term: so with my love to my brother Howel, and my sister his wife, I rest your dutiful son.

LETTER XXVIII.

From the same to his Brother Dr. Howel, at Jesus College in Oxon.

Brother, London, 20th June, 1628.

I HAVE sent you here inclosed, warrants for four brace of bucks and a stag: the last Sir Arthur Manwaring procured of the King for you towards the keeping of your act. I have sent you also a warrant for a brace of bucks out of Waddon Chace; besides, you shall receive by this carrier a great wicker hamper, with two joles of sturgeon, six barrels of pickled oysters, three barrels of Bologna olives, with some other Spanish commodities.

My Lord President of the North hath lately made me patron of a living hard by Henly, called Hambledon; it is worth 500l. a year *communibus annis*; and the now incumbent, Dr. Pilkinton, is very aged, valetudinary, and corpulent: my Lord by legal instrument hath transmitted the next advowson to me for satisfaction of some arrerages. Dr. Domlaw and two or three more have been with me about it, but I always intended to make the first proffer to you; therefore I pray think of it: a sum of money must be had, but you shall be at no trouble for that, if you only will secure it (and desire one more who I know will do it for you), and it shall appear to you that you have it upon far better terms than any other. It is as finely situated as any rectory can be, for it is about the midway betwixt Oxford and London; it lies upon the Thames, and the glebe-land house is very large and fair, and not dilapidated; so that considering all things, it is as good as some bishoprics. I know his Majesty is gracious to you, and you may well expect some preferment that way; but such livings as these are not to be had every where. I thank you for inviting me to your act; I will be with you the next week,

week, God willing, and hope to find my father there. So with my kind love to Dr. Mansel, Mr. Watkins, Mr. Madocks and Mr. Napier at All-Souls, I rest your loving brother.

LETTER XXIX.

From the same to R. S. Esq.

Sir, Westminster, 3d Aug. 1629.

I AM one of them who value not a courtesy that hangs long betwixt the fingers. I love not those *viscosa beneficia*, those bird-limed kindnesses, which Pliny speaks of; nor would I receive money in a dirty clout, if possible I could be without it: therefore I return you the courtesy by the same hand that brought it; it might have pleased me at first, but the expectation of it hath prejudiced me, and now perhaps you may have more need of it than your humble servitor.

LETTER XXX.

From the same to his Father.

Sir, London, Dec. 3d, 1630.

While Lord President of York, and since is sworn Privy Counsellor, and made Baron and Viscount: the Duke of Buckingham himself flew not so high in so short a revolution of time: he was made Viscount with a great deal of high ceremony upon a Sunday in the afternoon at Whitehall. My Lord of Powis (who affects him not so much) being told that the Heralds had fetched his pedigree from the Blood-royal, viz. from John of Gaunt, said, "D—e, if ever he come to be King of England, I will turn rebel." When I went first to give him joy, he pleased to give me the disposing of the next attorney's place that falls void in York, which is valued at 300l. I have no reason to leave my Lord of Sunderland, for I hope he will be noble unto me. The perquisites of my place, taking the King's fee away, came far short of what he promised me at my first coming to him, in regard of his non-residence at York; therefore I hope he will consider it some other way. This languishing sickness still hangs on him, and I fear will make an end of him. There's none can tell what to make of

it, but he voided lately a small worm at Wickham; but I fear there's an imposthume growing in him, for he told me a passage, how many years ago my Lord Willoughby and he, with so many of their servants (*de gaieté de cœur*) played a match at foot-ball against such a number of countrymen, where my Lord of Sunderland being busy about the ball, got a bruise in the breast; which put him in a swoon for the present, but did not trouble him till three months after when being at Bever Castle (his brother-in-law's house) a qualm took him on a sudden, which made him retire to his bed-chamber. My Lord of Rutland following him put a pipe full of tobacco in his mouth; he being not accustomed to tobacco, taking the smoke downwards, fell a casting and vomiting up divers little imposthumated bladders of congealed blood; which saved his life then, and brought him to have a better conceit of tobacco ever after: and I fear there is some of that clodded blood still in his body.

Because Mr. Hawes of Cheapside is lately dead, I have removed my brother Griffith to the Hen and Chickens in Paternoster-row, to Mr. Taylors as a genteel a shop as any in the city; but I gave a piece of plate of twenty nobles price to his wife. I wish the Yorkshire horse may be fit for your turn: he was accounted the best saddle gelding about York, when I bought him of Captain Philips, the Muster-master; and when he carried me first to London, there was twenty pounds offered for him by my Lady Carlisle. No more now, but desiring a continuance of your blessing and prayers, I rest your dutiful son.

LETTER XXXI.

From the same to the Right Rev. Dr. Field, Lord Bishop of St. David's.

My Lord, Westminster, 1st May, 1632.

YOUR late letter affected me with two contrary passions, with gladness and sorrow. The beginning of it dilated my spirits with apprehensions of joy, that you are so well recovered of your late sickness, which I heartily congratulate: but the conclusion of your Lordship's letter contracted my spirits, and plunged them in a deep sense of just sorrow, while you please to write me news of my dear father's

father's death. *Permissit initium, percussit finis.* Truly, my Lord, it is the heaviest news that ever was sent me : but when I recollect myself, and consider the fairness and maturity of his age, and that it was rather a gentle dissolution than a death ; when I contemplate that infinite advantage he hath got by this change and transmigration, it much lightens the weight of my grief ; for if ever human soul entered heaven, surely his is there. Such was his constant piety to God, his rare indulgence to his children, his charity to his neighbours, and his candour in reconciling differences ; such was the gentleness of his disposition, his unwearyed course in actions of virtue, that I wish my soul no other felicity, when she hath shaken off these rags of flesh, than to ascend to his, and co-enjoy the same bliss.

Excuse me, my Lord, that I take my leave at this time so abruptly of you : when this sorrow is a little digested, you shall hear further from me ; for I am your Lordship's most true and humble servitor.

LETTER XXXII.

From the same to Sir Ed. B. Knight.

Sir, London, 25th July, 1635.

I RECEIVED yours this Maundy-Thurs- day : and whereas among other passages, and high endearments of love, you desire to know what method I observe in the exercise of my devotions, I thank you for your request, which I have reason to believe doth proceed from an extraordinary respect to me ; and I will deal with you herein as one should do with his confessor.

It is true, though there be rules and rubrics in our Liturgy sufficient to guide every one in the performance of all holy duties, yet I believe every one hath some mode and model or formula of his own, especially for his private cubicular devotions.

I will begin with the last day of the week, and with the latter end of that day, I mean Saturday evening, on which I have fasted ever since I was a youth in Venice, for being delivered from a very great danger. This year I use some extraordinary acts of devotion, to usher in the ensuing Sunday, in hymns, and various prayers of my own penning, before

I go to bed. On Sunday morning I rise earlier than upon other days, to prepare myself for the sanctifying of it ; nor do I use barber, taylor, shoe-maker, or any other mechanic, that morning ; and whatsoever diversions or-lets may hinder me the week before, I never miss, but in case of sickness, to repair to God's holy house that day, where I come before prayers begin, to make myself fitter for the work by some previous meditations, and to take the whole service along with me ; nor do I love to mingle speech with any in the interim, about news or worldly negotiations, in God's holy house. I prostrate myself in the humblest and de- centest way of genuflection I can imagine ; nor do I believe there can be any excess of exterior humility in that place ; therefore I do not like those squatting unseem- ly bold postures upon one's tail, or muf- fling the face in the hat, or thrusting it in some hole, or covering it with one's hand ; but with bended knee, and in open confident face, I fix my eyes on the east part of the church, and heaven. I endeavour to apply every tittle of the ser- vice to my own conscience and occasions ; and I believe the want of this, with the huddling up and careless reading of some ministers, with the commonness of it, is the greatest cause that many do under- value and take a surfeit of our public service.

For the reading and singing Psalms, whereas most of them are either petitions or eucharistical ejaculations, I listen to them more attentively and make them my own. When I stand at the Creed, I think upon the custom they have in Po- land, and elsewhere, for gentlemen to draw their swords all the while, intimat- ing thereby that they will defend it with their lives and blood. And for the De- calogue, whereas others use to rise, and sit, I ever kneel at it in the humblest and tremblingest posture of all ; to crave remission for the breaches passed of any of God's holy commandments (especi- ally the week before), and future grace to observe them.

I love a holy devout sermon, that first checks and then cheers the conscience ; that begins with the Law, and ends with the Gospel ; but I never prejudicate or censure any preacher, taking him as I find him.

And now that we are not only adulated, but ancient Christians, I believe the most acce-
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acceptable sacrifice we can send up to heaven is prayer and praise; and that sermons are not so essential as either of them to the true practice of devotion. The rest of the holy sabbath I sequester my body and mind as much as I can from worldly affairs.

Upon Monday morn, as soon as the Cinque-Ports are open, I have a particular prayer of thanks, that I am reprieved to the beginning of that week; and every day following I knock thrice at heaven's-gate, in the morning, in the evening, and at night; besides prayers at meals, and some other occasional ejaculations, as upon the putting on of a clean shirt, washing my hands, and at lighting of candles; which, because they are sudden, I do in the third person.

Tuesday morning I rise winter and summer as soon as I wake, and send up a more particular sacrifice for some reasons; and as I am disposed, or have business, I go to-bed again.

Upon Wednesday night I always fast, and perform also some extraordinary acts of devotion, as also upon Friday night; and Saturday morning, as soon as my senses are unlocked, I get up. And in the summer-time, I am often-times abroad in some private field to attend the sun-rising; and as I pray thrice every day, so I fast thrice every week; at least I eat but one meal upon Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, in regard I am jealous with myself, to have more infirmities to answer for than others.

Before I go to bed, I make a scrutiny what peccant humours have reigned in me that day; and so I reconcile myself to my Creator, and strike a tally in the exchequer of heaven for my *quietus est*, ere I close my eyes; and leave no burden upon my conscience.

Before I presume to take the holy sacrament, I use some extraordinary acts of humiliation to prepare myself some days before, and by doing some deeds of charity; and commonly I compose some new prayers.

I use not to rush rashly into prayer without a trembling precedent meditation; and if any odd thoughts intervene, and grow upon me, I check myself, and recommence; and this is incident to long prayers, which are more subject to man's weakness and the devil's malice.

By these steps I strive to climb up to heaven, and my soul prompts me I shall

go thither; for there is no object in the world delights me more than to cast up my eyes that way, especially in a star-light night; and if my mind be overcast with any odd clouds of melancholy, when I look up and behold that glorious fabric, which I hope shall be my country hereafter, there are new spirits begot in me presently, which make me scorn the world and the pleasures thereof, considering the vanity of the one, and the inanity of the other.

Thus my soul still moves eastward, as all the heavenly bodies do; but I must tell you, that as those bodies are overmastered, and snatched away to the west, *raptu primi mobilis*, by the general motion of the tenth sphere, so by those epidemical infirmities which are incident to man, I am often snatched away a clean contrary course, yet my soul persists still in her own proper motion. I am often at variance and angry with myself (nor do I hold this anger to be any breach of charity), when I consider, that whereas my Creator intended this body of mine, though a lump of clay, to be a temple of his holy spirit, my affection should turn it often to a brothel-house, my passions to a bedlam, and my excess to an hospital.

Being of a lay profession, I humbly conform to the constitutions of the church, and my spiritual superiors; and I hold this obedience to be an acceptable sacrifice to God.

Difference in opinion may work a disaffection in me, but not a detestation; I rather pity than hate Turk or Infidel, for they are of the same metal, and bear the same stamp as I do, though the inscription differ: If I hate any, it is those schismatics that puzzle the sweet peace of our church; so that I could be content to see an Anabaptist go to hell on a Brownist's back.

Noble Knight, now that I have thus eviscerated myself, and dealt so clearly with you, I desire by way of correspondence, that you will tell me what way you take in your journey to heaven; for if my breast lie so open to you, it is not fitting yours should be shut up to me; therefore I pray let me hear from you when it may stand with your convenience.

So I wish you your heart's desire here, and heaven hereafter, because I am yours in no vulgar friendship.

LETTER XXXIII.

*From James Howell, Esq. to Master
Thomas Adams.*

Sir, Westminster, 25th August 1633.

I PRAY stir nimbly in the business you imparted to me last, and let it not languish; you know how much it concerns your credit, and the convenience of a friend who deserves so well of you: I fear you will meet with divers obstacles in the way, which if you cannot remove, you must overcome. A lukewarm irresolute man did never any thing well; every thought entangles him; therefore you must pursue the point of your design with heat, and set all wheels a-going. It is a true badge of a generous nature, being once embarked in a business, to hoise up and spread every sail, main, mizen, sprit and top-sail; by that means he will sooner arrive at his port. If the winds be so cross, and that there be such a fate in the thing, that it can take no effect, yet you shall have wherewith to satisfy an honest mind, that you left no thing unattempted to compass it; for in the conduct of human affairs, it is a rule, That a good conscience hath always within doors enough to reward itself, though the success fall not out according to the merit of the endeavour,

I was, according to your desire, to visit the late new married couple more than once; and to tell you true, I never saw such a disparity between two that were made one flesh in all my life: he handsome outwardly but of odd conditions; she excellently qualified, but hard-favoured; so that the one may be compared to a cloth of tissue doubled, cut upon coarse canvas; the other to a buckram petticoat, lined with satin. I think Clotho had her fingers smutted in snuffing the candle, when she began to spin the thread of her life, and Lachesis frowned in twisting it up; but Aglaia, with the rest of the Graces, were in a good humour, when they formed her inner-parts. A blind man is fittest to hear her sing; one would take delight to see her dance if masked; and it would please you to discourse with her in the dark, for there she is best company, if your imagination can forbear to run upon her face. When you marry, I wish you such an inside of a

wife; but from such an outward phisnomy the Lord deliver you, and your faithful friend to serve you.

LETTER XXXIV.

*From the same to his Nephew J. P. at
St. John's in Oxford.*

Nephew, Westminster, 1st August 1633.

I HAD from you lately two letters; the last was well freighted with very good stuff, but the other, to deal plainly with you, was not so: there was as much difference between them, as betwixt a Scotch pedlar's pack in Poland, and the magazine of an English merchant in Naples; the one being usually full of taffaty, silks and satins; the other of calicoes, thread ribbons, and such poldavy ware. I perceive you have good commodities to vend, if you take the pains: your trifles and bagatelles are ill bestowed upon me, therefore hereafter I pray let me have of your best sort of wares. I am glad to find that you have stored up so much already: you are in the best mart in the world to improve them; which I hope you daily do, and I doubt not, when the time of your apprenticeship there is expired, but you shall find a good market to expose them, for your own and the public benefit abroad. I have sent you the philosophy-books you wrote to me for; any thing that you want of this kind for the advancement of your studies, do but write, and I shall furnish you. When I was a student as you are, my practice was to borrow rather than buy some sort of books, and to be always punctual in restoring them upon the day assigned, and in the interim to swallow of them as much as made for my turn. This obliged me to read them through with more haste to keep my word, whereas I had not been so careful to peruse them had they been my own books, which I knew were always ready at my dispose. I thank you heartily for your last letter, in regard I found it smelt of the lamp; I pray let your next do so, and the oil and labour shall not be lost which you expend upon your assured loving uncle.

LETTER XXXV.

*From the same to the Right Honourable
the Lady Elizabeth Digby.*

Madam, Westminster, 5th August.

IT is no improper comparison that a thankful heart is like a box of precious ointment, which keeps the smell long after the thing is spent. Madam, without vanity be it spoken, such is my heart to you, and such are your favours to me; the strong aromatic odour they carried with them diffused itself through all the veins of my heart, especially through the left ventricle where the most illustrious blood lies; so that the perfume of them remains still fresh within me, and is like to do, while that triangle of flesh dilates and shuts itself within my breast; nor doth this perfume stay there, but as all smells naturally tend upwards, it hath ascended to my brain, and sweetened all the cells thereof, especially the memory, which may be said to be a cabinet also to preserve courtesies; for though the heart be the box of love, the memory is the box of lastingness; the one may be termed the source whence the motions of gratitude flow, the other the cistern that keeps them.

But your Ladyship will say, these are words only; I confess it, it is but a verbal acknowledgment: but, Madam, if I were made happy with an opportunity, you shall quickly find these words turned to actions, either to go, to run, or ride upon your errand. In expectation of such a favourable occasion, I rest, Madam, your Ladyship's most humble and enchained servitor.

LETTER XXXVI.

*From the same to Master J. II. at St.
John's College in Cambridge.*

Master Hall, Fleet, 3d Dec.

YOURS of the 13th of this instant came safely, though slowly, to hand; for I had it not till the 20th of the same, and the next day your essays were brought me. I entertained both with much respect: for I found therein many choice and ripe notions, which I hope proceed from a pregnancy rather than præcocity of spirit in you.

I perceive you have entered the suburbs

of Sparta already, and that you are in a fair way to get to the town itself; I know you have wherewith to adorn her; nay, you may in time gain Athens herself, with all the knowledge she was ever mistress of, if you go on in your career with constancy. I find you have a genius for the most solid and severest sort of studies; therefore when you have passed through the briars of logic, I could wish you to go strongly on in the fair fields of philosophy and the mathematics, which are true academical studies, and they will afford rich matter of application for your inventive spirit to work upon. By all means understand Aristotle in his own language, for it is the language of learning. Touching poetry, history and other human studies, they may serve you for your recreation, but let them not by any means allure your affections from the first. I shall delight sometimes to hear of your proceedings; for I profess a great deal of good will to you, which makes me rest your respectful friend to serve you.

LETTER XXXVII.

*From the same to Mr. E. O. Counsellor at
Gray's-Inn.*

Sir,

Fleet, 3d August.

THE sad tidings of my dear friend Dr. Pritchard's death sunk deep into me; and the more I ruminate upon it, the more I resent it: but when I contemplate the order, and those adamantine laws which nature puts into such strict execution throughout this elementary world; when I consider that up and down this frail globe of earth we are but strangers and sojourners at best, being designed for an infinitely better country; when I think that our egress out of this life is as natural to us as our ingress (all which he knew as much as any); these thoughts in a checking way turn my melancholy to a counter passion; they beget another spirit within me. You know that in the disposition of all sublimary things, "Nature is God's handmaid, fate his commissioner, time his instrument, and death his executioner." By the first we have generation; by the second successes, good or bad; and the two last bring us to our end: time with his vast scythe mows down all things, and death sweeps away those mowings. Well, he was a rare and a complete judicious

P

scholar,

scholar, as any that I have known born under your meridian; he was both solid and acute; nor do I remember to have seen soundness and quaintness, with such sweet strains of morality, concur so in any. I should think that he fell sick of the times, but that I knew him to be so good a divine and philosopher, and to have studied the theory of this world so much, that nothing could take impression in him to hurt himself; therefore I am content to believe, that his glass ran out without any jogging. I know you loved him dearly well, which shall make me the more your most affectionate servitor.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From James Howel, Esq; to Mr. Tho. H.

Sir,

Fleet, 7th Nov. 1644.

THOUGH the time abound with schisms more than ever (the more is our misery), yet I hope you will not suffer any to creep into our friendship; though I apprehend some fears thereof by your long silence and cessation of literal correspondence. You know there is a peculiar religion attends friendship; there is, according to the etymology of the word, a litigation and solemn tie, the rescinding whereof may be truly called a schism, or a piacle, which is more. There belong to this religion of friendship certain due rites and decent ceremonies, as visits, messages, and missives. Though I am content to believe that you are firm in the fundamentals, yet I find, under favour, that you have lately fallen short of performing those exterior offices, as if the ceremonial law were quite abrogated with you in all things. Friendship also allows of merits, and works of supererogation sometimes, to make her capable of eternity. You know that pair which were taken up into heaven, and placed among the brightest stars for their rare constancy and fidelity one to the other; you know also they are put among the fixed stars, not the erratics, to shew there must be no inconstancy in love. Navigators steer their course by them, and they are the best friends in working seas, dark nights, and distresses of weather, whence may be inferred, that true friends should shine clearest in adversity, in cloudy and doubtful times. On my part, this ancient friendship is still pure, orthodox, and uncorrupted; and though I have

not the opportunity (as you have) to perform all the rites thereof in regard of this recluse life, yet I shall never err in the essentials: I am still yours *πρῶτος* (in possession), though I cannot be *ἔσχατος* (in use); for *in statu quo nunc*, I am grown useless and good for nothing, yet in point of possession, I am as much as ever your firm unalterable servitor.

LETTER XXXIX.

From the same to Dr. D. Featly.

Sir,

Fleet, 2d Aug. 1644.

I RECEIVED your answer to that filthy pamphlet, with your desire of my opinion touching it. Truly, Sir, I must tell you, that never poor cur was tossed in a blanket, as you have tossed that poor coxcomb in the sheet you pleased to send me: for whereas a fillip might have felled him, you have knocked him down with a kind of Herculean club, *sans resource*. These times (more is the pity) labour with the same disease that France did during the league, as a famous author hath it, *Prurigo scripturientium eriat scabies temporum*; "The itching of scribblers was the scab of the time;" it is just so now, that any triebolary pasquiller, every *tressis agaso*, any sterquilinous rascal, is licensed to throw dirt in the faces of sovereign princes in open printed language. But I hope the times will mend, and your man also, if he hath any grace, you have so well corrected him. So I rest yours to serve and reverence you.

LETTER XL.

From the same to his honoured friend Sir S. C.

Sir,

Holborn, 17th March 1639.

I WAS upon point of going abroad to steal a solitary walk, when yours of the 12th current came to hand. The high researches and choice abstracted notions I found therein, seemed to heighten my spirits, and make my fancy fitter for my intended retirement and meditation: add hereunto that the countenance of the weather, invited me; for it was a still evening, it was also a clear open sky, not a speck, or the least wrinkle appeared in the whole face of heaven, it was such a pure deep azure all the hemisphere over,

that

that I wondered what was become of the three regions of the air with their meteors. So having got into a close field, I cast my face upward, and fell to consider what a rare prerogative the optic virtue of the eye hath, much more the intuitive virtue in the thought, that the one in a moment can reach heaven, and the other go beyond it; therefore sure that philosopher was but a kind of frantic fool, that would have plucked out both his eyes, because they were a hindrance to his speculations. Moreover, I began to contemplate, as I was in this posture, the vast magnitude of the universe, and what proportion this poor globe of earth might bear with it; for if those numberless bodies which stick in the vast roof of heaven, though they appear to us but as spangles, be some of them thousands of times bigger than the earth, take the sea with it to boot, for they both make but one sphere, surely the astronomers had reason to term this sphere an indivisible point, and a thing of no dimension at all, being compared to the whole world. I fell then to think, that at the second general destruction, it is no more for God Almighty to fire this earth, than for us to blow up a small squib, or rather one small grain of gun-powder. As I was musing thus, I spied a swarm of gnats waving up and down the air about me, which I knew to be part of the universe as well as I: and methought it was a strange opinion of our Aristotle to hold, that the least of those small insected ephemerans should be more noble than the sun, because it had a sensitive soul in it, I fell to think that in the same proportion which those animallics bore with me in point of bigness, the same I held with those glorious spirits which are near the throne of the Almighty. What then should we think of the magnitude of the Creator himself? Doubtless, it is beyond the reach of any human imagination to conceive it: in my private devotions I presume to compare him to a great mountain of light, and my soul seems to discern some glorious form therein; but suddenly as she would fix her eyes upon the object, her sight is presently dazzled and disgregated with the refulgency and coruscations thereof.

Walking a little further I spied a young boisterous bull breaking over hedge and ditch to a herd of kine in the next pasture; which made me think, that if that

fierce, strong animal, with others of that kind, knew their own strength, they would never suffer man to be their master. Then looking upon them quietly grazing up and down, I fell to consider that the flesh which is daily dished upon our tables is but concocted grass, which is recarnified in our stomachs, and transmuted to another flesh. I fell also to think what advantage those innocent animals had of man, who as soon as nature cast them into the world, find their meat dressed, the cloth laid, and the table covered; they find their drink brewed, and the buttery open, their beds made, and their clothes ready; and though man hath the faculty of reason to make him a compensation for the want of those advantages, yet this reason brings with it a thousand perturbations of mind and perplexities of spirit, griping cares and anguishes of thought, which those harmless silly creatures were exempted from. Going on I came to repose myself upon the trunk of a tree, and I fell to consider further what advantage that dull vegetable had of those feeding animals, as not to be so troublesome and beholden to nature, not to be subject to starving, to diseases, to the inclemency of the weather, and to be far longer-lived. Then I spied a great stone, and sitting a-while upon it, I fell to weigh in my thoughts that that stone was in a happier condition in some respects, than either of those sensitive creatures or vegetables I saw before; in regard that that stone, which propagates by assimilation, as the philosophers say, needed neither grass nor hay, or any aliment for restoration of nature, nor water to refresh its roots, or the heat of the sun to attract the moisture upwards, to increase the growth, as the other did. As I directed my pace homeward, I spied a kite soaring high in the air, and gently gliding up and down the clear region so far above my head, that I fell to envy the bird extremely, and repine at his happiness, that he should have a privilege to make a nearer approach to heaven than I.

Excuse me that I trouble you thus with these rambling meditations, they are to correspond with you in some part for those accurate fancies of yours lately sent me. So I rest your entire and true servitor.

LETTER XLI.

From James Howel, Esq. to Master G. Stone.

Sir, Westminster, 30th Nov. 1635.

I HEARTILY rejoice with the rest of your friends, that you are safely returned from your travels, especially that you have made so good returns of the time of your travel, being as I understand, come home freighted with observations and languages. Your father tells me, that he finds you are so wedded to the Italian and French, that you utterly neglect the Latin tongue; that is not well. I know you are so discreet in the course and method of your studies, that you will make the daughters to wait upon their mother, and love still your old friend. To truck the Latin for any other vulgar language, is but no ill barter; it is as bad as that which Glaucus made with Diomedes, when he parted with his golden arms for brazen ones. The proceed of this exchange will come far short of any gentleman's expectation, though haply it may prove advantageous to a merchant to whom common languages are more useful. I am big with desire to meet you, and to mingle a day's discourse with you, if not two; how you escaped the claws of the Inquisition, whereunto I understand you were like to fall; and of other traverses of your peregrination. Farewell, my precious Stone, and believe it, the least grain of those high respects you please to profess unto me is not lost, but answered with so many carrats. So I rest your most affectionate servitor.

LETTER XLII.

From the same to J. W. of Gray's-Inn, Esq.

Sir, Fleet, 1st April 1645.

I WAS yours before in a high degree of affection, but now I am much more yours, since I perused that parcel of choice epistles you sent me; they discover in you a knowing and a candid clear soul: for familiar letters are the keys of the mind, they open all the boxes of one's breast, all the cells of the brain, and

truly set forth the inward man; nor can the pencil so lively represent the face, as the pen can do the fancy. I much thank you that you would please to impart them to your most faithful servitor.

LETTER XLIII.

From the same to Mr. R. K.

Dear Sir, Westm. 15th Aug. 1636.

YOU and I are upon a journey, though bound for several places, I for Ham-burgh, you for your last home, as I understand by Dr. Baskerville, who tells me, much to my grief, that this hectic disease will not suffer you to be long among us. I know by some experiments which I have had of you, you have such a noble soul within you, that will not be daunted by those natural apprehensions which death doth usually carry along with it among vulgar spirits. I do not think that you fear death as much now, though it be to some (φασκεῖν φοβεράτατον), as you did to go into the dark when you were a child; you have had a fair time to prepare yourself, God give you a boon voyage to the haven you are bound for (which I doubt not will be heaven), and me the grace to follow, when I have passed the boisterous sea and swelling billows of this tumultuary life, wherein I have already shot divers dangerous gulfs, passed over some quicksands, rocks, and sundry ill-favoured reaches, while others sail in the sleeve of fortune. You and I have eaten a great deal of salt together, and spent much oil in the communication of our studies by literal correspondence, and otherwise, both in verse and prose.

And now, my dear friend, adieu, and live eternally in that world of endless bliss, where you shall have knowledge, as well as all things else, commensurate to your desires, where you shall clearly see the real causes, and perfect truth of what we argue with that incertitude, and beat our brains about here below: yet though you be gone hence, you shall never die in the memory of your, &c.

LETTER XLIV.

From the same to Mr. R. Howard.

Sir, Fleet, 14th Feb. 1647.

THERE is a saying that carrieth with it a great deal of caution; "From him whom I trust God defend me; for from him whom I trust not, I will defend myself." There be sundry sorts of trusts, but that of a secret is one of the greatest: I trusted T. P. with a weighty one, conjuring him that it should not take air and go abroad: which was not done according to the rules and religion of friendship, but it went out of him the very next day. Though the inconvenience may be mine, yet the reproach is his: nor would I exchange my damage for his disgrace. I would wish you take heed of him, for he is such as the comic poet speaks of, "*Plenus rimarum*," "he is full of chinks, he can hold nothing:" you know a secret is too much for one, too little for three, and enough for two; but Tom must be none of those two, unless there were a trick to solder up his mouth: if he had committed a secret to me, and enjoined me silence, and I had promised it, though I had been shut up in Perillus' brazen bull, I should not have bellowed it out. I find it now true, "That he who discovers his secrets to another, sells him his liberty, and becomes his slave;" well, I shall be wariier hereafter, and learn more wit. In the interim, the best satisfaction I can give myself is, to expunge him quite *ex albo amicorum*, to raze him out of the catalogue of my friends (though I cannot of my acquaintance), where your name is inserted in great golden characters. I will endeavour to lose the memory of him, and that my thoughts may never run more upon the fashion of his face, which you know he hath no cause to brag of; I hate such blateroons:

Odī illos cœu claustra Erebi————

I thought good to give you this little mot of advice, because the times are ticklish, of committing secrets to any, though not to your most affectionate friend to serve you.

LETTER XLV.

From the same to Sir K. D. at Rome.

Sir, Fleet, 3d March 1646.

THOUGH you know well that in the carriage and course of my rambling life, I had occasion to be, as the Dutchman saith, a landloper, and to see much of the world abroad, yet methinks I have travelled more since I have been immured and martyred betwixt these walls than ever I did before; for I have travelled the Isle of Man, I mean this little world, which I have carried about me and within me so many years: for as the wisest of Pagan philosophers said that the greatest learning was the knowledge of one's self, to be his own geometriician; if one do so, he need not gad abroad to see fashions, he shall find enough at home, he shall hourly meet with new fancies, new humours, new passions within doors.

This travelling over of one's self is one of the paths that leads a man to paradise: it is true, that it is a dirty and dangerous one, for it is thick set with extravagant desires, irregular affections and concupiscences, which are but odd comrades, and oftentimes do lie in ambush to cut our throats: there are also some melancholy companions in the way, which are our thoughts, but they turn many times to be good fellows, and the best company; which makes me, that among these disconsolate walls I am never less alone than when I am alone; I am oftentimes sole, but seldom solitary. Some there are, who are over-pestered with these companions, and have too much mind for their bodies; but I am none of those.

There have been (since you shook hands with England) many strange things happened here, which posterity must have a strong faith to believe; but for my part I wonder not at any thing, I have seen such monstrous things. You know there is nothing that can be casual; there is no success, good or bad, but is contingent to man sometimes or other; nor are there any contingencies, present or future, but they have their parallels from time past: for the great wheel of fortune, upon whose rim (as the twelve signs upon the zodiac) all worldly chances are embossed, turns round perpetually; and

the spokes of that wheel, which point at all human actions, return exactly to the same place after such a time of revolution; which makes me little marvel at any of the strange traverses of these distracted times, in regard there hath been the like, or such like formerly. If the liturgy is now suppressed, the missal and the Roman breviary was used so a hundred years since: if crosses, church, windows, organs, and fonts, are now battered down, I little wonder at it; for chapels, monasteries, hermitaries, nunneries, and other religious houses, were used so in the time of old King Henry: if bishops and deans are now in danger to be demolished, I little wonder at it, for abbots, priors, and the Pope himself, had that fortune here an age since. That our King is reduced to this pass, I do not wonder much at it; for the first time I travelled France, Lewis XIII. (afterwards a most triumphant King as ever that country had) in a dangerous civil war was brought to such straits; for he was brought to dispense with part of his coronation oath, to remove from his court of justice, from the council-table, from his very bed-chamber, his greatest favourites: he was driven to be content to pay the expence of the war, to reward those that took arms against him, and publish a declaration that the ground of their quarrel was good; which was the same in effect with ours, *viz.* a discontinuance of the assembly of the three estates, and that Spanish counsels did predominate in France.

You know better than I, that all events, good or bad, come from the all-disposing high Deity of heaven: if good, he produceth them; if bad, he permits them. He is the pilot that sits at the stern, and steers the great vessel of the world; and we must not presume to direct him in his course, for he understands the use of the compass better than we. He commands also the winds and the weather, and after a storm, he never fails to send us a calm, and to recompense ill times with better, if we can live to see them; which I pray you may do, whatsoever becomes of your still more faithful humble servitor.

LETTER XLVI.

*From James Howell, Esq; to Mr. En. P.
at Paris.*

Sir,

Fleet, 20th Feb. 1646.

SINCE we are both agreed to truck intelligence, and that you are contented to barter French for English, I shall be careful to send you hence from time to time the currentest and most staple stuff I can find, with weight and good measure to boot. I know in that more subtle air of yours, tinsel sometimes passes for tissue, Venice beads for pearl, and demicasters for beavers: but I know you have so discerning a judgment that you will not suffer yourself to be so cheated; they must rise betimes that can put tricks upon you, and make you take semblances for realities, probabilities for certainties, or spurious for true things. To hold this liberal correspondence, I desire but the parings of your time, that you may have something to do, when you have nothing else to do, while I make a business of it to be punctual in my answers to you. Let our letters be as echoes, let them bound back and make mutual repercussions; I know you that breathe upon the continent have clearer echoes there, witness that in the Thuilleries, especially that at Charenton bridge, which quavers, and renders the voice ten times when it is open weather, and it were a virtuous curiosity to try it.

For news, the world is here turned upside down, and it hath been long a-going so: you know a good while since we have had leather caps and beaver shoes: but now the arms are come to be legs, for bishops lawn sleeves are worn for boot-hose tops; the waist is come to the knee, for the points that were used to be about the middle, are now dangling there. Boots and shoes are so long snouted, that one can hardly kneel in God's house, where all genuflection and postures of devotion and decency are quite out of use: the devil may walk freely up and down the streets of London now, for there is not a cross to fright him any where; and it seems he was never so busy in any country upon earth, for there have been more witches arraigned and executed here lately, than ever were in this island since the creation.

I have no more to communicate to you at this time, and this is too much unless
it

it were better. God Almighty send us patience, you in your banishment, me in my captivity, and give us heaven for our last country, where desires turn to fruition, doubts to certitudes, and dark thoughts to clear contemplations. Truly, my dear Don Antonio, as the times are, I take little contentment to live among the elements, and (were it my Maker's pleasure) I could willingly, had I quit scores with the world, make my last account with nature, and return this small skinful of bones to my common mother. If I chance to do so before you, I love you so entirely well that my spirit shall visit you, to bring you some tidings from the other world; and if you precede me, I shall expect the like from you, which you may do without affrighting me, for I know your spirit will be a *bonus genius*. So desiring to know what is become of my manuscript, I kiss your hands, and rest most passionately your most faithful servitor.

LETTER XLVII.

From the same to Mr. William Blois.

My worthy esteemed Nephew,

Fleet, 20th March 1647.

I RECEIVED those rich nuptial favours you appointed me for bands and hats, which I wear with very much contentment and respect, most heartily wishing that this late double condition may multiply new blessings upon you, that it may usher in fair and golden days according to the colour and substance of your bridal ribband; that those days may be perfumed with delight and pleasure, as the rich scented gloves I wear for your sake. May such benedictions attend you both, as the epithalamiums of Stella in Statius, and Julia in Catullus, speak of. I hope also to be married shortly to a lady whom I have wooed above these five years, but I have found her coy and dainty hitherto; yet I am now like to get her goodwill in part, I mean the Lady Liberty.

When you see my N. Brownrigg, I pray tell him that I did not think Suffolk waters had such a Lethæan quality in them, as to cause such an amnesia in him of his friends here upon the Thames, among whom for reality and seriousness, I may match among the foremost; but I impute it to some new task that his muse might haply impose upon him, which hath ingrossed all his speculations; I pray

present my cordial kind respects unto him.

So praying that a thousand blessings may attend this confarreation, I rest, my dear nephew, yours most affectionately to love and serve you.

LETTER XLVIII.

From the same to Henry Hopkins, Esq.

Sir,

Fleet, 1st January, 1646.

TO usher in again old Janus, I send you a parcel of Indian perfume which the Spaniard calls the Holy Herb, in regard of the various virtues it hath, but we call it tobacco; I will not say it grew under the King of Spain's window, but I am told it was gathered near his gold mines of Potosi (where they report that in some places there is more of that ore than earth), therefore it must needs be precious stuff: if moderately and seasonably taken (as I find you always do), it is good for many things; it helps digestion taken a-while after meat, it makes one void rheum, break wind, and keeps the body open: a leaf or two being steeped over-night in a little white-wine is a vomit that never fails in its operation; it is a good companion to one that converseth with dead men; for if one hath been poring long upon a book, or is toiled with the pen, and stupified with study, it quickeneth him, and dispels those clouds that usually overset the brain. The smoke of it is one of the wholesomest scents that is, against all contagious airs, for it over-masters all other smells, as King James, they say, found true, when being once a-hunting, a shower of rain drove him into a pig-stye for shelter, where he caused a pipe-full to be taken on purpose: it cannot endure a spider, or a flea, with such-like vermin, and if your hawk be troubled with any such, being blown into his feathers, it frees him. Now to descend from the substance of the smoke, to the ashes, it is well known that the medicinal virtues thereof are very many; but they are so common, that I will spare the inserting of them here: but if one would try a petty conclusion, how much smoke there is in a pound of tobacco, the ashes will tell him; for let a pound be exactly weighed, and the ashes kept charily and weighed afterwards, what wants of a pound weight in the ashes cannot be de-

nied to have been smoke, which evaporated into air. I have been told that Sir Walter Raleigh won a wager of Queen Elizabeth upon this nicety.

The Spaniards and Irish take it most in powder or smutchin, and it mightily refreshes the brain, and I believe there is as much taken this way in Ireland, as there is in pipes in England; one shall commonly see the serving-maid upon the washing-block, and the swain upon the plough-share, when they are tired with labour, take out their boxes of smutchin, and draw it into their nostrils with a quill, and it will beget new spirits in them with a fresh vigour to fall to their work again. In Barbary and other parts of Afric, it is wonderful what a small pill of tobacco will do; for those who use to ride post through the sandy deserts, where they meet not with any thing that's potable or edible, sometimes three days together, they use to carry small balls or pills of tobacco, which being put under the tongue, it affords them a perpetual moisture, and takes off the edge of the appetite for some days.

If you desire to read with pleasure all the virtues of this modern herb, you must read Dr. Thorus's *Pætiologia*, an accurate piece couched in a strenuous heroic verse, full of matter, and continuing its strength from first to last; inasmuch that for the bigness it may be compared to any piece of antiquity, and, in my opinion, is beyond *Βυττακομνομαχία*, or *Γαλειμνομαχία*.

So I conclude these rambling notions, presuming you will accept this small argument of my great respect to you. If you want paper to light your pipe, this letter may serve the turn; and if it be true, what the poets frequently sing, that affection is fire, you shall need no other than the clear flames of the donor's love to make ignition, which is comprehended in this distich:

*Ignis Amoris sit, Tobaccum accendere nostrum,
Nulla petenda tibi fax nisi dantis amor.*

So I wish you, as to myself, a most happy new year; may the beginning be good, the middle better, and the end best of all. Your most faithful and truly affectionate servitor.

LETTER XLIX.

From James Hawel, Esq; to Mr. T. Morgan.

Sir,

May 12.

I RECEIVED two of yours upon Tuesday last, one to your brother, the other to me; but the superscriptions were mistaken, which makes me think on that famous civilian Doctor Dale, who being employed to Flanders by Queen Elizabeth, sent in a packet to the Secretary of State two letters, one to the Queen, the other to his wife; but that which was meant for the Queen was superscribed, "To his dear Wife;" and that for his wife, "To her most excellent Majesty:" so that the Queen having opened his letter, she found it beginning with sweet-heart, and afterwards with my dear, and dear love, with such expressions, acquainting her with the state of his body, and that he began to want money. You may easily guess what motions of mirth this mistake raised; but the Doctor by this oversight (or cunningness rather) got a supply of money. This perchance may be your policy, to endorse me your brother, thereby to endear me the more to you; but you needed not to have done that, for the name *friend* goes sometimes further than brother; and there be more examples of friends that did sacrifice their lives one for another, than of brothers; which the writer doth think he should do for you, if the case required. But since I am fallen upon Dr. Dale, who was a witty kind of droll, I will tell you instead of news (for there is little good stirring now) two other facetious tales of his; and familiar tales may become familiar letters well enough. When Queen Elizabeth did first propose to him that foreign employment to Flanders, among other encouragements she told him that he should have 20s. *per diem* for his expences. "Then, Madam," said he, "I will spend 19s. a-day."—"What will you do with the odd shilling?" the Queen replied.—"I will reserve that for my Kate, and for "Tom and Dick;" meaning his wife and children. This induced the Queen to enlarge his allowance. But this that comes last is the best of all, and may be called the superlative of the three; which was when at the overture of the treaty

the other ambassadors came to propose in what language they should treat, the Spanish ambassador answered, that the French was the most proper, because his mistress intitled herself Queen of France; "Nay then," said Dr. Dale, let us treat "in Hebrew, for your master calls himself King of Jerusalem."

I performed the civilities you enjoined me to your friends here, who return you the like centuplicated, and so doth your entire friend.

LETTER L.

From the same to the Right Honourable the Lady E. D.

Madam,

April 8.

THERE is a French saying, that courtesies and favours are like flowers, which are sweet only while they are fresh, but afterwards they quickly fade and wither. I cannot deny but your favours to me might be compared to some kind of flowers (and they would make a thick posie), but they should be to the flower called life everlasting; or that pretty vermilion flower which grows at the foot of the mountain Ætna in Sicily, which never loses any thing of its first colour and scent. Those favours you did me thirty years ago, in the life-time of your incomparable brother Mr. R. Altham (who left us in the flower of his age), methinks are as fresh to me as if they were done yesterday.

Nor were it any danger to compare courtesies done to me to other flowers, as I use them; for I distil them in the limbeck of my memory, and so turn them to essences.

But, Madam, I honour you not so much for favours, as for that precious brood of virtues, which shine in you with that brightness, but especially for those high motions whereby your soul soars up so often towards heaven; insomuch, Madam, that if it were safe to call any mortal a saint, you should have that title from me, and I would be one of your chiefest votaries: howsoever, I may without any superstition subscribe myself your truly devoted servant.

LETTER LI.

From the same to the Lord Marquis of Hartford.

My Lord,

I RECEIVED your Lordship's of the 11th current, with the commands it carried, whereof I shall give an account in my next. Foreign parts afford not much matter of intelligence, it being now the dead of winter, and the season unfit for action. But we need not go abroad for news; there is store enough at home. We see daily mighty things, and they are marvellous in our eyes; but the greatest marvel is, that nothing should now be marvelled at; for we are so habituated to wonders, that they are grown familiar unto us.

Poor England may be said to be like a ship tossed up and down the surges of a turbulent sea, having lost her old pilot; and God knows when she can get into safe harbour again: yet doubtless this tempest, according to the usual operations of nature, and the succession of mundane effects by contrary agents, will turn at last into a calm, though many who are yet in their nonage may not live to see it. Your Lordship knows that the κόσμος, this fair frame of the universe, came out of a chaos, an indigested lump; and that this elementary world was made of millions of ingredients repugnant to themselves in nature; and the whole is still preserved by the reluctancy and restless combatings of these principles. We see how the shipwright doth make use of knee-timber and other cross-grained pieces, as well as of straight and even, for framing a goodly vessel to ride on Neptune's back. The printer useth many contrary characters in his art to put forth a fair volume; as *d* is a *p* reversed, and *u* is a *u* turned upward, with other differing letters, which yet concur all to the perfection of the whole work. There go many various and dissonant tones to make an harmonious concert. This put me in mind of an excellent passage which a noble speculative Knight (Sir P. Herbert) hath in his late Conceptions to his son; how a holy anchorite being in a wilderness, among other contemplations he fell to admire the method of Providence, how out of causes which seem bad to us he produceth oftentimes good effects;

fects : how he suffers virtuous, loyal, and religious men to be oppressed, and others to prosper. As he was transported with these ideas, a goodly young man appeared to him, and told him, " Father, I know your thoughts are distracted, and I am sent to quiet them; therefore if you will accompany me a few days, you shall return very well satisfied of those doubts that now encumber your mind." So going along with him, they were to pass over a deep river, whereon there was a narrow bridge : and meeting there with another passenger, the young man jostled him into the water, and so drowned him. The old anchorite being much astonished hereat, would have left him ; but his guide said, " Father, be not amazed, because I shall give you good reasons for what I do, and you shall see stranger things than this before you and I part ; but at last I shall settle your judgment, and put your mind in full repose." So going that night to lodge in an inn where there was a crew of banditti, and debauched ruffians, the young man struck into their company, and revelled with them till the morning, while the anchorite spent most of the night in numbering his beads : but as soon as they were departed thence, they met with some officers who went to apprehend that crew of banditti they had left behind them. The next day they came to a gentleman's house, which was a fair palace, where they received all the courteous hospitality which could be : but in the morning as they parted there was a child in a cradle, which was the only son of the gentleman ; and the young man, spying his opportunity, strangled the child, and so got away. The third day they came to another inn, where the man of the house treated them with all the civility that could be, and gratis ; yet the young man embezzled a silver goblet, and carried it away in his pocket, which still increased the amazement of the anchorite. The fourth day in the evening they came to lodge at another inn, where the host was very sullen and uncivil to them, exacting much more than the value of what they had spent ; yet at parting the young man bestowed upon him the silver goblet he had stolen from that host who had used them so kindly. The fifth day they made towards a great rich town ; but some miles before they came at it, they met with a merchant at the close of the day,

who had a great charge of money about him ; and asking the next passage to the town, the young man put him in a clean contrary way. The anchorite and his guide being come to the town, at the gate they spied a devil, who lay as it were sentinel, but he was asleep : they found also both men and women at sundry kinds of sports, some dancing, others singing, with divers sorts of revellings. They went afterwards to a convent of Capuchins, where about the gate they found legions of devils lying siege to that monastery ; yet they got in and lodged there that night. Being awaked the next morning, the young man came to that cell where the anchorite was lodged, and told him, " I know your heart is full of horror, and your head full of confusion, astonishments, and doubts, for what you have seen since the first time of our association. But know, I am an angel sent from heaven to rectify your judgment, as also to correct a little your curiosity in the researches of the ways and acts of Providence too far ; for though separately they seem strange to the shallow apprehension of man, yet conjunctly they all tend to produce good effects.

" That man which I tumbled into the river was an act of Providence ; for he was going upon a most mischievous design, that would have damnified not only his own soul, but destroyed the party against whom it was intended ; therefore I prevented it.

" The cause why I conversed all night with that crew of rogues was also an act of Providence ; for they intended to go a robbing all that night ; but I kept them there purposely till the next morning, that the hand of justice might seize upon them.

" Touching the kind host from whom I took the silver goblet, and the clownish or knavish host to whom I gave it, let this demonstrate to you, that good men are liable to crosses and losses, whereof bad men oftentimes reap the benefit ; but it commonly produceth patience in the one, and pride in the other.

" Concerning that noble gentleman whose child I strangled after so courteous entertainment, know, that that also was an act of Providence ; for the gentleman was so indulgent and doting
" on

"on that child, that it lessened his love
"to heaven; so I took away the cause.

"Touching the merchant whom I
"misguided in his way, it was likewise
"an act of Providence; for had he gone
"the direct way to this town, he had
"been robbed, and his throat cut; there-
"fore I preserved him by that deviation.

"Now, concerning this great luxu-
"rious city, whereas we spied but one
"devil who lay asleep without the gate,
"there being so many about this poor
"convent, you must consider, that Lu-
"cifer being already assured of that riot-
"ous town by corrupting their manners
"every day more and more, he needs
"but one single centinel to secure it;
"but for this holy place of retirement,
"this monastery inhabited by so many
"devout souls, who spend their whole
"lives in acts of mortification, as exer-
"cises of piety and penance, he hath
"brought so many legions to beleaguer
"them; yet he can do no good upon
"them, for they bear up against him
"most undauntedly, maugre all his in-
"fernal power and stratagems." So the
"young man, or divine messenger, sud-
"denly disappeared and vanished, yet leav-
"ing his fellow-traveller in good hands.

My Lord, I crave your pardon for this extravagancy, and the tediousness thereof; but I hope the sublimity of the matter will make some compensation, which, if I am not deceived, will well suit with your genius; for I know your contemplations to be as high as your condition, and as much above the vulgar. This figurative story shews that the ways of Providence are inscrutable, his intention and method of operation not conformable oftentimes to human judgment, the plummet and line whereof is infinitely too short to fathom the depth of his designs; therefore let us acquiesce in an humble admiration, and with this confidence, that all things co-operate to the best at last, as they relate to his glory, and the general good of his creatures, though sometimes they appear to us by uncouth circumstances and cross mediums.

So in a due distance and posture of humility I kiss your Lordship's hand, as being, my most highly honoured Lord, your thrice obedient and obliged servant.

LETTER LH.

From James Howell, Esq. to J. Sutton, Esq.

Sir,

London, 5th January.

WHEREAS you desire my opinion of the late History translated by Mr. Wad, of the Civil Wars of Spain, in the beginning of Charles the Emperour's reign, I cannot chuse but tell you, that it is a faithful and pure maiden story, never blown upon before in any language but in Spanish, therefore very worthy your perusal; for among those various kind of studies that your contemplative soul delights in, I hold history to be the most fitting to your quality.

Now, among those sundry advantages which accrue to a reader of history, one is, that no modern accident can seem strange to him, much less astonish him. He will leave off wandering at any thing, in regard he may remember to have read of the same, or much like the same, that happened in former times: therefore he doth not stand staring like a child at every unusual spectacle, like that simple American, who the first time he saw a Spaniard on horseback, thought the man and beast to be but one creature, and that the horse did chew the rings of his bit, and eat them.

Now, indeed, not to be an historian, that is, not to know what foreign nations and our forefathers did, *hoc est semper esse puer*, as Cicero hath it, this is still to be a child who gazeth at every thing: whence may be inferred, there is no knowledge that ripeneth the judgment, and puts one out of his nonage, sooner than history.

If I had not formerly read the Barons wars in England, I had more admired that of the Leaguers in France. He who had read the near-upon fourscore years wars in Low Germany, I believe, never wondered at the late thirty years wars in High Germany. I had wondered more that Richard of Bourdeaux was knocked down with halberds, had I not read formerly that Edward of Carnarvon was made away by a hot iron thrust up his fundament. It was strange that Murat the great Ottoman Emperor should be lately strangled in his own Court at Constantinople; yet considering that Osman the predecessor had been
knocked

knocked down by one of these ordinary slaves not many years before, it was not strange at all. The blazing-star in Virgo 34 years since did not seem strange to him who had read of that which appeared in Cassiopeia and other constellations some years before. Hence may be inferred, that history is the great looking-glass through which we may behold with ancestral eyes, not only the various actions of ages past, and the odd accidents that attended time, but also discern the different humours of men, and feel the pulse of former times.

This history will display the very intrinsics of the Castilian, who goes for the prime Spaniard; and makes the opinion a paradox, which cries him up to be so constant to his principles, so loyal to his prince, and so conformable to government; for it will discover as much levity and tumultuary passions in him as in other nations.

Among divers other examples which could be produced out of this story, I will instance in one: When Juan de Padillia, an infamous fellow, and of base extraction, was made general of the people, among others there was a priest, that being a great zealot for him, used to pray publicly in the church, "Let us pray for the whole Commonalty, and his Majesty Don Juan de Padillia, and for the Lady Donna Maria Pacheco his wife," &c. But a little after, some of Juan de Padillia's soldiers having quartered in his house, and pitifully plundered him, the next Sunday the same priest said in the church, "Beloved Christians, you know how Juan de Padillia passing this way, some of his brigade were billeted in my house: truly they have not left me one chicken; they have drunk up a whole barrel of wine, devoured my bacon, and taken away my Catilina, my maid Kate: I charge you therefore pray no more for him." Divers such traverses as these may be read in that story; which may be the reason why it was suppressed in Spain, that it should not cross the seas, or clamber over the Pyreneans to acquaint other nations with their foolery and baseness: yet Mr. Simon Digby, a gentleman of much worth, got a copy, which he brought over with him, out of which this translation is derived; though I must tell you by the bye, that some passages were commanded to be omitted

because they had too near an analogy with our times.

So in a serious way of true friendship, I profess myself your most affectionate servitor.

LETTER LIII.

From James Howell, Esq. to the Lord Marquis of Dorchester.

My Lord, London, 15th August.

THERE is a sentence that carrieth a high sense with it, viz. *Ingenia principum fata temporum*. The fancy of the prince is the fate of the times; so in point of peace or war, oppression or justice, virtue or vice, profaneness or devotion; for *regis ad exemplum*. But there is another saying, which is as true, viz. *Genius plebis est fatum principis*. The happiness of the prince depends upon the humour of the people. There cannot be a more pregnant example hereof, than in that successful and long-lived queen, Queen Elizabeth, who having come, as it were, from the scaffold to the throne, enjoyed a wonderful calm (excepting some short gusts of insurrection that happened in the beginning) for near upon 45 years together. But this, my Lord, may be imputed to the temper of the people, who had had a boisterous king not long before, with so many revolutions in religion, and a minor king afterward, which made them to be governed by their fellow-subjects. And the fire and faggot being frequent among them in Queen Mary's days, the humours of the common people were pretty well spent, and so were willing to conform to any government, that might preserve them and their estates in quietness. Yet in the reign of that so popular and well-beloved queen there were many traverses, which trenched as much if not more upon the privileges of parliament, and the liberties of the people, than any that happened in the reign of the two last kings: yet it was not their fate to be so popular. Touching the first, viz. Parliament; in one of hers there was a motion made in the House of Commons, that there should be a lecture in the morning some days of the week before they sat, whereunto the House was very inclinable: the Queen hearing of it, sent them a message, that she much wondered

at their rashness, that they should offer to introduce such an innovation.

Another Parliament would have proposed ways for the regulation of her Court; but she sent them another such message, that she wondered, that being called by her thither to consult of public affairs, they should intermeddle with the government of her ordinary family, and to think her to be so ill an housewife as not to be able to look to her own house herself.

In another Parliament there was a motion made, that the queen should entail the succession of the crown, and declare her next heir; but Wentworth, who proposed it, was committed to the Tower, where he breathed his last; and Bromley upon a less occasion was clapped in the Fleet.

Another time the House petitioning that the Lords might join in private committees with the Commons, she utterly rejected it. You know how Stubbs and Page had their hands cut off with a butcher's knife and a mallet, because they writ against the match with the Duke of Anjou; and Penry was hanged at Tyburn, though Alured, who writ a bitter invective against the late Spanish match, was but confined for a short time; how Sir John Heywood was shut up in the Tower, for an epistle dedicatory to the Earl of Essex, &c.

Touching her favourites, what a monster of a man was Leicester, who first brought the art of poisoning into England? Add hereunto, that privy-seals were common in her days, and pressing of men more frequent, especially for Ireland, where they were sent in handfuls, rather to continue a war (by the cunning of the officers) than to conclude it. The three fleets she sent against the Spaniard did hardly make the benefit of the voyages to countervail the charge. How poorly did the English garrison quit Havre-de-grace? and how were we baffled for the arrears that were due to England (by article) for the forces sent into France? For buildings, with all kind of braveries, as that use to make a nation happy, as riches and commerce, inward and outward, it was not the twentieth part so much in the best of her days (as appears by the Custom-house books) as it was in the reign of her successors.

Touching the religion of the Court, she seldom came to sermon but in Lent-

time, nor did there use to be any sermon upon Sundays, unless they were festivals; whereas the succeeding Kings had duly two every morning, one for the household, the other for themselves, where they were always present, as also at private prayers in the closet: yet it was not their fortune to gain so much upon the affections of city or country. Therefore, my Lord, the felicity of Queen Elizabeth may be much imputed to the rare temper and moderation of men's minds in those days; for the purse of the common people, and Londoners, did beat nothing so high as it did afterwards when they grew pampered with so long peace and plenty. Add hereunto, that neither Hans, Jocky, or John Calvin, had taken such footing here as they did get afterwards, whose humour is to pry and peep with a kind of malice into the carriage of the Court, and mysteries of state, as also to malign nobility, with the wealth and solemnities of the church.

My Lord, it is far from my meaning hereby to let drop the least aspersion upon the tomb of that rare renowned Queen; but it is only to observe the differing temper both of time and people. The fame of some Princes is like the rose, which, as we find by experience, smells sweeter after it is plucked: the memory of others is like the tulip and poppy, which make a gay shew, and fair flourish, while they stand upon the stalk, but being cut down they give an ill favoured scent. It was the happiness of that great long-lived Queen to cast a pleasing odour among her people both while she stood, and after she was cut off by the common stroke of mortality; and the older the world grows, the fresher her fame will be. Yet she is little beholden to any foreign writers, unless it be the Hollanders; and good reason they had to speak well of her, for she was the chiefest instrument, who, though with the expence of much English blood and bullion, raised them to a republic, by casting that fatal bone for the Spaniard to gnaw upon, which shook his teeth so ill-favourably for four-score years together. Other writers speak bitterly of her for her carriage to her sister the Queen of Scots; for her ingratitude to her brother Philip of Spain; for giving advice, by her ambassador with the great Turk, to expel the Jesuits, who had got a college in Pera: as also that her Secretary Walsingham should project the

the poisoning of the waters of Douay : and lastly, how she suffered the festival of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary in September to be turned to the celebration of her own birth-day, &c. But these stains are cast upon her by her enemies ; and the aspersions of an enemy use to be like the dirt of oysters, which doth rather cleanse than contaminate.

Thus, my Lord, have I pointed at some remarks, to shew how various and discrepant the humours of a nation may be, and the genius of the times, from what it was ; which doubtless must proceed from a high all-disposing power : a speculation that may become the greatest and knowingest spirits, among whom your Lordship doth shine as a star of the first magnitude ; for your house may be called a true academy, and your head the capital of knowledge, or rather an exchequer, wherein there is a treasure enough to give pensions to all the wits of the time. With these thoughts I rest, my most highly honoured Lord, your very obedient and ever obliged servant.

LETTER LIV.

From James Howel, Esq ; to Sir E. S.

Sir,

London, 4th August.

IN the various courses of my wandering life, I have had occasion to spend some part of my time in literal correspondences with divers ; but I never remember that I pleased myself more in paying these civilities to any than to yourself ; for when I undertake this task, I find that my head, my hand, and my heart, go all so willing about it. The invention of the one, the graphical office of the other, and the affections of the last, are so ready to obey me in performing the work ; work do I call it ? It is rather a sport, my pen and paper are as a chess-board, or as your instruments of music are to you, when you would recreate your harmonious soul. Whence this proceeds I know not, unless it be from a charming kind of virtue that your letters carry with them to work upon my spirits, which are so full of facetie and familiar friendly strains, and so punctual in answering every part of mine, that you may give the law of epistolizing to all mankind.

Touching your poet laureat Skelton, I found him at last (as I told you before) skulking in Duck Lane, pitifully tattered and torn ; and, as these times are, I do not think it worth the labour and cost to put him in better clothes, for the genius of the age is quite another thing : yet there be some lines of his, which I think will never be out of date for their quaint sense : and with these I will close this letter, and salute you, as he did his friend, with these options :

*Salve plus decies quam sunt momenta dierna,
Quot species generum, quot res, quot nomina rerum,
Quot pratis flores, quot sunt & in orbe colores,
Quot pisces, quot aves, quot sunt & in ægore naves,
Quot volucrum pennæ, quot sunt tormenta gebennæ,
Quot cæli stelle, quot sunt miracula Thimæ ;
Quot sunt virtutes, tantas tibi mitto salutes.*

These were the wishes in time of yore of Jo. Skelton, but now they are of your, &c.

LETTER LV.

From the same to R. Davies, Esq.

Sir,

London, 5th July.

DIN your letters know how truly welcome they are to me, they would make more haste, and not loiter so long in the way ; for I did not receive yours of the 2d of June, till the 1st of July ; which is time enough to have travelled not only a hundred English, but so many Helvetian miles, that are five times bigger ; for in some places they contain forty furlongs, whereas ours have but eight, unless it be in Wales, where they are allowed better measure, or in the north parts, where there is a wea-bit to every mile. But that yours should be a whole month in making scarce 100 English miles (for the distance between us is no more) is strange to me, unless you purposely sent it by John Long the carrier. I know, being so near Lemster's Ore, that you dwell in a gentle soil, which is good for cheese as well as for cloth : therefore if you send me a good one, I shall return my cousin your wife something from hence that may be equivalent : if you neglect me, I shall think that Wales is relapsed into her first barbarisms ; for Strabo makes it one of his arguments to prove the Britons barbarous, because they had not the art of making cheese till the Romans came : but I believe you will preserve them from this impu-

imputation again. I know you can want no good grass thereabouts, which, as they say here, grows so fast in some of your fields, that if one should put his horse there over night, he should not find him again the next morning. So with my very respectful commends to yourself, and to the partner of your couch and cares, I rest, my dear cousin, yours always to dispose of.

LETTER LVI.

From the same to Mr. W. Price, at Oxon.

London, 3d February.

My precious Nephew;

THERE could hardly better news be brought to me, than to understand that you are so great a student, and that having passed through the briars of logic, you fall so close to philosophy: yet I do not like your method in one thing, that you are so fond of new authors, and neglect the old, as I hear you do. It is the ungrateful genius of this age, that if any sciolist can find a hole in an old author's coat, he will endeavour to make it much more wide, thinking to make himself somebody thereby; I am none of those; but touching the ancients, I hold this to be a good moral rule, *laudandum quod bene, ignoscendum quod aliter dixerunt*: the older the author is, commonly the more solid he is, and the greater teller of truth. This makes me think on a Spanish Captain, who being invited to a fish dinner, and coming late, he sat at the lower end of the table, where the small fish lay, the great ones being at the upper end; thereupon he took one of the little fish and held it to his ear; his comrades asked him what he meant by that; he answered in a sad tone, "Some thirty years since, my father passing from Spain to Barbary, was cast away in a storm, and I am asking this little fish whether he could tell any tidings of his body; he answers me, that he is too young to tell me any thing, but those old fish at your end of the table may say something to it:" so by that trick of drollery he got his share of them. The application is easy, therefore I advise you not to neglect old authors; for though we be come as it were to the meridian of truth, yet there be many neo-

terical commentators and self-conceited writers, that eclipse her in many things, and go from *obscurum* to *obscuris*.

Give me leave to tell you, cousin, that your kindred and friends, with all the world besides, expect much from you in regard to the pregnancy of your spirit, and those advantages you have of others, being now at the source of all knowledge. I was told of a countryman, who coming to Oxford, and being at the town's end, stood listening to a flock of geese, and a few dogs that were hard by; being asked the reason, he answered, "That he thought the geese about Oxford did gabble Greek, and the dogs barked in Latin." If some in the world think so much of those irrational poor creatures that take in University air, what will your friends in the country expect from you, who have the instruments of reason in such a perfection, and so well strung with a tenacious memory, a quick understanding, and rich invention? all which I have discovered in you, and doubt not but you will employ them to the comfort of your friends, your own credit, and the particular contentment of your truly affectionate uncle.

LETTER LVII.

From the same to Mr. R. Lee, in Antwerp.

Sir,

London, 9th November.

AN acre of performance is worth the whole land of promise: besides, as the Italian hath it, "Deeds are men, and words women." You pleased to promise me, when you shook hands with England, to barter letters with me; but whereas I writ to you a good while since by Mr. Simons, I have not received a syllable from you ever since.

The times here frown more and more upon the cavaliers, yet their minds are buoyed up still with strong hopes; some of them being lately in company of such whom the times favour, and reporting some comfortable news on the royalists side, one of the other answered, "Thus you cavaliers still fool yourselves, and build always castles in the air." Thereupon a sudden reply was made, "Where will you have us to build them else, for you have taken all our lands from us?" I know what you will say when you read this: "A pox on those true jests."

This

This tale puts me in mind of another; there was a gentleman lately, who was offered by the Parliament a parcel of church or crown-lands, equal to his arrears: and asking council of a friend of his which he should take, answered, "Crown-lands by all means, for if you take them, you run a hazard only to be hanged; but if you take church-land, you are sure to be damned." Whereunto the other made him a shrewd reply; "Sir, I will tell you a tale: There was an old usurer not far from London, who had trained up a dog of his to bring his meat after him in a hand-basket, so that in time the shag-dog was so well bred, that his master used to send him by himself to Smithfield shambles with a basket in his mouth, and a note in the bottom thereof to his butcher, who accordingly would put in what joint of meat he writ for, and the dog would carry it handsomely home. It happened one day, that as the dog was carrying a good shoulder of mutton home to his master, he was set upon by a company of other huge dogs, who snatched away the basket, and fell to the mutton: the other dog measuring his own single strength, and finding he was too weak to redeem his master's mutton, said within himself (as we read the like of Chrysippus's dog), 'Nay, since there is no remedy, you shall be hanged before you have all; I will have also my share,' and so fell a-eating amongst them. I need not," said he, "make the application to you, it is too obvious; therefore I intend to have my share also of the church-lands."

In that large list of friends you have left behind you here, I am one who is very sensible that you have thus banished yourself; it is the high will of heaven that matters should be thus. Therefore, "*Quod divinitus accidit humiliter, quod ab hominibus viriliter ferendum*; We must manfully bear what comes from men, and humbly what comes from above." The Pagan philosopher tells us, "*Quod divinitus contingit, homo a se nulla arte dispellet*"; There is no fence against that which comes from heaven, whose decrees are irreversible."

Your friends in Fleet-street are all well, both long-coats and short-coats, and so is your unalterable friend to love and serve you.

LETTER LVIII.

From *Jas. Howel, Esq. to R. Bowyer, Esq.*

Sir, London, 9th November.

I RECEIVED yours of the tenth current, where I made a new discovery, finding therein one argument of your friendship, which you never urged before; for you give me a touch of my failings in point of literal correspondence with you. To this give me leave to answer, "That he who hath glass windows of his own, should take care how he throws stones at those of his neighbours." We have both of us our failings that way, witness else yours of the last of May, to mine of the first of March before; but it is never over-late to mend; therefore I begin, and do penance in this white sheet for what is past; I hope you will do the like, and so we may absolve one another without a ghostly father.

The French and Spaniards are still at it like two cocks of the game, both of them pitiuously blooded; and it is thought they will never leave till they peck out one another's eyes. They are daily seeking new alliances to fortify themselves, and the quarrel is still so hot, that they would make a league with Lucifer to destroy one another.

For home news, the freshest is, that whereas in former times there were complaints that churchmen were Justices of the Peace, now the clean contrary way, Justices of the Peace are become churchmen; for by a new act of that thing in Westminster, called a parliament, the power of giving in marriage is passed over to them, which is an ecclesiastical rite every where else throughout the world.

A cavalier coming lately to a Book-seller's shop, desired to buy this Matrimonial Act, with the rest of that holy parliament, but he would have them all bound in calf's leather, bought out of Mr. Barbone's shop in Fleet-street.

The soldiers have a great spleen to the lawyers, insomuch, that they threaten to hang up their gowns among the Scots colours in Westminster Hall; but their chiefest aim is at the regulation of the Chancery, for they would have the same tribunal to have the power of justice and equity, as the same apothecary's shop can afford us purges and cordials. So with

with my kind and cordial respects unto you, I rest your entire and truly affectionate servant.

LETTER LIX.

From the same to Mr. T. C. at his house upon Tower Hill.

Sir,

To inaugurate a good and jovial new-year to you, I send you a morning's draught, viz. a bottle of metheglin.—Neither Sir John Barley-corn or Bacchus had any thing to do with it, but it is the pure juice of the bee, the laborious bee, and king of insects. The Druids and old British bards were wont to take a carouse hereof before they entered into their speculations; and if you do so when your fancy labours with any thing, it will do you no hurt, and I know your fancy to be very good.

But this drink always carries a kind of state with it, for it must be attended with a brown toast; nor will it admit but of one good draught, and that in the morning if more, it will keep humming in the head, and so speak too much of the house it comes from, I mean the hive, as I gave a caution elsewhere; and because the bottle might make more haste, I have made it go upon these poetic feet:

*J. H. T. C. salutem, & annum Platonicum,
Non vitis, sed apis succum tibi mitto bibendum,
Quem legimus bardes olim potasse Britannos.
Qualibet in bacca vitis Megera latescit,
Qualibet in gutta melis Aglaia nitet.*

The juice of bees, not Bacchus, here behold,
Which British bards were wont to quaff of old;
The berries of the grape with furies swell,
But in the honeycomb the graces dwell.

This alludes to a saying which the Turks have, "That there lurks a devil in every berry of the vine." So I wish you as cordially as to myself, an auspicious and joyful new-year, because you know I am your truly affectionate servitor.

LETTER LX.

Lady Russell's Letter to the King, Charles II.

(Indorsed by her; My letter to the King a few days after my dear Lord's death.)

May it please your Majesty,

I FIND my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, and still con-

tinue to misrepresent him to your Majesty. It is a great addition to my sorrows to hear your Majesty is prevailed upon to believe, that the paper he delivered to the sheriff at his death was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest, that (during his imprisonment*) I often heard him discourse of the chief matters contained in that paper, in the same expressions he herein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him, can likewise aver. And sure it is an argument of no great force, that there is a phrase or two in it another uses, when nothing is more common than to take up such words we like, or are accustomed to in our conversation. I beg leave further to avow to your Majesty, that all that is set down in the paper read to your Majesty on Sunday night, to be spoken in my presence, is exactly true †; as I doubt not but the rest of the paper is, which was written at my request, and the author of it in all his conversation with my husband, that I was privy to, shewed himself a loyal subject to your Majesty, a faithful friend to him, and a most tender and conscientious minister to his soul. I do therefore humbly beg your Majesty would be so charitable to believe, that he who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not at the point of death do so disingenuous and false a thing, as to deliver for his own what was not properly and expressly so. And if after the loss, in such a manner, of the best husband in the world, I were capable of any consolation, your Majesty only could afford it by having better thought of him; which when I was so importunate to speak with your Majesty, I thought I had some reason to believe I should have inclined you to, not from the credit of my word, but upon the evidence of what I had to say. I hope I have written nothing in this that will displease your Majesty; if I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief; and that you will pardon the daughter of a person who served your Majesty's father in his greatest extre-

* The words included in the parenthesis are crossed out.

† It contained an account of all that passed between Dr. Burnet and his Lordship, concerning his last speech and paper. It is called the Journal in the History of his own Times, vol. i. p. 562.

mities (and your Majesty in your greatest posts), and one that is not conscious of having ever done any thing to offend you (before). I shall ever pray for your Majesty's long life and happy reign; who am with all humility, may it please your Majesty, &c.

LETTER LXI.

Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

Woborne Abbey, 30th Sept. 1683.

I NEED not tell you, good Doctor, how little capable I have been of such an exercise as this*. You will soon find how unfit I am still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrows, and confused as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will I know hear with my weakness, and compassionate my distress, as you have already done by your good letters and excellent prayer. I endeavour to make the best use I can of both, but I am so evil and unworthy a creature, that though I have desires, yet I have no dispositions or worthiness towards receiving comfort. You that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so consequently lament the like loss.—Who can but shrink at such a blow, till by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, we will let the gift of God which he hath put into our hearts interpose? That reason which sets a measure to our souls in prosperity, will then suggest many things which we have seen and heard to moderate us in such sad circumstances as mine: but, alas! my understanding is clouded, my faith weak, sense strong, and the devil busy to fill my thoughts with false notions, difficulties, and doubts, as of a future condition—† of prayer: but this I hope to make matter of humiliation, not sin. Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragements of my own thoughts: I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it, but yet se-

* Lord Russell her husband was executed, or rather murdered, July 21, 1683.

† Two or three words torn out.

cretly my heart mourns too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion, and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with; all these things are irksome to me now; the day unwelcome, and the night so too; all company and meals I would avoid if it might be; yet all this is, that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this sure hinders my comfort; when I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them; this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a bigger? O! if I did steadfastly believe, I could not be dejected. For I will not injure myself to say, I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No; I most willingly forsake this world, this vexatious troublesome world, in which I have no other business but to rid my soul from sin; secure by faith and a good conscience my eternal interests; with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes; and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of it: and when I have done the remnant of the work appointed me on earth, then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good's time, when by his infinite mercy I may be accounted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose, where he is gone for whom only I grieve, I do——‡ fear. From that contemplation must come my best support. Good Doctor, you will think, as you have reason, that I set no bounds, when I let myself loose to my complaints, but I will release you, first fervently asking the countenance of your prayers for your infinitely afflicted but very faithful servant.

LETTER LXII.

From the same to the same.

IT is above a fortnight, I believe, good Doctor, since I received your comforting letter; and it is displeasing to me that I am now but sitting down to tell you so; but it is allotted to persons under my dismal title, and yet more dismal circumstances, to have additional cares, from which I am sure I am not exempt, but am very unfit to discharge well or wisely, especially under the op-

‡ A word torn off.

pressions I feel; however, it is my lot, and a part of duty remaining to my choicest friend, and those pledges he has left me: that remembrance makes me do my best, and so occasions the putting by such employments as suit better my present temper of mind, as this I am now about: since if, in the multitude of those sorrows that possess my soul, I find any refreshments, though alas! such as are but momentary, it is but casting off some of my crowded thoughts to compassionate friends, such as deny not to weep with those that weep: or in reading such discourses and advices as your letter supplies me with, which I hope you believe I have read more than once; and if I have more days to pass upon this earth, I mean to do so often, since I profess of all those have been offered me (in which charity has been most abounding to me), none have in all particulars more suited my humour. You deal with me, Sir, just as I would be dealt withal; and it is possible I feel the more smart from my raging griefs, because I would not take them off, but upon fit considerations; as it is easiest to our natures to have our sore and deep wounds gently handled; yet, as most profitable, I would yield, nay desire to have mine searched, that, as you religiously design by it, they may not fester. It is possible I grasp at too much of this kind, for a spirit so broke by affliction; for I am so jealous that time or necessity, the ordinary abater of all violent passions (nay even employment, or company of such friends as I have left), should do that my reason or religion ought to do, as makes me covet the best advices, and use all methods to obtain such a relief, as I can ever hope for, a silent submission to this severe and terrible providence, without any ineffective unwillingness to bear what I must suffer; and such a victory over myself, that, when once allayed, immoderate passions may not be apt to break out again upon fresh occasions and accidents, offering to my memory that dear object of my desires, which must happen every day, I may say every hour, of the longest life I can live; that so, when I must return into the world, so far as to act that part is incumbent upon me in faithfulness to him I owe as much as can be due to man, it may be with great strength of spirits, and grace to live a stricter life of holiness to my God, who will not al-

ways let me cry to him in vain. On him I will wait, till he have pity on me, humbly imploring that by the mighty aids of his most Holy Spirit, he will touch my heart with greater love to himself. Then I shall be what he would have me. But I am unworthy of such a spiritual blessing, who remain so unthankful a creature for those earthly ones I have enjoyed, because I have them no longer. Yet God, who knows our frames, will not expect, that when we are weak we should be strong. This is much comfort under my deep dejections, which are surely increased by the subtle malice of that great enemy of souls, taking all advantages upon my present weakened and wasted spirits, assaulting with divers temptations, as when I have in any measure overcome one kind, I find another in the room, as when I am less afflicted (as I before complained), then I find reflections troubling me, as omissions of some sort or other; that if either greater persuasions had been used, he had gone away; or some errors at the trial amended, or other applications made, he might have been acquitted, and so yet have been in the land of the living (though I discharge not these things as faults upon myself, yet as aggravations to my sorrows); so that not being certain of our time being appointed, beyond which we cannot pass, my heart shrinks to think his time possibly was shortened by unwise management. I believe I do ill to torment myself with such unprofitable thoughts*.

LETTER LXIII.

From the same to the same.

Woborne Abbey, 20th April 1684.

BE LIEVE me, good Doctor, I find myself uneasy at reading your short letter of 8th April (which I have but newly received), before I had answered yours of the 11th March. I have several times taken a pen in my hand to do it, and been prevented by dispatching less pleasing dispatches first, and so my time was spent before I came to that I intended before I laid away the pen.

The future part of my life will not, I expect, pass, as perhaps I would just chuse; sense has been long enough gratified, indeed so long, I know not now how to

* Remainder-lost.

live by faith; yet the pleasant stream that fed it near fourteen years together, being gone, I have no sort of refreshment, but when I can repair to that living fountain from whence all flows; while I look not at the things which are seen, but at those which are not seen, expecting that day which will settle and compose all my tumultuous thoughts in perpetual peace and quiet; but am undone, irrecoverably so, as to my temporal longings and concerns. Time runs on, and usually wears off some of that sharpness of thought inseparable with my circumstances, but I cannot experience such an effect, every week making me more and more sensible of the miserable change in my condition; but the same merciful hand which has held me up from sinking in the extremest calamities, will (I verily believe) do so still, that I faint not to the end in this sharp conflict, nor add sin to my grievous weight of sorrows, by too high a discontent, which is all I have now to fear. You do, I doubt not, observe I let my pen run too greedily upon this subject; indeed it is very hard upon me to restrain it; especially to such as pity my distress, and would assist towards my relief any way in their power. I am glad I have so expressed myself to you, as to fix you in resolving to continue the course you have begun with me, which is to set before me plainly my duty in all kinds: it was my design to engage you to it; nor shall you be less successful with me in your desires, could there happen occasion for it, which is most unlikely, Dr. Fitzwilliam understanding himself and the world so well. On neither of the points, I believe, I shall give you reason to complain, yet please myself in both, so far of one mind we shall be.

I am entertaining some thoughts of going to that now desolate place Straton, for a few days, where I must expect new amazing reflections at the first, it being a place where I have lived in sweet and full content; considered the condition of others, and thought none deserved my envy; but I must pass no more such days on earth; however, places are indeed nothing. Where can I dwell that his figure is not present to me! Nor would I have it otherwise; so I resolve that shall be no bar, if it proves requisite for the better acquitting any obligation upon me. That which is the immediate cure, is settling and indeed giving up the

trust my dear Lord had from my best sister*. Pain would I see that performed, as I know he would have done it had he lived. If I find I can do as I desire in it, I will (by God's permission) infallibly go; but indeed not to stay more than two or three weeks, my children remaining here, who shall ever have my diligent attendance, therefore shall hasten back to them.

I do not admit one thought of accepting your kind and religious offer, knowing it is not proper. I take, if I do go, my sister Margaret, and believe Lady Shaftsbury will meet me there. This I chuse, as thinking some persons being there, to whom I would observe some rules, will engage me to restrain myself, or keep in better bounds my wild and sad thoughts. This is all I can do for myself. But blessed by the good prayers of others for me; they will I hope help me forward towards the great end of our creation. I am most cordially, good Doctor, your ever mournful, but ever faithful friend, to serve you.

I hear my Lord Gainsborough and my Lady will shortly be at Chilton. She is one I do truly respect: I can never regret being near her, though my design is to converse with none but lawyers and accountants.

LETTER LXIV.

Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

31st January 1684-5.

YOU pursue, good Doctor, all ways of promoting comfort to my afflicted mind, and will encourage me to think the better of myself for that better temper of mind you judge you found me in, when you so kindly gave me a week of your time in London. You are highly in the right, that as quick a sense of sharpness on the one hand, and tenderness on the other, can cause, I labour under, and shall, I believe, to the end of my life, so eminently unfortunate in the close of it.

But I strive to reflect how large my portion of good things has been, and though they are passed away no more to return, yet I have a pleasant work to do, dress up my soul for my desired change, and fit it for the converse of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect.

* Elizabeth Wriothesley, afterwards Noel.

Amongst whom my hope is my loved Lord is one: and my often repeated prayer to my God is, that if I have a reasonable ground for that hope, it may give a refreshment to my poor soul.

Do not press yourself, Sir, too greatly in seeking my advantage, but when your papers do come, I expect and hope they will prove such. The accidents of every day tell us of what a tottering clay our bodies are made. Youth nor beauty, greatness nor wealth, can prop it up. If it could, the Lady Ossory had not so early left this world; she died (as an express acquainted her father this morning) on Sunday last, of a flux and miscarriage. I heard also this day of a kinsman that is gone; a few years ago I should have had a more concerned sense for Sir Thomas Vernon*, his unfitness (as I doubt) I do lament indeed.

Thus I treat you, as I am myself, with objects of mortification. But you want none such in your solitude, and I, being unprovided of other, will leave you to your own thoughts, and ever continue, Sir, your obliged servant.

My neighbours and tenants are under some distress, being questioned about accounts, and several leaves found torn out of the books, so that Kingdome and Trant offered 40,000*l.* for atonement, but having confessed two more were privy to this cutting out leaves, the King will have them discovered: till Monday they have time given them. You had given Lady Julian one of those books.

* Sir Thomas Vernon, on the jury against Sir Samuel Barnardiston, knighted for his service in it, and then made foreman to convict Oates of perjury. Sir Sam. Barnardiston, 14th February, 1683-4, was fined 10,000*l.* for writing some letters, in which he used these expressions (*inter alia*): "The Lord Howard appears despicable in the eyes of all men.—The brave Lord Russell is afresh lamented.—It is generally said the Earl of Essex was murdered.—The plot is lost here.—The Duke of Monmouth said publicly, that he knew my Lord Russell was as loyal subject as any in England, and that his Majesty believed the same." now—The printer of the late Lord Russell's speech was passed over with silence.—The "sham protestant plot is quite lost and confounded, &c." He was committed for his fine to the King's Bench, continued prisoner four or five years, and great waste and destruction made on his estate,

LETTER LXV.

From the same to the same.

Southampton-house, 17th July 1685.

NEVER shall I, good Doctor, I hope, forget your work (as I may term it) of labour and love; so instructive and comfortable do I find it, that at any time, when I have read any of your papers, I feel a heat within me to be repeating my thanks to you anew, which is all I can do towards the discharge of a debt you have engaged me in; and though nobody loves more than I to stand free from engagements I cannot answer, yet I do not wish for it here, I would have it as it is, and although I have the present advantage, you will have the future reward: and if I can truly reap what I know you design me by it, a religious and quiet submission to all providences, I am assured you will esteem to have attained it here in some measure. Never could you more seasonably have fed me with such discourses, and left me with expectations of new repasts, in a more seasonable time, than these my miserable months, and in those this very week in which I have lived over again that fatal day that determined what fell out a week after, and that has given me so long and so bitter a time of sorrow. But God has a compass in his providences that is out of our reach, and as he is all good and wise, that consideration should in reason slacken the fierce rages of grief. But sure, Doctor, it is the nature of sorrow to lay hold on all things which give a new ferment to it; then how could I chuse but feel it in a time of so much confusion as these last weeks have been, closing so tragically as they have done; and sure never any poor creature, for two whole years together, has had more awakers to quicken and revive the anguish of its soul than I have had: yet I hope I do most truly desire that nothing may be so bitter to me, as to think that I have in the least offended thee, O my God, and that nothing may be so marvellous in my eyes as the exceeding love of my Lord Jesus; that heaven being my aim, and the longing expectations of my soul, I may go through honour and dishonour, good report and bad report, prosperity and adversity, with some evenness of mind. The inspiring me with these desires is, I hope, a token of his never-

failing love towards me, though an unthankful creature for all the good things I have enjoyed, and do still in the lives of hopeful children by so beloved a husband. God has restored me my little girl, the surgeon says she will do well. I should now hasten to give them the advantage of the country air, but am detained by the warning to see my uncle Ruvigny here, who comes to me, so I know not how to quit my house till I have received him, at least into it; he is upon his journey.

My Lady Gainsborough came to this town last night, and I doubt found neither her own daughter nor Lady Jane in a good condition of health. I had carried a surgeon on the day before to let my niece bleed, by Dr. Loure's direction, who could not attend by reason my Lord Radnor lay in extremity, and he was last night past hopes. My niece's complaint is a neglected cold, and he fears her to be something hectic, but I hope youth will struggle and overcome; they are children whose least concerns touch me to the quick; their mother was a delicious friend; sure nobody has enjoyed more pleasure in the conversations and tender kindnesses of a husband and a sister than myself, yet, how apt am I to be fretful that I must not still do so! but I must follow that which seems to be the will of God, how unacceptable soever it may be to me. I must stop, for if I let my pen run on I know not where it will end. I am, good Doctor, with great faithfulness, your affectionate friend to serve you.

LETTER LXVI.

Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

Woborne Abbey, 11th Oct. 1683.

NOW I know where to find you, good Doctor (which I do by your letter written at my cousin Spenser's), you must be sure to hear from her who is still not ashamed to be on the receiving hand with you. God has given you the abilities, and opportunity for it, and not to me; and what am I that I should say, Why is it not otherwise? No, I do not, nor do I grudge or envy you the pious and ingenious pleasure you have in it; my part in this world is of another nature, and I thank you, Sir (but God must give you the recompense), you instruct me admirably how to overcome, that

I may once make application of that text, Rev. iii. 12. and raise such hopes as cannot miscarry. The great thing is to acquiesce with all one's heart to the good pleasure of God, who will prove us by the ways and dispensations he sees best, and when he will break us to pieces we must be broken. Who can tell his works from the beginning to the end? But who can praise his mercy more than wretched I, that he has not cut me off in anger, who have taken his chastisements so heavily, not weighing his mercies in the midst of judgments! The stroke was of the fiercest sure; but had I not then a reasonable ground to hope, that what I loved as I did my own soul, was raised from a prison to a throne? Was I not enabled to shut up my own sorrows, that I encreased not his sufferings by seeing mine! How were my sinking spirits supported by the early compassions of excellent and wise Christians, without ceasing admonishing me of my duty, instructing, reproving, comforting me! You know, Doctor, I was not destitute; and I must acknowledge that many others like yourself, with devout zeal and great charity, contributed to the gathering together my scattered spirits, and then subjecting them by reason to such a submission as I could obtain under so astonishing a calamity: and further he has spared me hitherto the children of so excellent a friend, giving them hopeful understandings, and yet very tractable and sweet dispositions; spared my life in usefulness I trust to them; and being I am to linger in a world I can no more delight in, has given me a freedom from bodily pain to a degree I almost never knew, not so much as a strong fit of the head-ach have I felt since that miserable time, who used to be tormented with it frequently. This calls for praises my dead heart is not exercised in, but I hope that is my infirmity; I bewail it. He that took our nature, and felt our infirmities, knows the weakness of my person, and the sharpness of my sorrows.

I should not forget to mention, Sir, I did receive the papers and a letter I never had the opportunity to tell you of, dated 13th August; and another letter after that, where you write of your being in London within a fortnight; so that time slipping, I know not where to find you, or how I came to let time do so.

I know not if you have heard some un-
wished-

wished-for accidents in my family have hurried me into new disorders. A young lady my uncle Ruvigny brought with him falling ill of the small pox, I first removed my children to Bedford-house, then followed myself, for the quieting of my good uncle's mind, who would have it so; from thence I brought my little tribe down to Woborne, and when I heard how fatal the end was of the young lady's distemper, I returned myself to Bedford-house to take my last leave (for so I take it to be) of as kind a relation, and as zealous tender a friend as ever any body had. To my uncle and aunt, their niece was an inexpressible loss, but to herself death was the contrary: she died (as most do) as she lived, a pattern to all who knew her. As her body grew weak, her faith and hope grew strong, comforting her comforters, and edifying all about her, ever magnifying the goodness of God, that she died in a country where she could in peace give up her soul to him that made it. What a glorious thing, Doctor, it is to live and die as sure as she did! I heard my uncle and aunt say, that in seven years she had been with them, they never could tax her with a failure in her piety or worldly prudence, yet she had been roughly attacked, as the French Gazettes will tell you, if you have leisure to look over them, now they are so many; however, I keep them together, and so send them to you, who shall ever be gratified in what you ask from me, as a recompense of all your labours, it is a poor one indeed, the weak unworthy of your much obliged servant.

You say I may direct as I will about those papers now in my custody; I freely give my judgment, it is a great pity they should be hid like a candle under a bushel; as they are piously designed, they will carry the more effectual blessing with them into the hearts of such in whose hands they fall, and as I believe it is an excellent discourse, why should it not serve to excellent purposes? I could say more of my opinion concerning them, but truly methinks it is taking too much upon me; my modesty interposes.

LETTER LXVII.

From the same to the same.

Woborne Abbey, 27th Nov. 1685.

As you profess, good Doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the testimony of a conscience to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I to receive them as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concerns; doing so I need not waste my time nor yours to tell you they are very valuable to me. That you are so contented to read mine I make the just allowance for: not for the worthiness of them, I know it cannot be, but however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome. You say something sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned or rather tainted with being so much where compliment or praising is best learned; but I conclude, that often what one heartily wishes to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not nought towards me, whom it animates to have a true not false title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Yet I am far from such a vigour of mind as surmounts the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixed in my breast; but there are times the mind can hardly feel displeasure, as while such friendly conversation entertaineth it; then a grateful sense moves one to express the courtesy.

If I could contemplate the conducts of providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity; doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs; I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him: all relish is now gone, I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people (do it for me from such you know are so), also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections up-

wards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either his glory, justice, or power, is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see: in the mean time I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in; and say with the man in the Gospel, "I believe, help thou my unbelief."

If any thing I say suggest to you matter for a pious reflection, I have not hurt you but ease myself, by letting loose some of my crowded thoughts. I must not finish without telling you, I have not the book you mention of Seraphical Meditations of the Bishop of Bath and Wells*, and should willingly see one here, since you design the present. I have sent you the last sheet of your papers, as the surest course; you can return it with the book. You would, Sir, have been welcome to Lord Bedford, who expresses himself hugely obliged to the Bishop of Ely† your friend, to whom you justly give the title of good, if the character he has very generally belongs to him. And who is good is happy; for he is only truly miserable, or wretchedly so, that has no joy here, nor hopes for any hereafter. I believe it may be near Christmas before my Lord Bedford removes for the winter, but I have not yet discoursed him about it, nor how long he desires our company; so whether I will come before him, or make one company, I know not; he shall please himself, for I have no will in these matters, nor can like one thing or way better than another, if the use and conveniences be alike to the young creatures, whose service is all the business I have in this world; and for their good I intend all diligence in the power of, Sir, your obliged friend to serve you.

I am mightily in arrear; pray let me know what, and if I shall direct the paying it, or stay till I see you.

* Kenn, Bishop of Bath and Wells, of an ascetic course of life, and yet of a very lively temper.

† Turner, Bishop of Ely, sincere and good natured, of too quick imagination, and too defective a judgment.

LETTER LXVIII.

Dr. Tillotson to Lady Russell.

[From Birch's Life of Tillotson.]

Canterbury, Nov. 21, 1685.

Honoured Madam,
WHEN I look back upon the date of your Ladyship's letter, I blush to see it hath lain by me so long unanswered. And yet I assure you no day passeth, in which your Ladyship and your children are not in my mind. But I know not how, in the hurry I am in, in London, one business presseth so hard upon another, that I have less time for the things to which I have most inclination. I am now for a while got out of the torment and noise of that great city, and do enjoy a little more repose.

It was a great trouble to me to hear of the sad loss your dear friend sustained during his short stay in England*. But in some circumstances, to die is to live. And that voice from heaven runs much in my mind, which St. John heard in his vision of the last (as I think) and most extreme persecution, which should befall the faithful servants of God, before the final downfall of Babylon, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; meaning, that they were happy, who were taken away before that terrible and utmost trial of the faith and patience of the saints. But however that be, I do greatly rejoice in the preservation of your children from the great danger they were in upon that occasion, and thank God heartily for it, because, whatever becomes of us, I hope they may live to see better things.

Just now came the news of the prorogation of the parliament to the 10th of February, which was surprising to us. We are not without hopes, that in the mean time things will be disposed to a better agreement against the next meeting. But when all is done, our greatest comfort must be, that we are all in the hands of God, and that he hath the care of us. And do not think, Madam, that he loyes you the less for having put so bitter a cup into your hand. He, whom

* The death of her cousin, niece of Mons. Ruvigny, mentioned in the letter of 11th October, to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

he loved infinitely best of all mankind, drank much deeper of it.

I did hope to have waited upon my Lord of Bedford at my return to London; but now I doubt this prerogation will carry him into the country before that time. I intreat you to present my most humble service to his Lordship, to dear little master, and the young ladies. I am not worthy the consideration you are pleased to have of me; but I pray continually for you all, and ever shall be, Madam, your Ladyship's most faithful and humble servant.

LETTER LXIX.

Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

15th January 1685-6.

I PRESUME, Doctor, you are now so settled in your retirement (for such it is in comparison of that you can obtain at London) that you are at leisure to peruse the inclosed papers; hereafter I will send them once a week, or oftener if you desire it.

Yesterday the Lord Delamere passed his trial, and was acquitted*. I do bless God that he has caused some stop to the effusion of blood has been shed of late in this poor land. But, Doctor, as diseased bodies turn the best nourishments, and even cordials, into the same sour humour that consumes and eats them up, just so do I. When I should rejoice with them that do rejoice, I seek a corner to weep in. I find I am capable of no more gladness; but every new circumstance, the very comparing my night of sorrow after such a day, with theirs of joy, does from a reflection of one kind or other, rack my uneasy mind. Though I am far from wishing the close of theirs like mine, yet I cannot refrain giving some time to lament mine was not like theirs; but I certainly took too much delight in my lot, and would too willingly have built my tabernacle here; for which I hope my punishment will end with life.

The accounts from France are more and more astonishing; the perfecting the

work is vigorously pursued, and by this time completed it is thought; all without exception having a day given them; only these I am going to mention have found so much grace as I will tell you. The Countess du Roy† is permitted with two daughters to go within fourteen days to her husband, who is in Denmark, in that King's service; but five other of her children are put into monasteries. Mareschal Schomberg‡ and his wife are commanded to be prisoners in their house, in some remote part of France appointed them. My uncle and his wife are permitted to come out of France. This I was told for a truth last night, but I hope it needs a confirmation.

It is enough to sink the strongest heart to read the relations are sent over. How the children are torn from their mothers and sent into monasteries; their mothers to another: the husband to prison, or the gallies. These are amazing providences, Doctor! God out of infinite mercy strengthen weak believers. I am too melancholy an intelligencer to be very long, so will hasten to conclude, first telling you Lord Talbot§ is come out of Ireland, and brought husbands for his daughters-in-law; one was married on Tuesday to a Lord Rosse, the other Lord is Dungan; Walgrave that married the King's daughter, is made a Lord||. The brief for the poor Protestants was not sealed on Wednesday, as was hoped it would be: the Chancellor bid it be laid

† Countess du Roy, wife of Frederic Charles du Roy, Knight of the Elephant, and Generalissimo to the King of Denmark; his daughter, Henrietta, was the second wife of William Wentworth, Earl of Stafford.

‡ Frederic de Schomberg, Marshal of France, was created by King William, Duke Schomberg, &c. 1689; killed at the battle of the Boyne, 1st July 1690. He was son of Count Schomberg, by Lord Dudley's daughter. The Count was killed, with several sons, at the battle of Prague, 1620. The Duke was a man of great calmness, application and conduct; of true judgment, exact probity, and an humble obliging temper. The persecution of the Protestants induced him to leave France and enter into King William's service. He was 82 years old at his death. His son Charles was mortally wounded at the battle of Marsiglia, 24th Sept. 1693.

§ Lord Richard Talbot, afterwards Earl of Tyrconnel; a Papist.

|| Henry Lord Walgrave, of Chewton, married the Lady Henrietta Fitz-James, natural daughter to King James II. by Arabella Churchill, sister to John Duke of Marlborough; he retired to France in 1689, and died at Paris the same year.

* Henry Booth, Lord Delamere, tried for partaking in Monmouth's rebellion. Finch, Solicitor General, was very violent against him, but Saxon, the only positive evidence, appearing perjured, he was acquitted by his Peers. He afterwards strenuously promoted the Revolution; in 1690, was created Earl of Warrington; and died 1693.

by, when it was offered him to seal. I am very really, Doctor, your affectionate friend and servant.

LETTER LXX.

Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

22d January 1635-6.

I HAVE received and read your letters, good Doctor. As you never fail of performing a just part to your friend, so it were pity you should not consider enough to act the same to yourself. I think you do: and all you say that concerns your private affairs, is justly and wisely weighed; so let that rest. I acknowledge the same of the distinct paper which touches more nearly my sore; perhaps I ought to do it with some shame and confusion of face; and perhaps I do so, Doctor, but my weakness is invincible, which makes me, as you phrase it, excellently possess past calamities: but he who took upon him our nature, felt our infirmities, and does pity us; and I shall receive of his fulness at the end of days, which I will silently wait for.

If you have heard of the dismal accident in this neighbourhood, you will easily believe Tuesday night was not a quiet one with us. About one o'clock in the night I heard a great noise in the square, so little ordinary, I called up a servant and sent her down to learn the occasion. She brought up a very sad one, that Montague-house was on fire; and it was so indeed; it burnt with so great violence, the whole house was consumed by five o'clock. The wind blew strong this way, so that we lay under fire a great part of the time, the sparks and flames continually covering the house, and filling the court. My boy awaked, and said he was almost stifled with smoke, but being told the reason, would see it, and so was satisfied without fear; took a strange bed-fellow very willingly, Lady Devonshire's youngest boy, whom his nurse had brought wrapt in a blanket. Lady Devonshire* came towards morning, and lay here; and had done so still, but for a second ill accident: Her brother, Lord Ararat†, who has been ill of a fever twelve

days, was despaired of yesterday morning, and spots appeared, so she resolved to see him, and not to return hither, but to Somerset-house, where the Queen offered her lodgings. He is said to be dead, and I hear this morning it is a great blow to the family; and that he was a most dutiful son and kind friend to all his family,

Thus we see what a day brings forth! and how momentary the things we set our hearts upon! O I could heartily cry out, "When will longed-for eternity 'come!'" but our duty is to possess our souls with patience.

I am unwilling to shake off all hopes about the brief, though I know them that went to the Chancellor ‡ since the refusal to seal it, and his answer does not encourage one's hopes. But he is not a lover of smooth language, so in that respect we may not so soon despair §.

I fancy I saw the young man you mentioned to be about my son. One brought me six prayer books as from you; also distributed three or four in the house. I sent for him and asked him if there was no mistake? He said, No. And after some other questions I concluded him the same person. Doctor, I do assure you I put an entire trust in your sincerity to advise: but, as I told you, I shall ever take Lord Bedford along in all the concerns of the child. He thinks it early yet to put him to learn in earnest; so do you I believe. My Lord is afraid, if we take one for it, he will put him to it; yet I think perhaps to overcome my Lord in that, and assure him he shall not be pressed. But I am much advised, and indeed inclined, if I could be fitted to my mind, to take a Frenchman, so I shall do a charity, and profit the child also, who shall learn French. Here are many scholars come over, as are of all kinds; God knows.

I have still a charge with me, Lady Devonshire's daughter, who is just come

† George Lord Jefferies, Baron of Wem, very inveterate against Lord Russell: he was, says Burnet, scandalously vicious, drunk every day, and furiously passionate, and, when Lord Chief Justice, he even betrayed the decencies of his post, by not affecting to appear impartial, as became a judge, and by running upon all occasions into noisy declamations. He died in the Tower, April 18, 1689.

§ Dr. afterwards Bishop Beveridge, objected to the reading the brief in the Cathedral of Canterbury, as contrary to the rubric. Tillotson replied, "Doctor, Doctor, Charity is above rubrics."

into

* Mary, daughter to James Butler, Duke of Ormond; married to William Cavendish, Earl, afterwards Duke of Devonshire.

† He died January 26, 1685-6.

into my chamber; so must break off. I am, Sir, truly your faithful servant.

The young Lady tells me Lord Arran is not dead, but rather better.

LETTER LXXI.

Dean Tillotson to Lady Russell.

Honoured Madam,

I RECEIVED both your letters, and before the latter came to my hands, I gave your Ladyship some kind of answer to the first, as the time would let me, for the post staid for it. But having now a little more leisure, you will, I hope, give me leave to trouble you with a longer letter.

I was not at Hampton Court last Sunday, being almost tired out with ten weeks attendance, so that I have had no opportunity to try further in the business I wrote of in my last, but hope to bring it to some issue the next opportunity I can get to speak with the King. I am sorry to see in Mr. Johnson* so broad a mixture of human frailty, with so considerable virtues. But when I look into myself, I must think it pretty well, when any man's infirmities are in any measure overbalanced by his better qualities. This good man I am speaking of has at some times not used me over-well; for which

* In a paper to justify Lord Russell's opinion, "That resistance may be used in case our religion and rights should be invaded," as an answer to the Dean's letter to his Lordship of 20th July 1683, Johnson observes, that this opinion could not be wrested from his Lordship at his death, notwithstanding the disadvantages at which he was taken, when he was practised upon to retract that opinion, and to bequeath a legacy of slavery to his country; and indeed the Dean was so apprehensive of Lady Russell's displeasure at his pressing his Lordship, though with the best intentions, upon that subject, that when he was first admitted to her after her Lord's death, he is said to have addressed her in this manner, "That he first thanked God, and then "her Ladyship, for that opportunity of justifying himself to her;" and they soon returned to the terms of a cordial and unreserved friendship. Mr. Johnson wrote Julian the apostate to prove the legality of resistance, and an address to King James II's army; he was fined, imprisoned, pilloried, and whipt, after being degraded. The Revolution restored him to his liberty; the judgment against him in 1686 was declared illegal and cruel, and his degradation null; and the House of Lords recommended him to King William. He died 1703. He refused the rich Deanery of Durham.

I do not only forgive him, when I consider for whose sake he did it, but do heartily love him.

The King, besides his first bounty to Mr. Walker†, whose modesty is equal to his merit, hath made him Bishop of Londonderry, one of the best Bishoprics in Ireland; that so he may receive the reward of that great service in the place where he did it. It is incredible how much every body is pleased with what the King hath done in this matter, and it is no small joy to me to see that God directs him to do so wisely.

I will now give your Ladyship a short account of his Majesty's disposal of our English Church preferments, which I think he has done as well as could be expected, in the midst of the powerful importunities of so many great men, in whom I discern too much of court art and contrivance for the preferment of their friends; yea, even in my good Lord Nottingham, more than I could wish. This is a melancholy consideration to one in my situation, in which I do not see how it is possible so to manage a man's self between civility and sincerity, between being willing to give good words to all, and able to do good to very few, as to hold out an honest man, or even the reputation of being so, a year to an end.

I promised a short account, but I am long before I come to it. The Dean of St. Paul's‡, the Bishop of Worcester; the Dean of Peterborough§, of Chi-

† Mr. Geo. Walker, justly famous for his defence of Londonderry, in Ireland (when Lunde the governor would have surrendered it to King James the 11d), was born of English parents in the county of Tyrone in that kingdom, and educated in the university of Glasgow in Scotland; he was afterwards Rector of Donoughmore, not many miles from the city of Londonderry. Upon the Revolution, he raised a regiment for the defence of the Protestants; and upon intelligence of King James having a design to besiege Londonderry, retired thither, being at last chosen governor of it. After the raising of that siege, he came to England, where he was most graciously received by their Majesties; and on the 19th of Nov. 1689, received the thanks of the House of Commons, having just before published an account of that siege, and a present of 500ol. He was created D. D. by the University of Oxford on the 25th Feb. 1689-90, in his return to Ireland, where he was killed the beginning of July 1690, at the passage of the Boyne, having resolved to serve that campaign before he took possession of his bishopric.

‡ Dr. Stillingfleet.

§ Dr. St. Patrick.

chester. An humble servant of yours, Dean of St. Paul's. The Dean of Norwich* is Dean of Canterbury; and Dr. Stanley, Clerk of his Majesty's closet, is Residentiary of St. Paul's; and Dr. Fairfax, Dean of Norwich. The Warden of All Souls† in Oxford, is Prebendary of Canterbury; and Mr. Nixon hath the other Prebend there, void by the death of Dr. Jeffreys. These two last merited of the King in the West, Mr. Finch by going in early to him, and Mr. Nixon, who is my Lord of Bath's Chaplain, by carrying messages between the King and my Lord of Bath, as the King himself told me, with the hazard of his life. St. Andrew's and Covent Garden are not yet disposed. Dr. Birch (which I had almost forgot) is Prebendary of Westminster; and, which grieves me much, Mons. Allix put by at present; but my Lord Privy Seal‡ would not be denied. The whole is as well as could easily be in the present circumstances.

But now begins my trouble. After I had kissed the King's hand for the Deanery of St. Paul's, I gave his Majesty my most humble thanks, and told him, that now he had set me at ease for the remainder of my life. He replied; "No such matter, I assure you;" and spoke plainly about a great place, which I dread to think of, and said, "It was necessary for his service, and he must charge it upon my conscience." Just as he had said this, he was called to supper, and I had only time to say, that when his Majesty was at leisure, I did believe I could satisfy him that it would be most for his service, that I should continue in the station in which he had now placed me. This hath brought me into a real difficulty. For on the one hand it is hard to decline his Majesty's commands, and much harder yet to stand out against so much goodness, as his Majesty is pleased to use towards me. On the other, I can neither bring my inclination nor my judgment to it. This I owe to the Bishop of Salisbury, one of the worst and best friends I know: best, for his singular good opinion of me: and the worst, for directing the King to this method, which I know he did: as if his Lordship and I had concerted the matter how to finish this

foolish piece of dissimulation, in running away from a Bishopric§ to catch an Archbishopric. This fine device hath thrown me so far into the briars, that, without his Majesty's great goodness, I shall never get off without a scratched face. And now I will tell your Ladyship the bottom of my heart. I have of a long time, I thank God for it, devoted myself to the public service without any regard for myself; and to that end have done the best I could in the best manner I was able. Of late God hath been pleased by very severe ways||, but in great goodness to me, to wean me perfectly from the love of this world; so that worldly greatness is now not only undesirable, but distasteful to me. And I do verily believe, that I shall be able to do as much or more good in my present station than in a higher, and shall not have one jot less interest or influence upon any others to any good purpose; for the people naturally love a man that will take great pains and little preferment. But, on the other hand, if I could force my inclination to take this great place, I foresee that I should sink under it, and grow melancholy and good for nothing, and after a little while die as a fool dies.

But this, Madam, is a great deal too much, upon one of the worst and nicest subjects in the world, a man's self.

As I was finishing this long letter, which if your goodness will forgive I hope never to have occasion to try it so far again, I received your letter, and shall say no more of Dr. More, of whose preaching

§ Tillotson wrote before to a nobleman (supposed the Earl of Portland) begging he might be excused from accepting a Bishopric. Birch remarks, instances of this kind of self-denial will perhaps be thought rare in any age; but there was a remarkable one under Henry the Eighth of another Dean of Canterbury, well known by his embassies and public negotiations, Dr. Nicholas Wotton, great uncle of Sir Henry Wotton; this great politician, as well as divine, being informed of an intention to advance him to the mitre, wrote to Doctor Bella is from Dusseldorp, Nov. 11th, 1539, requesting him, for the passion of God, to convey that Bishopric from him. So I might (adds he) avoid it without displeasure, I would surely never meddle with it; there be enough that be meet for it, and will not refuse it, I cannot marvel enough, *cur obtineatur non cupienti immo ne idoneo quidem*. My mind is as troubled as my writing is. Yours to his little power, Nicholas Wotton; add whatsoever you will more to it, if you add not Bishop.

|| The loss of his children, and having been seized with an apoplectic disorder.

* Dr. John Sharp. † Leopold Wm. Finch, fifth son of Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea.
‡ Miquis of Halifax.

I always knew your Ladyship's opinion. The person I mentioned was Mr. Kidder, on whom the King has bestowed the Deanery of Peterborough, and therefore cannot have it. I am fully of your Ladyship's opinion, that what my Lord Bedford does in this matter must not appear to be done by him, for fear of bringing other importunities upon the King. If my Lord thinks well of Dr. Horneck, Dr. More would then certainly have St. Andrews.

I thank God for the health your family enjoys, as for that of my own; and equally pray for the continuance of it, and all other blessings. I would fain find room to tender my humble service to my Lord Bedford, my Lord Russel, and two of the best young ladies I know. I am, honoured Madam, more than I can express, your most obliged and obedient servant.

LETTER LXXII.

Lady Russell to the Dean of St. Paul's.

September 1689.

WHENEVER, Mr. Dean, you are disposed, and at leisure to give it me, I can be well content, I assure you, to read the longest letter you can write. But I had not so soon told you a truth you cannot chuse but know, if this paper was not to be hastened to you with a little errand that I am well enough pleased to be employed in; because the effect will be good, though the cause does not please me: being you said Mr. Kidder* cannot have Covent-Garden, because he is Dean of Peterborough (though I do not conceive why, unless it is because he is great and others are not). But Lord Bedford leans strongly to offer him to the King: it is from what you said to me has made him do so. Yet if you judge he should not now be the man, I am enjoin'd to obtain from you some character of one Mr. Freeman†, and Mr. Williams‡: the last I have heard you speak well of, but I did not heed his just character. What you think fit to say to me shall not be imparted but in general

terms, if you like that best; though Lord Bedford is as close as can be desired, and as well inclined as possible to do the best, and will have me say something of these men before he fixes, which my Lord Shrewsbury advises him to do quickly.

More|| he is averse to; Horneck§ the parish is also; as he is well informed, to a high degree. So Kidder, Williams, and Freeman, are before him. I desire two or three lines upon this subject, by the first post if you please.

Though my paper is full enough, especially to a man that has no more spare time than you have, yet I must just touch upon some other parts of your letter, being they touch me most sensibly. I bless God that inclines the heart of our King to do well; it looks as if God meant a full mercy to these long threatened kingdoms. I thank Mr. Dean very heartily for those thoughts that influence and heighten his charity to Mr. J——n. I will not say that I do more, but you must needs know. Mr. Dean, now a few words to your own concern, that bears so heavy upon your mind, and I have done. I know not if I should use the phrase, "Integrity is my idol," but I am sure I admire and love it hugely wherever I meet it. I would never have a sincere passion crossed. I do pity you, Mr. Dean, and think you have a hard game upon your hands, which, if it should happen you cannot play off your own way, you can do better than a man less mortified to the world could; being if you serve the interest of religion and the King's, you are doing what you have dedicated yourself to, and therefore can be more regardless of the ignorant or wicked censurer; for, upon my word, I believe you will incur no other: your character is above it, if what you fear should come upon you. But as I conceive there are six months yet to deliberate upon this matter, you know the old saying, "the cup and the lip:" and pray do not fill your head with the fears of a trouble, though never so great, that is at a distance, and may never be; for if you think too much on a matter you dread, it will certainly disturb your quiet, and

* Rd. Kidder, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells (in Kenn's stead, 1691), was killed with his lady at Wells, by the fall of a stack of chimnies during the high wind, 27th Nov. 1703.

† Dr. Freeman died Dean of Peterborough, 1707.

‡ Williams, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, died 1709.

|| More died Bishop of Ely, 1714.

§ Horneck died Prebendary of Westminster, 1696-7.

that will infallibly your health, and you cannot but see, Sir, that would be of a bad consequence. The King is willing to hear you. You know your own heart to do good, and you have lived some time, and have had experience. You say well that such an one is the best and worst friend. I think I should have had more tenderness to the will or temper of my friend: and for his justification, one may say, he prefers good to many, before gratifying one single person, and a public good ought to carry a man a great way. But I see your judgment (if your inclination does not bias too far) is heartily against him in this matter, that you think you cannot do so much good then as now. We must see if you can convince him thereof; and when he is master of that notion, then let him labour to make your way out of those briars, he has done his part to bring you into; though something else would have done it without him, I believe, if I am not mistaken in this, no more than I am that this letter is much too long, from, &c.

LETTER LXXIII.

Dean Tillotson to Lady Russell.

Edmonton, Sept. 24, 1689.

Hon. Madam,

JUST now I received your Ladyship's letter. Since my last, and not before, I understand the great averseness of the parish from Dr. Horneck: so that if my Lord of Bedford had liked him, I could not have thought it fit, knowing how necessary it is to the good effect of a man's ministry, that he do not lie under any great prejudice with the people. The two whom the Bishop of Chichester hath named, are, I think, of the worthiest of the city ministers, since Mr. Kidder declines it, for the reason given by the Bishop, and, if he did not, could not have it; not because of any inconsistency in the preferments, but because the King, having so many obligations yet to answer, cannot at the same time, give two such preferments to one man. For the persons mentioned, if comparison must be made between two very good men, I will tell your Ladyship my free thoughts of them.

Mr. Williams is really one of the best men I know, and most unwearied in doing good, and his preaching very weighty and judicious. The other is a truly

pious man; and of a winning conversation. He preaches well, and hath much the more plausible delivery, and, I think a stronger voice. Both of them (which I had almost forgot) have been steady in all changes of times. This is the plain truth; and yet I must not conceal one particular and present advantage on Dr. Freeman's side. On Sunday night last the King asked me concerning a city minister, whose name he had forgot; but said, he had a very kind remembrance of him, having had much conversation with him, when his Majesty was very young in Holland, and wondered he had never seen him since he came into England.

I could not imagine who he should be, till his Majesty told me he was the English Ambassador's chaplain above twenty years ago; meaning Sir William Temple's. Upon that I knew it was Dr. Freeman. The King said, that was his name, and desired me to find him out, and tell him that he had not forgot him, but remembered with pleasure the acquaintance he had with him many years ago; and had charged me, when there was an opportunity, to put him in mind of him. This I thought both great goodness in the King, and modesty in Dr. Freeman* never to shew himself to the King all this while. By this your Ladyship will judge who is like to be most acceptable to the King, whose satisfaction, as well as service, I am obliged to regard, especially in the disposal of his own preferments, though Mr. Williams be much more my friend.

I mentioned Mr. Johnson again, but his Majesty put on other discourse, and my Lord Privy Seal told me yesterday morning, that the King thought it a little hard to give pensions out of his purse, instead of church preferments; and tells me Mr. Johnson is very sharp upon me. His Lordship called it railing, but it shall not move me in the least. His Lordship asked me, whether it would not be well to move the King to give him a good bishopric in Ireland, there being several void. I thought it very well, if it would be acceptable. His Lordship said, that was all one; the offer would stop many months as well as his; which I think, was well considered.

* Dr. Freeman was instituted to the rectory of Covent-Garden, Dec. 23, 1689.

I will say no more of myself, but only thank your Ladyship for your good advice, which I have always a great disposition to follow, and a great deal of reason, being assured it is sincere as well as wise. The King hath set upon me again, with greater earnestness of persuasion than is fit for one that may command. I begged as earnestly to be considered in this thing, and so we parted upon good terms. I hope something will happen to hinder it. I put it out of my mind as much as I can, and leave it to the good providence of God for the thing to find its own issue. To that I commend you and yours, and am, Madam, yours, by all possible obligations.

If Mr. Johnson refuse this offer, and it should be my hard fortune not to be able to get out of this difficulty, which I will, if it be possible to do it without provocation, I know one that will do more for Mr. Johnson than was desired of the King, but still as from the King, for any thing that he shall know. But I hope some much better way will be found, and that there will be neither occasion nor opportunity for this *.

LETTER LXXIV.

Lady Russell to Lady Sunderland.

I THINK I understand almost less than any body, yet I knew better things than to be weary of receiving what is so good as my Lady Sunderland's letters; or not to have a due regard of what is so valuable as her esteem and kindness, with her promises to enjoy it my whole life. Truly, Madam, I can find no fault but one, and that is constantly in all the favours you direct to me, an unfortunate useles creature in the world, yet your Ladyship owns me as one had been of some service to you. Alas! I know I was not, but my intention was pure; I pitied your sorrow, I was hearty in wishing you ease, and if I had an occasion for it I could be diligent, but no further ability; and you are very good to receive it kindly. But, so unhappy a solicitor as I was once for my poor self and family, my heart misgives me when I

aim at any thing of that kind any more. Yet I hope I have at last learned to make the will of God, when declared, the rule of my content, and to thank him for all the hard things I suffer, as the best assurances of a large share in that other blessed state; and of what is dear to us is got thither before us, the sense what they enjoy, and we in a little while shall with them, ought to support us and our friends.

LETTER LXXV.

The same to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

Woborne Abbey, 28th August 1690.

I ASSURE you, good Doctor, I was very well pleased this evening to receive another letter from you; and much more than ordinary, because your last had some gentle hints in it, as if you thought I had taken some offence, though you kindly again said you could not, or would not, imagine it, not being conscious of omission or commission, and indeed you have good reason for saying so; I will at any time justify you in it, and do more commend your belief, that I either had not your letters, or was not well, than I could your mistrust of me for what will never happen. But an old dated paper has convinced you, and a newer had, if I had known where to have found you; for in yours of the 5th of August you intimate that you meant (if it did not too much offend the eyes of a friend of mine that were weak) to make a stay at Windsor of ten days longer, and made no mention then whither you went. Now truly I had that letter, when I was obliged to write much to such as would congratulate my being well again, some in kindness, and some in ceremony. But so it was, that when I went to write, I found I should not know where to send it, so I deferred it till I had learnt that. I sent to Mrs. Smith, she could not tell; I bid John send to Richard at Straton to know if you were at Chilton, for I knew Lady Gainsborough was not there then, but now you have informed me yourself.

By report I fear poor Lady Gainsborough is in new trouble, for though she has all the help of religion to support her, yet that does not shut us out from all sorrow; it does not direct us to insensibility, if we could command it, but to a quiet

* The King granted Johnson 300 l. a year for his own and his son's life, with 1000 l. in money, and a place of 100 l. a year for his son.

quiet submission to the will of God, making his ours as much as we can. Indeed, Doctor, you are extremely in the right to think that my life has been so embittered, it is now a very poor thing to me; yet I find myself careful enough of it. I think I am useful to my children, and would endure hard things, to do for them till they can do for themselves; but, alas! I am apt to conclude if I had not that, yet I should still find out some reason to be content to live, though I am weary of every thing, and of the folly, the vanity, the madness of man most of all.

There is a shrinking from the separation of the soul from the body, that is implanted in our natures, which enforces us to conserve life: and it is a wise providence; for who would else endure much evil, that is not taught the great advantages of patient suffering? I am heartily sorry, good Doctor, that you are not exempt, which I am sure you are not, when you cannot exercise your care as formerly among your flock at Cotenham*. But I will not enlarge on this matter, nor any other at this time. That I might be certain not to omit this respect to you, I have begun with it, and have many behind, to which I must hasten, but first desire you will present my most humble service to my Lady: I had done myself the honour to write to her, just as I believe she was writing to me, but I will thank her yet for that favour: either trouble, or the pleasure of her son's settlement, engrosses her, I apprehend, at this time, and business I know is an attendant of the last. I am, Sir, your constant friend and servant.

LETTER LXXVI.

Dean Tillotson to Lady Russell.

Hon. Madam, Edmonton, Oct. 9, 1690.

SINCE I had the honour of your letter, I was tempted to have troubled you with one of mine upon the sad occasion of your late great loss of two so near relations, and so near together†. But I considered, why should I pretend to be able either to instruct or comfort my Lady

Russell, who hath borne things much more grievous with so exemplary a meekness and submission to the will of God, and knows, as well as I can tell her, that there is no remedy in these cases but patience, nor any comfort but in the hopes of the happy meeting of our deceased friends in a better life, in which sorrow and tears shall have no more place to all eternity!

And now I crave leave to impart something of my own trouble to your Ladyship. On Sunday last the King commanded me to wait upon him the next morning at Kensington. I did so, and met with what I feared. His Majesty renewed his former gracious offer, in so pressing a manner, and with so much kindness, that I hardly knew how to resist it. I made the best acknowledgments I could of his undeserved grace and favour to me, and begged of him to consider all the consequences of this matter, being well assured, that all that storm which was raised in convocation the last year by those who will be the church of England was upon my account, and that the Bishop of L—— was at the bottom of it, out of a jealousy that I might be a hindrance to him in attaining what he desires, and what I call God to witness, I would not have. And I told his Majesty, that I was still afraid that his kindness to me would be greatly to his prejudice, especially if he carried it so far as he was then pleased to speak. For I plainly saw they could not bear it; and that the effects of envy and ill-will towards me would terminate upon him. To which he replied, that if the thing were once done, and they saw no remedy, they would give over, and think of making the best of it; and therefore he must desire me to think seriously of it; with other expressions not fit for me to repeat. To all which I answered, that in obedience to his Majesty's commands I would consider of it again, though I was afraid I had already thought more of it than had done me good, and must break through one of the greatest resolutions of my life, and sacrifice at once all the ease and contentment of it; which yet I would force myself to do, were I really convinced that I was in any measure capable of doing his Majesty and the public that service which he was pleased to think I was. He smiled and said, You talk of trouble; I believe you will have much more ease

* Ejected as a Nonjuror.

† The death of her sister, the Countess of Montague and of her nephew, Wriothesly Baptist Earl of Gainsborough.

in it than in the condition in which you now are. Thinking not fit to say more, I humbly took leave.

And now, Madam, what shall I do? My thoughts were never at such a plunge. I know not how to bring my mind to it; and, on the other hand, though the comparison is very unequal, when I remember how I saw the King affected in the case of my Lord of Shrewsbury*, I find myself in great strait, and would not for all the world give him the like trouble. I pray God to direct me to that which he sees and knows to be best, for I know not what to do. I hope I shall have your prayers, and would be glad of your advice, if the King would spare me so long. I pray God to preserve you and yours. I am, honoured Madam, &c.

LETTER LXXVII.

Lady Russell to the Dean of St. Paul's.

[About the middle of October 1690].

YOUR letters will never trouble me, Mr. Dean; on the contrary, they are comfortable refreshments to my, for the most part, over-burdened mind, which, both by nature and by accident, is made so weak, that I cannot bear, with that constancy I should, the losses I have lately felt; I can say, friends and acquaintances, thou hast hid out of my sight, but I hope it shall not disturb my peace. These were young, and as they had began their race of life after me, so I desired they might have ended it also. But happy are those whom God retires in his grace; I trust these were so; and then no age can be amiss; to the young it is not too early, nor to the aged too late. Submission and prayer is all we know that we can do towards our own relief in our distress, or to disarm God's anger, either in our public or private concerns. The scene will soon alter to that peaceful and eternal home in prospect. But in this time of our pilgrimage vicissitudes of all sorts is every one's lot. And this leads me to your case, Sir.

The time seems to be come that you must put anew in practice that submission †, you have so powerfully both tried

yourself, and instructed others to. I see no place to escape at; you must take up the cross and bear it: I faithfully believe it has the figure of a very heavy one to you, though not from the cares of it; since, if the King guesses right, you toil more now. But this work is of your own chusing, and the dignity of the other is what you have bent your mind against, and the strong resolve of your life has been to avoid it. Had this even proceeded to a vow, it is, I think, like the virgin's of old, to be dissolved by the father of your country. Again, though contemplation, and a few friends well chosen, would be your grateful choice, yet, if charity, obedience, and necessity, call you into the great world, and where enemies compass round about, must not you accept it? And each of these, in my mean apprehension, determines you to do it. In short, it will be a noble sacrifice you will make; and I am confident you will find as a reward, kind and tender supports, if you do take the burthen upon you; there is, as it were, a commanding Providence in the manner of it. Perhaps I do as sincerely wish your thoughts at ease as any friend you have, but I think you may purchase that too dear; and if you should come to think so too, they would then be as restless as before.

Sir, I believe you would be as much a common good as you can: consider how few of ability and integrity this age produces. Pray do not turn this matter too much in your head; when one has once turned it every way, you know that more does but perplex, and one never sees the clearer for it. Be not stiff if it be still urged to you. Conform to the Divine Will, which has set it so strongly into the other's mind, and be content to endure; it is God calls you to it. I believe it was wisely said, that when there is no remedy they will give over, and make the best of it, and so I hope no ill will terminate on the King; and they will lay up their arrows, when they perceive they are shot in vain at him or you, upon whom no reflection that I can think of can be made that is ingenious; and what is pure malice you are above being affected with.

* When the Earl resigned the post of Secretary of State about 1690; to divert him from which Dean Tillotson had been sent to his Lordship by the King.

† Submission alludes to Tillotson's letter to Lord Russell against resistance. A shrewd hint

of the Dean's endeavours to persuade Lord Russell to submit to the doctrine of passive obedience.

I wish, for many reasons, my prayers were more worthy; but such as they are, I offer them with a sincere zeal to the Throne of Grace for you, in this strait, that you may be led out of it, as shall best serve the great ends and designs of God's glory.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Dean Tillotson to Lady Russell.

Honoured Madam, October 25, 1690*.
I AM obliged to your Ladyship beyond all expression, for taking my case so seriously into your consideration, and giving me your mature thoughts upon it. Nothing ever came more seasonably to me than your letter, which I received on Wednesday se'nnight the very night before I was to have given my final answer to the King the next morning. I thank you for it: it helped very much to settle and determine my wavering mind. I weighed all you wrote, both your advice and your arguments, having not only an assurance of your true friendship and good-will for me, but a very great regard and deference for your judgment and opinion. I cannot but own the weight of that consideration which you are pleased to urge me withal; I mean, the visible marks of a more than ordinary providence of God in this thing; that the King, who likes not either to importune or to be denied, should, after so obstinate a declining of the thing on my part, still persist to press it upon me with so much kindness, and with that earnestness of persuasion which it does not become me to mention. I wish I could think the King had a superior direction in this, as I verily believe he hath in some other things of much greater importance.

The next morning I went to Kensington full of fear, but yet determined what was fit for me to do. I met the King coming out of his closet, and asking if his coach was ready. He took me aside, and I told him, that, in obedience to his Majesty's command, I had considered of the thing as well as I could, and came to give him my answer. I perceived his Majesty was going out, and therefore desired him to appoint me another time, which he did on the Saturday morning after.

Then I came again, and he took me into his closet, where I told him, that I could not have but a deep sense of his Majesty's great grace and favour to me, not only to offer me the best thing he had to give, but to press it so earnestly upon me. I said, I would not presume to argue the matter any farther, but I hoped he would give me leave to be still his humble and earnest petitioner to spare me in that thing. He answered, he would do so if he could, but he knew not what to do if I refused it. Upon that I told him, that I rendered my life to him, and did humbly devote it to be disposed of as he thought fit. He was graciously pleased to say, it was the best news had come to him this great while. I did not kneel down to kiss his hand, for without that I doubt I am too sure of it; but requested of him; that he would defer the declaration of it, and let it be a secret for some time. He said he thought it might not be amiss to defer it till the Parliament was up. I begged farther of him, that he would not make me a wedge to drive out the present Archbishop: that some time before I was nominated his Majesty would be pleased to declare in council, that since his lenity had not had any better effect, he would wait no more, but would dispose of their places. This I told him I humbly desired, that I might not be thought to do any thing harsh, or which might reflect upon me: and now that his Majesty had thought fit to advance me to this station, my reputation was become his interest. He said, he was sensible of it, and thought it reasonable to do as I desired. I craved leave of him to mention one thing more, which in justice to my family, especially to my wife, I ought to do: that I should be more than undone by the great and necessary charge of coming into this place; and must therefore be an humble petitioner to his Majesty, that if it should please God to take me out of the world, that I must unavoidably leave my wife a beggar, he would not suffer her to be so; and that he would graciously be pleased to consider that the widow of an Archbishop of Canterbury (which would now be an odd figure in England†) could not decently be supported by so little as would have contented her very well if I had

* From a copy, in short-hand, in his common place-book.

† Only two who had filled the see of Canterbury had been married, Cramer and Parker.

died a Dean. To this he gave a very gracious answer, I promise you to take care of her*.

Just as I had finished the last sentence, another very kind letter from your Ladyship was brought to me, wherein I find your tender concern for me, which I can never sufficiently acknowledge. But you say the die is not cast, and I must now make the best I can of what I lately thought was the worst that could have happened to me. I thank God I am more cheerful than I expected, and comfort myself as I can with this hope, that the providence of God, to which I have submitted my own will in this matter, will graciously assist me to discharge, in some measure, the duty he hath called me to.

I did not acquaint my good friend, who wrote to you, with all that had passed, because it was intended to be a secret, which I am sure is safe in your hands. I only told him, that his Majesty did not intend, as yet, to dispose of this place; but when he did it, I was afraid it would be hard for me to escape.

The King, I believe, has only acquainted the Queen with it, who, as she came out of the closet on Sunday last, commanded me to wait upon her after dinner, which I did; and after she had discoursed about other business (which was to desire my opinion of a treatise sent her in manuscript out of Holland, tending to the reconciliation of our differences in England), she told me, that the King had with great joy acquainted her with a secret concerning me, whereof she was no less glad: using many gracious expressions, and confirming his Majesty's promises concerning my wife.

But I am sensible this is an intolerable letter, especially concerning one's self.

I had almost forgot to mention Mr. Vaughan's † business; as soon as he brought your Ladyship's letter hither to me, I wrote immediately to Whitehall, and got the business stopt.

The Bishop of St. David's ‡ had writ-

* King William granted Tillotson's widow an annuity of 600l. and forgave the first fruits; for the Archbishop left nothing to his family but the copy of his posthumous sermons, which was afterwards sold for 2,500 guineas. She died 20th January 1701-2.

† Probably a relation of Lady Russell, whose first husband was Lord Vaughan, eldest son to the Earl of Carberry.

‡ Watson, Bishop of St. David's, was deprived

ten up for some minister of a great town, but a small living in that diocese, that it might be bestowed on him for his pains in that great town. The pretence is fair, but if the minister is no better a man than the bishop, I am sure he is not worthy of it. I have been twice to wait on my Lord Nottingham about it, but missed of him. When I have inquired farther into it, if the thing be fit to be done, I will do my best for Mr. Vaughan. And I beg of your Ladyship to make no difficulty of commanding my poor service upon any occasion, for I am always truly glad of the opportunity.

I cannot forbear to repeat my humble thanks for your great concernment for me in this affair§.

That God would multiply his best blessings upon your Ladyship and your children, and make them great blessings and comforts to you, is the daily prayer of, Madam, your most obliged humble servant.

LETTER LXIX.

Lady Russell to — (supposed the Bishop of Salisbury):

16th October 1690.

I HAVE, my Lord, so upright an heart to my friends, that though your great weight of business had forced you to a silence of this kind, yet I should have had no doubt, but that one I so distinguish in that little number God has left me, does join with me to lament my late losses: the one was a just sincere man, and the only son of a sister and a friend I loved with too much passion: the other my last sister, and I ever loved her tenderly.

It pleases me to think that she deserves to be remembered by all those who knew her. But after above forty years acquaintance with so amiable a creature, one must needs, in reflecting, bring to remembrance so many engaging endear-

for simony, 1699, by Archbishop Tension. He took the oaths to King William, yet continued attached to King James.

§ Archbishop Sancroft was deprived February 1, 1690-1; Tillotson nominated in council to the Archbishopric 1691, and consecrated 31st of May. He died Nov. 23, 1694. King William declared that he was the best man whom he ever knew, and the best friend whom he ever had. The Queen for many years spoke of him in the tenderest manner, and not without tears.

ments as are yet at present imbittering and painful; and indeed we may be sure, that when any thing below God is the object of our love, at one time or another it will be matter of our sorrow. But a little time will put me again into my settled state of mourning; for a mourner I must be all my days upon earth, and there is no need I should be other. My glass runs low. The world does not want me, nor I want that: my business is at home, and within a narrow compass. I must not deny, as there was something so glorious in the object of my biggest sorrow, I believe that, in some measure, kept me from being then overwhelmed. So now it affords me, together with the remembrance how many easy years we lived together, thoughts that are joy enough for one who looks no higher than a quiet submission to her lot; and such pleasures in educating my young folks as surmount the cares that it will afford. If I shall be spared the trial, where I have most thought of being prepared to bear the pain, I hope I shall be thankful, and I think I ask it faithfully, that it may be in mercy not in judgment. Let me rather be tortured here, than they or I be rejected in that other blessed peaceful home to all ages, to which my soul aspires. There is something in the younger going before me, that I have observed all my life to give a sense I cannot describe; it is harder to be bereft than a bigger loss, where there has been spun out a longer thread of life. Yet I see no cause for it, for every day we see the young fall with the old: but methinks it is a violence upon nature.

A troubled mind has a multitude of these thoughts. Yet I hope I master all murmurings: if I have had any, I am sorry, and will have no more, assisted by God's grace; and rest satisfied; that whatever I think, I shall one day be entirely satisfied what God has done and shall do will be best, and justify both his justice and mercy. I meant this as a very short epistle: but you have been some years acquainted with my infirmity, and have endured it, though you never had waste time, I believe, in your life; and better times do not, I hope, make your patience less. However, it will become me to put an end to this, which I will do, signing myself cordially your, &c.

LETTER LXXX.

Lady Russel to Lord Cavendish.

29th October 1690.

THOUGH I know my letters do Lord Cavendish no service, yet, as a respect I love to pay him, and to thank him also for his last from Limbeck: I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons both very near and dear to me had not made me so uncomfortable to myself, that I knew I was utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. The separation of friends is grievous. My sister Montague was one I loved tenderly; my Lord Gainsborough was the only son of a sister I loved with too much passion: they both deserved to be remembered kindly by all that knew them. They both began their race long after me, and I hoped should have ended it so too; but the great and wise Disposer of all things, and who knows where it is best to place his creatures, either in this or in the other world, has ordered it otherwise. The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear Lord, rather than I, whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is, I say, that we should all reflect there is no passing through this to a better world, without some crosses; and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended, before we think we have gone half way; and that an happy eternity depends on our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation.

Live virtuously, my Lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long. I hope the last shall be your lot, with many blessings attending it. Your, &c.

LETTER LXXXI.

Archbishop Tillotson to Lady Russel.

Honoured Madam, June 23, 1691*.

I RECEIVED your Ladyship's letter, together with that to Mr. Fox, which I shall return to him on Wednesday morning, when I have desired Mr. Kemp to send him to me.

I entreat you to give my very humble service to my Lord of Bedford, and to

* From his draught, in short-hand.

let his Lordship know how far I have been concerned in this affair. I had notice first from Mr. Attorney-General and Mr. Solicitor, and then from my Lord ———, that several persons, upon the account of publishing and dispersing several libels against me, were secured in order to prosecution. Upon which I went to wait upon them severally, and earnestly desired of them, that nobody might be punished upon my account: that this was not the first time I had experience of this kind of malice, which, how unpleasant soever to me, I thought it the wisest way to neglect, and the best to forgive it*. None of them said any thing to me of my Lord Russell, nor did it ever come into my thought to hinder any prosecution upon his account, whose reputation, I can truly say, is much dearer to me than mine own; and I was much more troubled at the barbarous usage done to his memory, and especially since they have aggravated it by dispersing more copies; and, as I find by the letter to Mr. Fox, are supported in their insolence by a strong combination, I cannot but think it very fit for my Lord Bedford to bring them to condign punishment.

Twice last week I had my pen in my hand to have provoked you to a letter; and that I might once in my life have been before-hand with you in this way of kindness. I was both times hindered by the breaking in of company upon me. The errand of it would have been to have told you, that, whether it be from stupidity, or from a present astonishment at the danger of my condition, or from some other cause, I find, that I bear the burden I dreaded so much; a good deal better than I could have hoped. David's acknowledgment to God runs in my mind, "Who am I, O Lord God, or what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto; and hast regarded me according to the estate of a man of high degree, O Lord God†?" I hope that the same providence of God which hath once over-ruled me in this thing, will some way or other turn it to good.

The Queen's extraordinary favour to me, to a degree much beyond my ex-

pectation, is no small support to me; and I flatter myself with hopes, that my friends will continue their kindness to me; especially that the best friend I ever had will not be the less so to me now that I need friends most.

I pray to God continually to preserve you and yours, and particularly at this time to give my Lady Cavendish a happy meeting with her Lord, and to grant them both a long and happy life together. I am, Madam, your most faithful and humble servant.

LETTER LXXXII.

Lady Russel to ——— (supposed Archbishop Tillotson.)

24th July, 1691.

I want and distresses of all kinds one naturally flies to a sure friend, if one is blessed with any such. This is the reason of the present address to you, which is burthened with this request, if you think it fit, to give the inclosed to the Queen. My letter is a petition to her Majesty, to bestow upon a gentleman a place, that is now fallen by the death of Mr. Herbert; it is auditor of Wales, value about 400*l.* a year. He is, if I do not extremely mistake, fit for it and worthy of it; he is knight of the Shire for Carnarthenshire; it would please me on several accounts, if I obtain it. Now every thing is so soon chopt upon and gone, that a slow way would defeat me, if nothing else does; and that I fear from Lord Devonshire if he was in town; besides, I should not so distinctly know the Queen's answer, and my success, as I shall I know do by your means, if you have no scruple to deliver my letter; if you have, pray use me as I do you, and in the integrity of your heart tell me so. I could send it to Lady Darby; it is only the certainty of some answer makes me pitch as I do. Nay perhaps it were more proper to send it to the Queen's Secretary; but I am not versed in the court-ways, it is so lately since I have loved them. Therefore be free, and do as you think most fit.

I intend not to detain you long; but the many public and signal mercies we have of late received are so reviving, notwithstanding the black and dismal scenes which are constantly before me,

* Upon a bundle of libels found among his papers after his death he put no other inscription than this: "These are libels; I pray God forgive the authors: I do."

† 1 Chron. xvii. 16, 17.

and particularly on these sad months, I must feel the compassions of a wise and good God, to these late sinking nations, and to the Protestant interest all the world over, and all good people also. I raise my spirits all I can, and labour to rejoice in the prospect of more happy days, for the time to come, than some ages have been blessed with. The goodness of those instruments God has called forth to work this great work by, swells one's hopes.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Lady Russell to Lady ——— (supposed Arlington).*

10th October, 1691.

MY dear sister, I have not yet had resolution to speak to you this way, nor know I now what to say. Your misfortune is too big to hope that any thing I offer can allay the present rage of your sorrow. I pray for you, and I pity you, which is all I can do: and that I do most feelingly, not knowing how soon your case may be mine: and I want from you what I would most willingly furnish you with, some consolation and truce from your extreme lamentation.

I hope that by this time your reason begins to get a power over your wasted spirits, and that you will let nature relieve herself. She will do it, if you do not obstruct her. There is a time and period for all things here. Nature will first prevail, but as soon as we can we must think what is our duty, and pursue it well as we are able. I beseech God to teach you to submit to this unlooked for, and to appearance sadly severe providence, and endue you with a quiet spirit, to wait for the day of consolation, when joy will be our portion to all eternity: in that day we shall meet again all our pious friends, all that have died in their innocence, and with them live a life of innocence, and purity, and gladness for ever. Fit your thoughts with these undoubted truths, my dear sister, as much and as often as is possible. I know no other cure for such diseases; nor shall we miss one, if we endeavour, with God's grace assisting, which he certainly gives to such as ask. God give you refreshments. I am your, &c.

* On the death of one of her daughters.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From the same to ———.

18th October, 1691.

THE misfortunes of such as one extremely esteems grow our own, so that if my constant sad heart were not so soon touched as it is with deplorable accidents, I should yet feel a great deal of your just mourning; if sharing a calamity could ease you, that burden would be little: for as depraved an age as we live in, there is such a force in virtue and goodness that all the world laments with you; and yet sure, Madam, when we part from what we love most that is excellent, it is our best support that nature, who will be heard first, does suffer reason to take place.

What can relieve so much, as that our friend died after a well spent life? Some losses are so surprising and so great, one must not break in too soon, and therefore my sense of your calamity confined me to only a solicitous inquiry; and I doubt it is still a mistaken respect to dwell long upon such a subject. I will do no more than sign this truth, that I am your, &c.

LETTER LXXXV.

From the same to Dr. Fitzwilliam,

July 21st, 1692.

I WILL but say very little for myself, why you are so long without hearing from me, yet I could say much to my justification, but am more willing to come to the more touching and serious part of your last letter: not but I should be very sorry indeed, if I suspected you had a thought I were unworthy towards you; I dare say you raise none upon appearances, and other reasons you shall never have. In short, my daughter Cavendish being ill, carried me twice a day to Arlington house, where I staid till twelve and one o'clock at night, and much business, being near leaving London, and my eyes serving me no longer by candle-light, which, perhaps, was the biggest let of all, and hindered my doing what I desired and ought to do.

But to come to the purpose of yours, which I received the 13th of this lamentable

able month, the very day of that hard sentence pronounced against my dear friend and husband: it was the fast day, and so I had the opportunity of retiring without any taking notice of it, which pleases me best. What shall I say, Doctor? That I do live by your rules? No: I should lie. I bless God it has long been my purpose, with some endeavour, through mercy to do it. I hope I may conclude I grieve without sinning; yet I cannot attain to that love of God and submission to all his providences that I can rejoice in: however, I bless him for his infinite mercy, in a support that is not wrought from the world (though my heart is too much bound up in the blessings I have yet left): and I hope chiefly he has enabled me to rejoice in him as my everlasting portion, and in the assured hope of good things in the other world.

Good Doctor, we are travelling the same way, and hope through mercy to meet at the same happy end of all our labours here, in an eternal rest; and it is of great advantage to that attainment, communicating pious thoughts to each other: nothing on this side heaven goes so near it; and being where God is, it is heaven. If he be in our hearts there will be peace and satisfaction, when one recollects the happiness of such a state (which, if my heart deceives me not, I hope is mine); and I will try to experience more and more that blessed promise, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you ease."—This day and this subject induces me to be very long, and might to another be too tedious; but I know it is not so to Dr. Fitzwilliam, who uses to feast in the house of mourning. However, my time to open my chamber door is near; and I take some care not to affect in these retirements. In all circumstances I remain, Sir, your constantly obliged friend and servant.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From the same to Lady — Russell.

If ever I could retaliate with my sister Russell, it would be now, on the subject of death, when I have all this my saddest month been reflecting on what I saw and felt; and yet what can I say more than to acquiesce with you, that it

is a solemn thing to think of the consequences of death to believers and unbelievers! That it is a contemplation ought to be of force to make us diligent for the approaching change, I must own; yet I doubt it does so but on a few! That you are one of those happy ones I conclude, if I knew no more reason for it than the bare conclusion of yours, that the bare meditation is sufficient to provoke to care: for when a heart is so well touched it will act; and who has perhaps by an absolute surrender of herself so knit her soul to God, as will make her dear in his sight. We lie under innumerable obligations to be his entirely; and nothing should be so attracting to us, as his miraculous love in sending his Son; but my still smart sorrow for earthly losses makes me know I loved inordinately, and my profit in the school of adversity has been small, or I should have long since turned my mourning into rejoicing thankfulness, that I had such a friend to lose; that I saw him I loved as my own soul take such a prospect of death, as made him, when brought to it, walk through the dark and shaded valley (notwithstanding the natural aversion to separation) without fearing evil: for if we in our limited degrees of goodness will not forsake those that depend on us, much less can God cast us from him when we seek to him in our calamity. And though he denied my greatest and repeated prayers, yet he has not denied me the support of his holy Spirit, in this my long day of calamity, but enabled me in some measure to rejoice in him as my portion for ever; who has provided a remedy for all our griefs, by his sure promises of another life, where there is no death, nor any pain or trouble, but a fulness of joy in the presence of God, who made us and loves us for ever.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Archbishop Tillotson to Lady Russell.

Lambeth-house, August 26th, 1693.

Madam,

THOUGH nobody rejoices more than myself in the happiness of your Ladyship and your children, yet in the hurry in which you must needs have been, I could not think it fit for to give you the disturbance so much as of a letter, which otherwise had, both in friendship and

good manners, been due upon this great occasion. But now that busy time is in a good measure over, I cannot forbear after so many as, I am sure, have been before me, to congratulate with your Ladyship this happy match of your daughter; for so I heartily pray it may prove, and have great reason to believe it will, because I cannot but look upon it as part of the comfort and reward of your patience and submission to the will of God, under that sorest and most heavy affliction that could have befallen you, and when God sends and intends a blessing, it shall have no sorrow or evil with it.

I intreat my Lord Ross and his Lady to accept of my humble service, and my hearty wishes of great and lasting happiness.

My poor wife is at present very ill, which goes very near me: and having said this, I know we shall have your prayers. I entreat you to give my humble service to my Lord of Bedford, and my Lord of Cavendish and his Lady. I could upon several accounts be melancholy, but I will not upon so joyful an occasion. I pray God to preserve and bless your Ladyship, and all the good family at Woborne, and to make us all concerned to prepare ourselves with the greatest care for a better life. I am, with all true respect and esteem, Madam, your Ladyship's most faithful and most humble servant.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Archbishop Tillotson to Lady Russell,

Lambeth-house, October 13th, 1693.

I HAVE forborn, Madam, hitherto even to acknowledge the receipt of your Ladyship's letter, and your kind concernment for mine and my wife's health, because I saw how unmerciful you were to your eyes in your last letter to me: so that I should certainly have repented the provocation I gave you to it by mine, had not so great and good an occasion made it necessary.

I had intended this morning to have sent Mr. Vernon to Woborne, to have enquired of your Ladyship's health, having but newly heard, that since your return from Belvoir, a dangerous fever had seiz'd upon you. But yesterday morning, at council, I happily met with Mr. Russel, who, to my great joy, told me

that he hoped that danger was over; for which I thank God with all my heart, because I did not know how fatal the event might be, after the care and hurry you had been in, and in so sickly a season.

The King's return is now only hindered by contrary winds. I pray God to send him safe to us, and to direct him what to do when he is come. I was never so much at my wit's end concerning the public. God only can bring us out of the labyrinth we are in, and I trust he will.

My wife gives her most humble service and thanks to you for your concernment for her, and does rejoice equally with me for the good news of your recovery.

Never since I knew the world had I so much reason to value my friends. In the condition I now am I can have no new ones, or, if I could, I can have no assurance that they are so. I could not at a distance believe that the upper end of the world was so hollow as I find it. I except a very few, of whom I can believe no ill till I plainly see it.

I have ever earnestly coveted your letters; but now I do as earnestly beg of you to spare them for my sake, as well as your own. With my very humble service to my good Lord of Bedford, and to all yours, and my hearty prayers to God for you all. I remain, Madam, your Ladyship's most obliged and obedient servant.*

* The Archbishop's correspondence with Lady Russell had been interrupted on her part for many months, by the disorder in her eyes increasing to such a degree, that she was obliged, on the 27th of June, 1694, to submit to the operation of couching. Upon this occasion his Grace drew up a prayer two days after, in which he touched upon the death of her husband, "whom the holy and righteous Providence," says he, "permitted [under a colour of law and justice] to be [unjustly] cut off from the land of the living." But over the words between the brackets, after the first writing, he drew a line, as intending to erase them, probably from a reflection that they might be too strong, or less suitable to a prayer. June 28th he wrote to the Bishop of Salisbury, "I cannot forbear to tell you, that my Lady Russell's eye was couch'd yesterday morning with very good success; God be praised for it."

LETTER LXXXIX.

LETTER XC.

*The Bishop of Salisbury to Lady Russell.**Lady Russell to King William.*

Salisbury, 31st October 1696.

I do heartily congratulate with your Ladyship for this new blessing. God has now heard your prayers with relation to two of your children, which is a good earnest that he will hear them in due time with relation to the third. You begin to see your children's children: God grant you may likewise see peace upon Israel. And now that God hath so built up your house, I hope you will set yourself to build a house of prayer for the honour of his name.

You have passed through very different scenes of life. God has reserved the best to the last. I do make it a standing part of my poor prayers twice a day, that as now your family is the greatest in its three branches that has been in England in our age, so that it may in every one of these answer those blessings by an exemplary holiness, and that both you and they may be public blessings to the age and nation.

I do not think of coming up yet this fortnight, if I am not called for*. I humbly thank your Ladyship for giving me this early notice of so great a blessing to you. I hope it shall soon be completed by my Lady Ross's full recovery. Mrs. Burnet is very sensible of the honour your Ladyship does her in thinking of her, and does particularly rejoice in God's goodness to you. I am with the highest sense of gratitude and respect possible, Madam, your Ladyship's most humble, most obedient, and most obliged servant.

* The Marquis of Halifax said of Bishop Burnet, "He makes many enemies, by setting an ill-natured example of living, which they are not inclined to follow. His indifference for preferment, his contempt not only of splendour, but of all unnecessary plenty, his degrading himself into the lowest and most painful duties of his calling, are such unpretentious qualities, that let him be never so orthodox in other things, in these he must be a Dissenter. Virtues of such a stamp are so many heresies in the opinion of those divines who have softened the primitive injunctions, so as to make them suit better with the present frailty of mankind. No wonder then if they are angry, since it is in their own defence; or that, from a principle of self-preservation, they should endeavour to suppress a man whose parts are a shame, and whose life is a scandal to them." Both he and Tillotson, as well as many other Christian Bishops, were averse to pluralities and non-residence.

Sir,

I rather chuse to trouble your Majesty with a letter, than be wanting in my duty, in the most submissive manner imaginable, to acknowledge the honour and favour I am told your Majesty designs for Lord Rutland and his family, in which I am so much interested.

It is an act of great goodness, Sir, in you; and the generous manner you have been pleased to promise it in, makes the honour, if possible, greater. As you will lay an eternal obligation on that family, be pleased to allow me to answer for all those I am related to; they will look on themselves equally honoured with Lord Rutland, by your favour to his family, and I am sure will express their acknowledgments to your Majesty in the most dutiful manner, to the best of their services; in which I earnestly desire my son Bedford may exceed, as he has been first and early honoured with the marks of your favour. And I hope I may live to see your Majesty has bestowed one more upon him, who appears to me to have no other ambition, except what he prefers above all others, making himself acceptable to your Majesty, and living in your good opinion.

I presume to say, I believe there is no fault in his intentions of duty towards your Majesty, nor I trust ever will be: and that as his years increase, his performances will better declare the faithfulness of his mind, which will hugely enlarge the comforts of your Majesty's most humble, most dutiful, and most obedient servant.

N. B. *Lady Russell's indorsement on the foregoing letter is in these words:*

To the King, 1701-2, about first of March, and found in his pocket when dead.

LETTER XCI.

Lady Russel to (Rouveny) Earl of Galway.*

June 1711.

ALAS! my dear Lord Galway, my thoughts are yet all disorder, confusion, and amazement; and I think I am very incapable of saying or doing what I should.

I did not know the greatness of my love to his person till I could see it no more. When nature, who will be mistress, has in some measure with time relieved herself, then, and not till then, I trust the Goodness, which hath no bounds, and whose power is irresistible, will assist me by his grace to rest contented with what his unerring providence has appointed and permitted. And I shall feel ease in this contemplation, that there was nothing uncomfortable in his death, but the losing him. His God was, I verily believe, ever in his thoughts. Towards his last hours he called upon him, and complained he could not pray his prayers. To what I answered, he said, he wished for more time to make up his accounts with God. Then with remembrance to his sisters, and telling me how good and kind his wife had been to him, and that he should have been glad to have expressed himself to her, said something to me and my double kindness to his wife, and so died away. There seemed no reluctancy to leave this world, patient and easy the whole time, and I believe knew his danger, but loth to grieve those by him, delayed what he might have said. But why all this? The decree is past. I do not ask your prayers, I know you offer them with sincerity to our Almighty God for your afflicted kinswoman.

* Lady Russel's only son Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford, died of the small-pox in May 1711, in the 31st year of his age, upon which occasion this letter was written. To this affliction succeeded, in November 1711, the loss of her daughter the Dutchess of Rutland, who died in childhood. Lady Russel, after seeing her in the coffin, went to her other daughter, married to the Duke of Devonshire, from whom it was necessary to conceal her grief, she being at that time in child-bed likewise; therefore she assumed a cheerful air, and with astonishing resolution, agreeable to truth, answered her anxious daughter's enquiries with these words: "I have seen your sister out of bed to-day."

LETTER XCII.

From the same to the same.

I HAVE before me, my good Lord, two of your letters, both partially and tenderly kind, and coming from a sincere heart and honest mind (the last a plain word, but, if I mistake not, very significant), are very comfortable to me, who I hope have no proud thoughts of myself, as to any sort. The opinion of an esteemed friend, that one is not very wrong, assists to strengthen a weak and willing mind to do her duty towards that Almighty Being, who has from infinite bounty and goodness so chequered my days on this earth, as I can thankfully reflect I have felt many, I may say many years of pure, and I trust innocent, pleasant content, and happy enjoyments as this world can afford, particularly that biggest blessing of loving and being loved by those I loved and respected: on earth no enjoyment certainly to be put in the balance with it. All other are like wine, intoxicates for a time, but the end is bitterness, at least not profitable. Mr. Waller (whose picture you look upon) has, I long remember, these words:

All we know they do above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

The best news I have heard is, you have two good companions with you, which I trust will contribute to divert you this sharp season, when after so sore a fit as I apprehend you have felt, the air even of your improving pleasant garden cannot be enjoyed without hazard.

The Queen has appointed twelfth-day for a drawing-room, and several tables for play, but there was none till yesterday, and how that passed I know not.

I heard a lady say yesterday, that the Ambassador had turned away four servants for selling wine by bottles, and that she had tasted his Burgundy, which was very good †.

† The conclusion and date lost.

LETTER XCIII.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Sir, London, Sept. 20th, 1692.

THERE being nothing that I think of so much value as the acquaintance and friendship of knowing and worthy men, you may easily guess how much I find myself obliged, I will not say by the offer of it, but by the gift you have made me of yours. That which confirms me in the assurance of it, is the little pretence I have to it. For, knowing myself as I do, I cannot think so vainly of myself, as to imagine that you should make such overtures and expressions of kindness to me for any other end, but merely as the pledges and exercise of it. I return you therefore my thanks, as for the greatest and most acceptable present you could have made me: and desire you to believe, that since I cannot hope that the returns which I made you of mine, should be of any great use to you, I shall endeavour to make it up as well as I can, with an high esteem and perfect sincerity. You must therefore expect to have me live with you hereafter, with all the liberty and assurance of a settled friendship. For meeting with but few men in the world whose acquaintance I find much reason to covet, I make more than ordinary haste into the familiarity of a rational inquirer after, and lover of truth, whenever I can light on any such. There are beauties of the mind, as well as of the body, that take and prevail at first sight; and wherever I have met with this, I have readily surrendered myself, and have never yet been deceived in my expectation. Wonder not, therefore, if, having been thus wrought on, I begin to converse with you with as much freedom as if we had began our acquaintance when you were in Holland; and desire your advice and assistance about a second edition of my Essay, the former being now dispersed. You have, I perceive, read it over so carefully, more than once, that I know nobody I can more reasonably consult about the mistakes and defects of it. And I expect a great deal more from any objections you should make, who comprehend the whole design and compass of it, than from one who has read but a part of it, or measures it, upon a slight reading, by his own pre-

judices. You will find, by my epistle to the reader, that I was not insensible of the fault I committed by being too long upon some points, and the repetitions that by my way of writing of it, had got in, I let it pass with, but not without advice so to do. But now that my notions are got into the world, and have in some measure bustled through the opposition and difficulty they were like to meet with from the received opinion, and that prepossession which might hinder them from being understood upon a short proposal; I ask you whether it would be not better now to pare off, in a second edition, a great part of that which cannot but appear superfluous to an intelligent and attentive reader. If you are of that mind, I shall beg the favour of you to mark to me those passages which you would think fittest to be left out. If there be any thing wherein you think me mistaken, I beg you to deal freely with me, that either I may clear it up to you, or reform it in the next edition. For I flatter myself that I am so sincere a lover of truth, that it is very indifferent to me, so I am possessed of it, whether it be my own or any other's discovery. For I count any parcel of this gold not the less to be valued, nor not the less enriching, because I wrought it not out of the mine myself. I think every one ought to contribute to the common stock, and to have no other scruple or shyness about the receiving of truth, but that he be not imposed on, and take counterfeit, and what will not bear the touch, for genuine and real truth. I doubt not, but to one of your largeness of thought, that in the reading of my book you miss several things, that perhaps belong to my subject, and you would think belongs to the system: if in this part too you will communicate your thoughts, you will do me a favour. For though I will not so flatter myself, as to undertake to fill up the gaps which you may observe in it; yet it may be of use, where mine is at a stand, to suggest to others matter of farther contemplation. This I often find, that what men by thinking have made clear to themselves, they are apt to think that upon the first suggestion it should be so to others, and so let it go not sufficiently explained; not considering what may be very clear to themselves, may be very obscure to others. Your penetration and quickness hinders me

from

from expecting from you many complaints of this kind. But if you have met with any thing, in your reading of my book, which at first sight you stuck at, I shall think it a sufficient reason, in the next edition, to amend it for the benefit of meaner readers.

The remarks of that learned gentleman you mention, which you say you have in your hands, I shall receive as a favour from you.

Though by the view I had of moral ideas, whilst I was considering that subject, I thought I saw that morality might be demonstratively made out; yet whether I am able so to make it out, is another question. Every one could not have demonstrated what Mr. Newton's book hath shewn to be demonstrable: but to show my readiness to obey your commands, I shall not decline, the first leisure I can get, to employ some thoughts that way: unless I find what I have said in my Essay shall have stirred up some abler man to prevent me, and effectually to do that service to the world.

We had here, the 8th instant, a very sensible earthquake, there being scarce an house wherein it was not by some body or other felt. We have news of it at several places from Cologne, as far as Bristol. Whether it reached you, I have not heard. If it did, I would be glad to know what was the exact time it was felt, if any body observed it. By the Queen's pendulum at Kensington, which the shake stopped from going, it was two hours *post meridiem*. At Whitehall, where I observed it, it was by my watch two hours five minutes *post meridiem*: which, supposing the Queen's pendulum went exact, and adding the æquation of that day, will fall near the time marked by my watch, or a little later. If there could be found people that, in the whole extent of it, did by well adjusted clocks exactly observe the time, one might see whether it were all one shock, or proceeded gradually from one place to another.

I thank you for having taken Dr. Siibelin into your protection. I desire you, with my service, to present my most humble thanks to your brother, for the favour of his letter; to which, though I have not time this post to return an answer, I shall not long delay my acknowledgments.

I hope you will see, by the freedom I

have here taken with you, that I begin to reckon myself amongst your acquaintance. Use me so, I beseech you. If there be any service I can do you here, employ me, with an assurance that I am, Sir, your most humble and most faithful servant.

LETTER XCIV.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Sir,

London, 28th March 1693.

YOUR silence had spared me a great deal of fear and uneasiness, by concealing from me your sickness till it was well over, is abundantly made amends for, by the joy it brings me in the news of your recovery. You have given me those marks of your kindness to me, that you will not think it strange that I count you amongst my friends, and with those desiring to live with the ease and freedom of a perfect confidence, I never accuse them to myself of neglect or coldness when I fail to hear from them so soon as I expected or desired; though had I known you so well before as I do now, since your last letter, I should not have avoided being in pain upon account of your health.

I cannot at all doubt the sincerity of any thing you say to me; but yet give me leave to think, that it is an excess of kindness alone could excuse it from looking like compliment. But I am convinced you love your friends extremely, where you have made choice of them, and then believe you can never think nor speak too well of them. I know not whether it belongs to a man who gets once in print, to read in his book that it is perfect, and that the author is infallible. Had I had such an opinion of my own sufficiency before I writ my Essay would have brought me to another, and given me such a sight of the weakness of my understanding, that I could not fail to suspect myself of error and mistake in many things I had writ, and to desire all the light I could get from others to set me right. I have found you one of the likeliest to afford it me; your clearness and candour gave me the confidence to ask your judgment; and I take it for no small assurance of your friendship that you have given it me, and have condescended to advise me of the printer's faults.

faults, which gives me hopes you have not concealed any you have observed in the work itself. The marginal summaries you desire of the paragraphs, I shall take care to have added, were it only for your sake; but I think too it will make the book the more useful.

That request of yours you press so earnestly upon me, makes me bemoan the distance you are from me, which deprives me of the assistance I might have from your opinion and judgment, before I ventured any thing into the public. It is so hard to find impartial freedom in one's friends, or an unbiassed judgment any where, amongst all the helps of conversation and acquaintance. I know none more wanted, nor more useful than speaking freely and candidly one's opinion upon the thoughts and compositions of another intended for the press. Experience has taught me that you are a friend of this rank, and therefore I cannot but heartily wish that a sea between us did not hinder me from the advantage of this good office. Had you been within reach, I should have begged your severe examination of what is now gone to the printer at your instance; I had rather I could have said upon your perusal, and with your correction. I am not, in my nature, a lover of novelty nor contradiction; but my notions in this Treatise have run me so far out of the common road and practice, that I could have been glad to have had them allowed by so sober a judgment as yours, or stopped, if they had appeared impracticable or extravagant, from going any farther. That which your brother tells you on this occasion, is not wholly besides the matter. The main of what I now publish, is but what was contained in several letters to a friend of mine, the greatest part whereof were writ out of Holland. How your brother came to know of it I have clearly forgot, and do not remember that ever I communicated it to any body there. These letters, or at least some of them, have been seen by some of my acquaintance here, who would needs persuade me it would be of use to publish them; your impatience to see them has not, I assure you, slackened my hand, or kept me in suspense; and I wish now they were out, that you might the sooner see them, and the sooner have your opinion of them. I know not yet whether I shall set my name to this discourse, and

therefore shall desire you to conceal it. You see I make you my confessor, for you have made yourself my friend.

LETTER XCV.

Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Sir, Dublin, April 18th, 1693.

I HAVE lately received farther testimonies of your kindness and friendship to me in your last of March 28th, which brings withal the welcome news of your having committed your work *Of Education* to the press; than which I know not any think that I ever expected with a more earnest desire. What my brother told me relating to that treatise, he had from yourself in Holland; but, perhaps, you might have forgot what passed between you on that occasion. I perceive you fear the novelty of some notions therein may seem extravagant; but, if I may venture to judge of the author, I fear no such thing from him. I doubt not but the work will be new and peculiar, as his other performances; and this it is that renders them estimable and pleasant. He that travels the beaten roads, may chance indeed to have company; but he that takes his liberty, and manages it with judgment, is the man that makes useful discoveries, and most beneficial to those that follow him. Had Columbus never ventured farther than his predecessors, we had yet been ignorant of a vast part of our earth, preferable (as some say) to all the other three. And if none may be allowed to try the ocean of philosophy farther than our ancestors, we shall have but little advancements or discoveries made in the *mundus intellectualis*; wherein, I believe, there is much more unknown than what we have yet found out.

LETTER XCVI.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Dublin, August 12th, 1693.

Yours of July 15th, came to my hands about a fortnight since; and I had, ere this, acknowledged the favour thereof, but that I waited the arrival of you much desired piece, *Of Education*, which came not to me till about three days ago. I immediately set myself to read it, as all things from its author,

with

with the utmost attention; and I find it answerable to the highest expectations I had of it. And since, with your usual modesty, you are pleased to require my thoughts more particularly concerning it, I shall with all freedom, but at the same time with all deference, propose them to you, not doubting of your favourable interpretation and pardon, where you see it needful. And first, in general, I think you propose nothing in your whole book but what is very reasonable, and very practicable, except only in one particular, which seems to bear hard on the tender spirits of children, and the natural affections of parents: it is pages 117, 118, where you advise, "That a child should never be suffered to have what he craves, or so much as he speaks for, much less if he cries for it." I acknowledge what you say in explaining this rule, Sect. 101, in relation to natural wants, especially that of hunger, may be well enough allowed; but in Sect. 102, where you come to apply it to wants of fancy and affectation, you seem too strict and severe. You say indeed, "This will teach them to stifle their desires, and to practice modesty and temperance:" but for teaching these virtues, I conceive we shall have occasions enough in relation to their hurtful desires, without abridging them so wholly in matters indifferent and innocent, that tend only to divert and please their busy spirits. You allow indeed, "That it would be inhumanity to deny them those things one perceives would delight them:" if so, I see no reason why, in a modest way, and with submission to the wills of their superiors, they may not be allowed to declare what will delight them. No say you; "But in all wants of fancy and affectation, they should never, if once declared, be hearkened to or complied with." This I can never agree to, it being to deny that liberty between a child and its parents, as we desire, and have granted us, between man and his Creator. And as in this case man is allowed to declare his wants, and with submission to recommend his requests to God; so I think children may be allowed, by their parents or governors. And as between the creature and the Creator all manner of repining, upon denial or disappointment, is forbidden; so in the case of children, all frowardness or discontent, upon a refusal,

is severely to be reprimanded. But thus far I agree with you in the whole, "That whether it be in wants natural or fanciful, that they express their desires in a froward humoursome manner, there they should be surely denied them." A farther reason for my allowing children a liberty of expressing their innocent desires is, that the contrary is impracticable; and you must have the children almost moped for want of diversion and recreation, or else you must have those about them study nothing all day but how to find employment for them: and how this would rack the invention of any man alive, I leave you to judge. And besides, were it an easy task for any adult person to study the fancy, the unaccountable fancy, and diversion of children, the whole year round; yet it would not prove delightful to a child, being not his own choice. But this, you will say, is what you would have imprinted on them, "That they are not to chuse for themselves:" but why not in harmless things, and plays or sports, I see no reason. In all things of moment, let them live by the conduct of others wiser than themselves.

This, Sir, is all, that in your whole book I stick at; to all the rest I could subscribe. And I am not a little pleased, when I consider that my own management of my only little one has hitherto been agreeable, in the main, to your rules, save only in what relates to his hardy breeding; which I was cautious in, because he is come from a tender and sickly mother; but the child himself is hitherto (God be thanked) very healthful, though not very strong.

The rules you give for the correcting of children, and implanting in their minds an early sense of praise or dispraise, of repute and dishonour, are certainly very just.

The contrivances you propose for teaching them to read and write, are very ingenious. And because I have practised one much of the same nature, I will venture to describe it. "It is by writing syllables and words in print-hand, on the face of a pack of cards, with figures or cyphers, adjoined to each word; by which I can form twenty several sorts of games, that shall teach children both to read and count at the same time; and this with great variety." One thing more I shall venture

ture to add to what you direct concerning writing; that is, I will have my son taught short-hand; I do not mean to that perfection as to copy a speech from the mouth of a ready speaker, but to be able to write it readily for his own private business. Believe me, Sir, it is as useful as a knack as a man of business, or any scholar, can be master of; and I have found the want of it myself, and seen the advantage of it in others frequently.

You are certainly in the right of it, relating to the manner of acquiring languages, French, Latin, &c. and in what you lay down concerning grammar-schools, themes, verses, and other learning. But above all, what you direct in every particular, for the forming of children's minds, and giving them an early turn to morality, virtue, religion, &c. is most excellent.

And I can only say in general, that I can give no better proof of my liking your book in all these precepts, than by a strict observance of them in the education of my own son, which I shall pursue (God willing) as exactly as I can. One thing I fear I shall be at a loss in, that is, a tutor agreeable to the character you prescribe. But in this, neither shall my endeavours be wanting, though I leave him the worse estate, to leave him the better mind.

I could heartily have wished you had been more particular in naming the authors you would advise gentlemen to read, and be conversant in, in the several parts of learning you recommend to their study. Had you done this, I know no logic that deserves to be named, but the *Essay of Human Understanding*. So that I fear you would rather have left that head open, than recommend your own work.

The last thing I shall take notice of, is what mightily pleases me, it being the very thought of my own mind these many years; which is, your "recommending a manual trade to all gentlemen." This I have ever been for, and have wondered how it comes to pass that it is so generally neglected; but the lazy effeminate luxuriosity, that over-runs the nation, occasions the neglect thereof. Painting I have ever designed for my son; but you have raised two objections against it, that are not easily answered;

especially its taking up so much time to attain a mastery in it.

I have now given you my opinion of your book, and now I am obliged to thank you for sending me a present which I so highly value.

LETTER XCVII.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Moÿneux.

Sir,

Oates, 23d August 1693.

Yours of August 12th, which I received last night, eased me of a great deal of pain your silence had for some time put me in; for you must allow me to be concerned for your health as for a friend that I could not think in danger, or a disease, without a concern and trouble, suitable to that great esteem and love I have for you. But you have made me amends plentifully by the length and kindness, and let me add too, the freedom of your letter. For the approbation you so largely give to my book is the more welcome to me, and gives me the better opinion of my method, because it has joined with it your exception to one rule of it; which I am apt to think you yourself, upon second thoughts, will have removed, before I say any thing to your objections. It confirms to me that you are the good-natured man I took you for; and I do not at all wonder that the affection of a kind father should startle at it, at first reading, and think it very severe, that children should not be suffered to express their desires; for so you seem to understand me. And such a restraint, you fear, would be apt to mope them and hinder their diversion. But if you please to look upon the place, and observe my drift, you will find that they should not be indulged, or complied with in any thing their conceits have made a want to them, as necessary to be supplied. What you say, That children would be moped for want of diversion and recreation, or else we must have those about them study nothing all day, but how to find employment for them; and how this would rack the invention of any man living, you leave me to judge; seems to intimate as if you understood that children should do nothing but by the prescription of their parents or tutors, chalking out each action

action of the whole day in train to them. I hope my words express no such thing, for it is quite contrary to my sense, and I think would be useless tyranny in their governors, and certain ruin to the children. I am so much for recreation, that I would as much as possible, have all they do be made so. I think recreation as necessary to them as their food, and that nothing can be recreation which does not delight. This, I think, I have so expressed; and when you have put that together, judge, whether I would not have them have the greatest part of their time left to them without restraint, to divert themselves any way they think best, so it be free from vicious actions, or such as may introduce vicious habits. And therefore, if they should ask to play, it could be no more interpreted a want of fancy, than if they asked for victuals when hungry; though where the matter is well ordered, they will never need to do that: for when they have either done what their governor thinks enough in any application to what is usually made their business, or are perceived to be tired with it, they should of course be dismissed to their innocent diversions, without ever being put to ask for it. So that I am for the full liberty of diversion as much as you can be; and upon a second perusal of my book, I do not doubt but you will find me so. But being allowed that, as one of their natural wants, they should not yet be permitted to let loose their desires or importunities for what they fancy. Children are very apt to covet what they see those above them in age have or do, to have or do the like, especially if it be their elder brothers and sisters. Does one go abroad? the other strait has a mind to do it too. Has such an one new or fine clothes, or play things? they, if you once allow it them, will be impatient for the like, and think themselves ill dealt with, if they have it not. This being indulged when they are little, grows up with their age, and with that enlarges itself to things of greater consequence, and has ruined more families in the world than one. This should be suppressed in its very first rise; and the desires you would not have encouraged, you should not permit to be spoken, which is the best way for them to silence them to themselves. Children should by constant use learn to be very modest in

owning their desires, and careful not to ask any thing of their parents, but what they have reason to think their parents will approve of; and a reprimand upon their ill bearing a refusal comes too late, when the fault is committed and allowed; and if you allow them to ask, you can scarce think it strange they should be troubled to be denied: so that you suffer them to engage themselves in the disorder, and think then the fittest time for a cure, and, I think, the sure and easiest way is prevention. For we must take the same nature to be in children, that is in grown men; and how often do we find men take ill to be denied what they would not have been concerned for, if they had not asked? But I shall not enlarge any further in this, believing you and I shall agree in the matter; and indeed it is very hard, and almost impossible, to give general rules of education, when there is scarce any one child, which in some cases should not be treated differently from another. All that we can do in general, is only to shew what parents and tutors should aim at, and leave to them the ordering of particular circumstances, as the case shall require.

One thing give me leave to be importunate with you about: you say your son is not very strong; to make him strong, you must use him hardily, as I have directed; but you must be sure to do it by very insensible degrees, and begin an hardship you would bring him to only in the Spring. This is all the caution needs be used. I have an example of it in the house I live in, where the only son of a very tender mother was almost destroyed by a too tender keeping. He is now, by a contrary usage, come to bear wind and weather, and wet in his feet: and the cough, which threatened him under that warm and cautious management, has left him, and is now no longer his parents constant apprehensions, as it was.

I am of your mind as to short-hand: I myself learned it since I was a man, but had forgot to put it in when I writ; as I have, I doubt not, overseen a thousand other things, which might have been said on this subject. But it was only at first a short scheme for a friend, and is published to excite others to treat it more fully.

I know not whether it would be useful
to

to make a catalogue of authors to be read by a young man, or whether it could be done unless one knew the child's temper, and what he was designed to.

LETTER XCVIII.

Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Sir, Dublin, June 2, 1694.

I AM highly obliged to you for the favour of your last, of May 26th, which I received yesterday. It brought me the welcome news of the second edition of your Essay being published; and that you have favoured me with a copy, which I shall expect with some impatience; and when I have perused it, I shall, with all freedom, give you my thoughts of it.

And now that you have cleared your hands of your second edition, I hope you may have leisure to turn your thoughts to the subject I have so often proposed to you; but this, you will say, is a cruelty in me, that no sooner you are rid of one trouble, but I set you on another. Truly, Sir, were I sensible it could be a trouble to you, I should hardly presume so far on your goodness; but I know those things are so easy and natural to your mind, that they give you no pain in the production. And I know also, such is your universal love of mankind, that you count nothing troublesome that tends to their good, in a matter of so great concernment as morality.

I have formerly told you what care I proposed to take in the education of my only child. I must now beg your pardon if I trouble you in a matter, wherein I shall be at a loss without your assistance. He is now five years old, of a most towardsly and promising disposition; bred exactly, as far as his age permits, to the rules you prescribe, I mean as to forming his mind, and mastering his passions. He reads very well, and I think it time now to put him forward to some other learning. In order to this, I shall want a tutor for him, and indeed this place can hardly afford me one to my mind. If therefore you know any ingenious man that may be proper for my purpose, you would highly oblige me by procuring him for me. I confess the encouragement I can propose to such a one is but moderate, yet perhaps there may be some found that may not despise it.

He should eat at my own table, and have his lodging, washing, firing, and candle-light in my house, in a good handsome apartment; and besides this, I should allow him 20l. *per annum*. His work for this should be only to instruct three or four boys in Latin, and such other learning as you recommend in your book; I say three or four boys, because perhaps I may have a relation's child or two; one who is my sister's son I have always, and do intend to keep as a companion to my own son; and of more I am uncertain. But if there be one or two, that will be no great addition to his trouble, considering, that perhaps their parents may recompense that by their gratuities. I mention to you, of the languages, only Latin; but, if I could obtain it, I should be glad he were also master of the French. As to his other qualifications, I shall only say in general, I could wish them such as you desire in a tutor, to instruct a young gentleman as you propose in your book. I would have him indeed a good man, and a good scholar; and I propose very much satisfaction to myself in the conversation of such a one. And because a man may be cautious of leaving his native soil, and coming into a strange country, without some certainty of being acceptable to those that send for him, and of some continuance and settlement, I can say that I design him to stay with my son to his state of manhood; whether he go into the university, or travel, or whatever other state of life he may take to. And if perhaps on trial for some time, he or I may not like each other, I do promise to bear his charges both to and from me, so that he shall be no loser by his journey.

I beg your answer to this at your leisure; and if any such present, be pleased to let me know of him what particulars you can, as his parentage, education, qualifications, disposition, &c. with what other particulars you please to mention, and accordingly I shall write to you no farther about it.

In the mean time, I beseech you to pardon this trouble given you by, honoured Sir, your most affectionate, and most obliged humble servant.

LETTER XCIX.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Sir,

London, 28th June, 1694.

SINCE the receipt of yours of the second instant, I have made what enquiry I can for a tutor for your son; the most likely and the best recommended that I have met with, you will have an account of from himself in the inclosed, to which I need add little but these two things; 1st, That Mr. Fletcher, who is a good judge, and a person whose word I can rely on, gave me a very good character of him, both as to his manners and abilities, and said he would be answerable for him: the other is, That however it comes to pass, the Scotch have now here a far greater reputation for this sort of employment, than our own countrymen. I am sorry it is so, but I have of late found it in many instances.

I wish the endeavours I have used to procure you a tutor for your son, may be as successful as I desire. It is a business of a great concernment to both you and your son; but governors that have right thoughts concerning education are hard to be found. It is happy for your son, that a good part of it is to be under your eye. I shall be very glad if, in this, or any other occasion, I may be able to do you any service; for with great sincerity and respect I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

LETTER C.

From the same to the same.

Sir,

Oates, 3d September 1693.

I HAVE so much the advantage in the bargain, if friendship may be called one, that whatsoever satisfaction you find in yourself on that account, you must allow in me with a large overplus. The only riches I have valued, or laboured to acquire, has been the friendship of ingenious and worthy men, and therefore you cannot blame me if I so forwardly laid hold of the first occasion that opened me a way to yours. That I have so well succeeded in it, I count one of my greatest happinesses, and a sufficient reward for writing my book, had I no other benefit by it. The opinion you have of it gives me farther hopes; for

it is no small reward to one who loves truth, to be persuaded that he has made some discoveries of it, and any ways helped to propagate it to others. I depend so much upon your judgment and candour, that I think myself secure in you from peevish criticism or flattery; only give me leave to suspect, that kindness and friendship do sometimes carry your expressions a little too far on the favourable side. This, however, makes me not apprehend you will silently pass by any thing you are not thoroughly satisfied of in it. The use I have made of the advertisements I have received from you of this kind, will satisfy you that I desire this office of friendship from you, not out of compliment, but for the use of truth, and that your animadversions will not be lost upon me. Any faults you shall meet with in reasoning, in perspicuity, in expression, or of the press, I desire you to take notice of, and send me word of; especially if you have any where any doubt; for I am persuaded, that, upon debate, you and I cannot be of two opinions; nor, I think, any two men used to think with freedom, who really prefer truth to opiniatrety, and a little foolish vain-glory of not having made a mistake.

I am very glad you were provided of a tutor nearer home; and it had this particular good luck in it, that otherwise you had been disappointed, if you had depended on Mr. Gibbs, as a letter I writ to you from London about it, I hope, acquainted you. I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate, and most humble servant, &c.

LETTER CI.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir,

Oates, 28th March 1693.

YOU will, I fear, think me frozen up with this long winter, or else with a negligence colder than that, having two very obliging letters of yours by me, the one ever since January, the other February last, I make you no answer to either, till thus far in March. The truth is, expecting ever since I received your last letter, an account from London, concerning something I had a mind to put into my letter, and after writing four times about it, being yet delayed, I can forbear no longer to return you my thanks, and to beg your pardon that I have

have been so slow in it. If you interpret it right, you will look upon it as the effect of a friendship got past formalities, and that has confidence enough to make bold with you, where it is without neglect of you, or prejudice to either. I was not a little rejoiced with the news you sent me, in the first of your letters, of your safe recovery of a fever. Had I known it before the danger was over, that you had been ill, it would have been no small fright and pain to me; for I must assure you, that amongst all the friends your kindness or worth has procured you, there is not any one who values you more than I do, or does more interest himself in all your concerns. This makes me, that though I have a long time extremely desired to see you, and propose to myself an infinite satisfaction in a free conversation with you; yet what you tell me, that you were coming last summer into England to make me a visit, makes me dread the satisfaction of my own wishes. And methinks I ought not to purchase one of the greatest happinesses I can propose to myself at so dear and dangerous a rate. I have received many and great obligations from you before, but they were such as, though I had no title to, I thought I might accept from one whom I love, and therefore was glad to find kind to me. But when I reflect on the length of the way, and the sea between us, the danger of the one, and the fatigue of both, and your no very robust constitution, as I imagine, I cannot consent you should venture so much for my sake. If any harm should happen to you in the journey, I could never forgive it to myself, to be the occasion of so great a loss to the world and myself. And if you should come safe, the greatness of the hazard, and an obligation out of all proportion to what I either ought to receive, or was capable to return, would overwhelm me with shame, and hinder my enjoyment. And yet, if I may confess my secret thoughts, there is not any thing which I would not give that some other unavoidable occasion would draw you into England. A rational free-minded man, tied to nothing but truth, is so rare a thing, that I almost worship such a friend; but when friendship is joined to it, and these are brought into a free conversation, where they meet, and can be together, what is there can have equal charms? I cannot

but exceedingly wish for that happy day when I may see a man I have so often longed to have in my embraces. But yet, though it would endear the gift to receive it from his kindness, I cannot but wish rather that fortune alone would throw him into my arms.

This cold winter has kept me so close a prisoner within doors, that, till yesterday, I have been abroad but once these three months, and that only a mile in a coach. And the inability I am in to breathe London air in cold weather, has hindered me yet from the happiness of waiting on Dr. Ashe; but I hope to get to London before he leaves it, that I may, to a person whom you have an esteem for, pay some part of the respects I owe you. I had last week the honour of a visit from an ingenious gentleman, a member of your college at Dublin, lately returned from Turkey. He told me he was a kinsman of yours; and, though his other good qualities might have made him welcome any where, he was not, you may be sure, the less welcome to me, for being known and related to you. He seems to me to have been very diligent and curious in making observations while he has been abroad, and more inquisitive than most of our people that go into those parts: and by the discourse I had with him the little time we were together, I promise myself we shall have a more exact account of those parts, in what I hope he intends to publish, than hitherto is extant. Dr. Huntingdon, who was formerly at Aleppo, and is my old acquaintance, and now my neighbour in this country, brought Mr. Smith hither with him from his house: but yet I must acknowledge the favour to you, and desire you to thank him for it, when he returns to Dublin; for the friendship he knew you had for me, was, I take it, the great inducement that made him give himself the trouble of coming six or seven miles in a dirty country.

You do so attack me on every side with your kindness to my book, to me, to my shadow, that I cannot but be ashamed I am not in a capacity to make you any other acknowledgment, but in a very full and deep sense of it. I return you my thanks for the corrections you have sent me, which I will take all the care of I can in the next edition, which my bookseller tells me he thinks will be this summer: and if any other fall under

your observation, I shall desire the continuance of your favour in communicating them.

I must own to you, that I have been solicited from beyond sea to put my Essay into Latin; but you guess right, I have not the leisure to do it. It was once translated by a young man in Holland into Latin; but he was so little master of the English or Latin tongue, that when it was shewed me, which he did not till he had quite done it, I satisfied him that it would be very little for his credit to publish it, and so that was laid by. Since that, my bookseller was, and had been for some time seeking for a translator, whom he would have treated with to have undertaken it, and have satisfied for his pains: but a little before the coming of your letter, he writ me word he had been disappointed, where he expected to have found one who would have done it, and was now at a loss. So that what you call a bold, is not only the kindest, but the most seasonable proposal you could have made. You understand my thoughts as well as I do myself, and can be a fit judge whether the translator has expressed them well in Latin or no, and can direct him where to omit or contract any thing, where you think I have been more large than needed. And though in this I know you intend, as you say, some good to the world, yet I cannot but take it as a very particular obligation to myself, and shall not be a little satisfied to have my book go abroad into the world with the strokes of your judicious hand to it; for, as to omitting, adding, altering, transposing any thing in it, I permit it wholly to your judgment. And if there be any thing in it defective, or which you think may be added with advantage to the design of the whole work, if you will let me know, I shall endeavour to supply that defect the best I can. The chapter of Identity and Diversity, which owes its birth wholly to your putting me upon it, will be an encouragement to you to lay any the like commands upon me. I have had some thoughts myself, that it would not be possibly amiss to add, in *lib. iv. cap. 18.* something about Enthusiasm, or to make a chapter of it by itself. If you are of the same mind, and that it will not be foreign to the business of my Essay, I promise you, before the translator you shall employ shall be got so far, I will send you my thoughts on

that subject, so that it may be put into the Latin edition. I have also examined P. Malebranche's opinion, concerning "Seeing all things in God," and to my own satisfaction laid open the vanity, inconsistency, and unintelligibleness, of that way of explaining human understanding. I have gone almost, but not quite through it, and know not whether I now ever shall finish it, being fully satisfied myself about it. You cannot think how often I regret the distance that is between us; I envy Dublin for what I every day want in London. Were you in my neighbourhood, you would every day be troubled with the proposal of some of my thoughts to you. I find mine generally so much out of the way of the books I meet with, or men led by books, that were I not conscious to myself that I impartially seek truth, I should be discouraged from letting my thoughts loose, which commonly lead me out of the beaten track. However, I want somebody near me, to whom I could freely communicate them, and without reserve lay them open. I should find security and ease in such a friend as you, were you within distance; for your judgment would confirm and set me at rest, were it approved, and your candour would excuse what your judgment corrected, and set me right in. As to your request you now repeat to me, I desire you to believe that there is nothing in your letters which I pass over slightly, or without taking notice of; and if I formerly said nothing to it, think it to be, that I thought it the best way of answering a friend whom I was resolved to deny nothing that was in my power. There are some particular obligations that tie me up in the point, and which have drawn on me some displeasure for a time from some of my friends, who made me a somewhat like demand. But I expect to find you more reasonable, and give you this assurance, that you shall be the first that shall be satisfied in that point. I am not forgetful of what you so kindly put me upon. I think nobody ought to live only to eat and drink, and count the days he spends idly. The small remainder of a crazy life, I shall, as much as my health will permit, apply to the search of truth, and shall not neglect to propose to myself those that may be most useful. My paper is more than done, and, I suppose, you tired; and yet I can scarce give off. I am,

am, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant.

LETTER CII.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Sir, Oates, April 26th, 1695.

YOU look with the eyes, and speak the language of friendship, when you make my life of much more concern to the world than your own. I take it, as it is, for an effect of your kindness, and so shall not accuse you of compliment; the mistakes and over-valuings of goodwill being always sincere, even when they exceed what common truth allows. This on my side I must beg you to believe, that my life would be much more pleasant and useful to me if you were within my reach, that I might sometimes enjoy your conversation, and, upon twenty occasions, lay my thoughts before you, and have the advantage of your judgment. I cannot complain that I have not my share of friends of all ranks, and such whose interest, assistance, affection, and opinions too, in fit cases, I can rely on. But methinks, for all this, there is one place vacant, that I know nobody that would so well fill as yourself; I want one near me to talk freely with, *de quo libet crite*; to propose to, the extravagancies that rise in my mind; one with whom I would debate several doubts and questions, to see what was in them. Meditating by one's self is like digging in the mine; it often, perhaps, brings up maiden earth, which never came near the light before; but whether it contain any metal in it, is never so well tried as in conversation with a knowing judicious friend, who carries about him the true touchstone, which is love of truth in a clear thinking head. Men of parts and judgment the world usually gets hold of, and by a great mistake (that their abilities of mind are lost, if not employed in the pursuit of wealth and power) engages them in the ways of fortune and interest, which usually leave but little freedom or leisure of thought for pure disinterested truth. And such who give themselves up frankly, and in earnest, to the full latitude of real knowledge, are not every where to be met with. Wonder not, therefore, that I wish so much for you in my neighbourhood; I should be too happy in a friend of your make, were you within my

reach. But yet I cannot but wish that some business would once bring you within distance; and it is a pain to me to think of leaving the world, without the happiness of seeing you.

I do not wonder that a kinsman of yours should magnify civilities that scarce deserve that name; I know not wherein they consisted, but in being glad to see one that was any way related to you, and was himself a very ingenious man; either of those was a title to more than I did, or could shew him. I am sorry I have not yet had an opportunity to wait on him in London, and I fear he should be gone before I am able to get thither. This long winter and cold spring has hung very heavy upon my lungs, and they are not yet in a case to be ventured in London air, which must be my excuse for not waiting upon him and Dr. Ashe yet.

LETTER CIII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Oates, 2d July, 1695.

IN I not assure myself that our friendship were grown beyond suspicion of compliment, I should think I should have need to make excuses to you for my long silence; but I know you will credit me, when I tell you it has been neither forgetfulness nor negligence. The specimen of the translation you sent me gave me some reason to apprehend that Mr. Mulart's style would lay too great a burden on your kindness, by often needing the correction of your hand, to make it express my sense with that clearness and easiness which I know you desire. My bookseller therefore having before told me of one who had offered to undertake the translation of my Essay, I have been ever since endeavouring to get from him a specimen, that I might send it you, and have your opinion which is like to do best; and so if this man had a talent that way, you might be eased of the trouble which your friendship to me and zeal to the work, I foresee, is likely to lay upon you. But having the last post received this account from Mr. Churchill, that the gentleman proposed is in the country, and must have a book sent him down on purpose before we can expect to see any thing from him, and this being all to be managed by a third hand, who is not

every day to be met with, I have resolved to lose no more time on that thought, but accepting of your kind offer, put that whole matter into your hands, to be ordered as you shall think best, and shall spend no more time in other enquiries, since the gentleman you propose will (as I remember you told me) be about this time at leisure to set himself in earnest to it. There is one thing I would offer, which may be of advantage to him and the work too; and that is, that he would constantly and sedulously read Tully, especially his philosophical works, which will insensibly work him into a good Latin style. I have heard it reported of Bishop Sanderson, that being asked how he came to write Latin so well, as appears in the treatises he published in that tongue; he answered, "by ordering his studies so that he read over all Tully's works every year." I leave it to you whether you will think fit to mention this to Mr. Mullart.

The Abridgment of my Essay is quite finished: it is done by a very ingenious man of Oxford, a Master of Arts, very considerable for his learning and virtue, who has a great many pupils. It is done with the same design you had in view when you mentioned it. He has generally (as far as I could remember) made use of my words: he very civilly sent it me when it was done, and upon looking it over, I guess you will approve of it, and think it well done. It is in Mr. Churchill's hands, and will be printed as soon as the third edition of my Essay, which is now in the press, is printed off.

I am extremely glad to hear that you have found any good effects of my method on your son. I should be glad to know the particulars: for though I have seen the success of it in a child of the lady in whose house I am (whose mother has taught him Latin without knowing it herself when she began), yet I would be glad to have other instances, because some men, who cannot endure any thing should be mended in the world by a new method, object, I hear, that my way of education is impracticable. But this I can assure you, that the child above-mentioned, but nine years old in June last, has learned to read and write very well; is now reading Quintus Curtius with his mother; understands geography and chronology very well, and the Copernican system of our vortex; is able to

multiply well and divide a little; and all this without ever having one blow for his book. The third edition is now out; I have ordered Mr. Churchill to send you one of them, which I hope he has done before this. I expect your opinion of the additions, which have much increased the bulk of the book. And though I think all that I have said right, yet you are the man I depend on for a fair and free censure, not inclined either to flatter or quarrel. You know not of what value a knowing man, that is a sincere lover of truth, is, nor how hard to be found; wonder not, therefore, if I place a great part of my happiness in your friendship, and wish every day you were my neighbour; you would then find what use I should make of it. But not to complain of what cannot be remedied, pray let me have all the advantage I can at this distance. Read the additions and examine them strictly, for I would not willingly mislead the world. Pray let me know whether the Doctor, your brother, has any children; when he has, I count I owe him one of my books of Education.

With my treatise of Education, I believe you will receive another little one concerning Interest and Coinage. It is one of the fatherless children which the world lay at my door; but whoever be the author, I shall be glad to know your opinion of it.

LETTER CIV.

Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Sir, Dublin, August 24, 1675.

I HAVE already so much experience of your method of education, that I long to see your third edition. And since you put me upon it (to whom I can refuse nothing in my power), I will give you a short account of my little boy's progress under it.

He was six years old about the middle of last July. When he was but just turned five, he could read perfectly well; and on the globes could have traced out and pointed at all the noted parts, countries, and cities of the world, both land and sea: and by five and an half, could perform many of the plainest problems on the globe; as the longitude and latitude, the Antipodes, the time with them and other countries, &c. and this by way of play and diversion, seldom called to

it, never chid or beaten for it. About the same age he could read any number of figures, not exceeding six places, break it as you please by cyphers or zeros. By the time he was six, he could manage a compass, ruler and pencil, very prettily, and perform many little geometrical tricks, and advanced to writing and arithmetic; and has been about three months at Latin, wherein his tutor observes, as nigh as he can, the method prescribed by you. He can read a Gazette, and, in the large maps of Sanson, shews most of the remarkable places as he goes along, and turns to the proper maps. He has been shewn some dogs dissected, and can give some little account of the grand traces of anatomy. And as to the formation of his mind, which you rightly observe to be the most valuable part of education, I do not believe that any child had ever his passions more perfectly at command. He is obedient and observant to the nicest particular, and at the same time sprightly, playful, and active.

But I will say no more; this may be tiresome to others, however pleasing to myself.

LETTER CV.

From the same to the same.

Honoured Sir, Dublin, June 6, 1696.

IT is a melancholy thought to me, that since I have had the happiness of your correspondence, there has hardly happened a year when both you and I have not made it an apology for our long silence, that we have been indisposed in our health; yet it has pleased God that so it has been, and so it is on my side at present. About four years and an half ago I was first seized by a violent cholic, which then so weakened me, that to this time I lie so far under the effects thereof, as upon any cold to be very apt to relapse into the same. And so it has been with me for a while past; but now, God be thanked, I am again well-recovered. I had not otherwise so long deferred my answer to yours of March the 30th, which, after a long silence, brought me the assurance of your health, and therewith no small satisfaction, having before that entertained some painful thoughts of your indisposition, from some rumours I had heard. But I find Heaven is not yet so angry with us, as to take you from among us.

LETTER CVI.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Sir, London, 2d July, 1696.

I CANNOT without great trouble hear of any indisposition of yours; your friendship, which Heaven has bestowed on me, as one of the greatest blessings I can enjoy for the remainder of my life, is what I value at so high a rate, that I cannot consider myself within danger of losing a person every way so dear to me without very great uneasiness of mind.

Thus far I got, when I sat down to write to you about a month since, as you will see by the date at the top; business, and a little excursion into the country, has hindered me ever since. Were you a man I only cared to talk with out of civility, I should sooner answer your letters; but not contenting myself with such a formal correspondence with you, I cannot find in my heart to begin writing to you, till I think I shall have time to talk a great deal, and pour out my mind to a man to whom I make sure I can do it with freedom; his candour and friendship allows that, and I find I know not what pleasure in doing it. I promised myself abundance of pleasure this summer in seeing you here, and the disappointment is one of the most sensible I could have met with in my private concerns; and the occasion that robbed me of that satisfaction frights me. I have, I thank God, now as much health as my constitution will allow me to expect, but yet, if I will think like a reasonable man, the flattery of my summer vigour ought not to make me count beyond the next winter at any time for the future. The last sat so heavy upon me, that it was with difficulty I got through it; and you will not blame me if I have a longing to see and embrace a man I esteem and love so much, before I leave this silly earth; which, when the conveniences of life are moderately provided for, has nothing of value in it equal to the conversation of a knowing, ingenious, and large minded friend, who sincerely loves and seeks truth.

Though your cholic has done me no small prejudice, yet I am much more angry with it upon the account of those inconveniences it has made you suffer. I know you are in skilful, as well as careful hands, under the care of your brother, and it could not be advisable in any one

to draw you from them. The cholic is so general a name for pains in the lower belly, that I cannot from thence pretend to make any judgment of your case; but it can be no harm to advise you to ask him whether he does not think that the drinking of our Bath waters may be useful to you in your case. I know those waters mightily strengthen those parts.

Your congratulation to me I take as you meant, kindly and seriously, and, it may be, it is what another would rejoice in; but if you will give me leave to whisper truth without vanity, in the ear of a friend, it is a preferment which I shall get nothing by, and I know not whether my country will, though that I shall aim at with all my endeavours.

Riches may be instrumental to so many good purposes, that it is, I think, vanity, rather than religion or philosophy, to pretend to condemn them. But yet they may be purchased too dear. My age and health demand a retreat from bustle and business, and the pursuit of some enquiries I have in my thoughts, makes it more desirable than any of those rewards which public employments tempt people with. I think the little I have enough, and do not desire to live higher, or die richer than I am; and therefore you have reason rather to pity the folly, than congratulate the fortune, that engages me in the whirlpool.

LETTER CVII.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Sir, London, 12th September 1696.

COULD the painter have made a picture of me capable of your conversation, I should have sat to him with more delight than ever I did any thing in my life. The honour you do me, in giving me thus a place in your house, I look upon as the effect of having a place already in your esteem and affection; and that made me more easily submit to what methought looked too much like vanity in me. Painting was designed to represent the gods, or the great men that stood next to them. But friendship, I see, takes no measure of any thing, but by itself and where it is great and high, will make its object so, and raise it above its level. This is that which has deceived you into my picture, and made you put so great a compliment upon me; and I do not know what you will find to

justify yourself to those who shall see it in your possession. You may indeed tell them, the original is as much yours as the picture; but this will be no great boast, when the man is not more considerable than his shadow. When I looked upon it after it was done, methought it had not that countenance I ought to accost you with. I know not whether the secret displeasure I felt while I was sitting, from the consideration that the going of my picture brought us no nearer together, made me look grave; but this I must own, that it was not without regret that I remembered that this counterfeit would be before me with the man that I so much desired to be with, and could not tell him how much I longed to put myself into his hands, and to have him in my arms. One thing pray let it mind you of, and when you look on it at any time pray believe, that the colours of that face on the cloth are more fading and changeable than those thoughts which will always represent you to my mind as the most valuable person in the world, whose face I do not know, and one whose company is so desirable to me, that I shall not be happy till I do.

LETTER CVIII.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Oates, 22d February 1696-7.

I FEAR you will be of an opinion that I take my picture for myself, and think you ought to look no farther, since that is coming to you or is already with you. Indeed we are shadows much alike, and there is not much difference in our strength and usefulness. But yet I cannot but remember, that I cannot expect my picture should answer your letters to me, pay the acknowledgments I owe you, and excuse a silence as great as if I were nothing but a piece of cloth overlaid with colours. I could lay a great deal of blame on business, and a great deal on want of health. Between these two I have had little leisure since I writ to you last. But all that will bear no excuse to myself, for being three letters in arrear to a person whom I the willingest hear from of any man in the world, and with whom I had rather entertain myself, and pass my hours in conversation, than with any one that I know. I should take it amiss if you were not angry with me for not writing to you all this while; for I should

should suspect you loved me not so well as I love you, if you could patiently bear my silence. I hope it is your civility makes you not chide me. I promise you I should have grumbled cruelly at you if you had been half so guilty as I have been. But if you are angry a little, pray be not so very much; for if you should provoke me any way, I know the first sight of a letter from you would allay all my choler immediately; and the joy of hearing you were well, and that you continued your kindness to me, would fill my mind, and leave me no other passion: for I tell you truly, that since the receipt of your letter in September, last, there is scarce a day past, I am sure not a post, wherein I have not thought of my obligation and debt to you, and resolved to acknowledge it to you, though something or other has still come between to hinder me. For you would have pitied me, to see how much of my time was forced from me this winter in the country (where my illness confined me within doors) by crowds of letters, which were therefore indispensably to be answered, because they were from people whom either I knew not, or cared not for, or was not willing to make bold with; and so you, and another friend I have in Holland, have been delayed, and put last, because you are my friends beyond ceremony and formality. And I reserved myself for you when I was at leisure, in the case of thoughts to enjoy: for that you may not think you have been passed over by a peculiar neglect, I mention to you another very good friend of mine, of whom I have now by me a letter of an ancients date than the first of your three, yet unanswered.

LETTER CIX.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Oates, 10th Jan. 1697-8.

YOUR gentle and kind reproof of my silence has greater marks of true friendship in it than can be expressed in the most elaborate professions, or be sufficiently acknowledged by a man who has not the opportunity nor ability to make those returns he would. Though I have had less health and more business since I writ to you last than ever I had for so long together in my life, yet neither the one nor the other had kept me so

long a truant, had not the concurrence of other causes drilled me on from day to day, in a neglect of what I frequently purposed, and always thought myself obliged to do. Perhaps, the listlessness my indispositions constantly keep me in made me too easily hearken to such excuses; but the expectation of hearing every day from Mons. Le Clerk, that I might send you his answer; and the thoughts that I should be able to send your brother an account, that his curious treatise concerning the Chafers in Ireland was printed; were at least the pretences that served to humour my laziness. Business kept me in town longer than was convenient for my health: all the day from my rising was commonly spent in that; and when I come home at night, my shortness of breath, and panting for want of it, made me ordinarily so uneasy, that I had no heart to do any thing; so that the usual diversion of my vacant hours forsook me, and reading itself was a burden to me. In this estate I lingered along in town to December, till I betook myself to my wonted refuge, in the more favourable air and retirement of this place. That gave me presently relief against the constant oppression of my lungs, while I sit still; but I find such a weakness of them still remain, that if I stir ever so little, I am immediately out of breath, and the very dressing or undressing me is a labour that I am fain to rest after to recover my breath; and I have not been once out of my house since I came last hither. I wish nevertheless that you were here with me to see how well I am; for you would find, that, sitting by the fire's side, I could bear my part in discoursing, laughing, and being merry with you, as well as ever I could in my life. If you were here (and if wishes of more than one could bring you you would be here to-day) you would find three or four in the parlour after dinner, who, you would say, passed their afternoons as agreeably and as jocundly as any people you have this good while met with. Do not therefore figure to yourself, that I am languishing away my last hours under an unsociable despondency and the weight of my infirmity. It is true, I do not count upon years of life to come, but I thank God I have not many uneasy hours here in the four-and-twenty; and if I can have the wit to keep myself out of the stifling

air of London, I see no reason but, by the grace of God, I may get over this winter, and that terrible enemy of mine may use me no worse than the last did, which, as severe and as long as it was, let me yet see another summer.

LETTER CX.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Dear Sir, Oates, 6th April, 1693.

THERE is none of the letters that ever I received from you gave me so much trouble as your last of March 15. I was told that you resolved to come into England early in the spring, and lived in the hopes of it more than you can imagine. I do not mean that I had greater hopes of it than you can imagine; but it enlivened me, and contributed to the support of my spirits more than you can think. But your letter has quite dejected me again. The thing I above all things long for, is to see, and embrace, and have some discourse with you before I go out of this world. I meet with so few capable of truth, or worthy of a free conversation, such as becomes lovers of truth, that you cannot think it strange if I wish for some time with you for the exposing, sifting, and rectifying of my thoughts. If they have gone any thing farther in the discovery of truth than what I have already published, it must be by your encouragement that I must go on to finish some things which I have already begun; and with you I hoped to discourse my other yet crude and imperfect thoughts, in which, if there were any thing useful to mankind, if they were opened and deposited with you, I know them safe lodged for the advantage of truth some time or other: for I am in doubt, whether it be fit for me to trouble the press with any new matter; or if I did, I look on my life as so near worn out, that it would be folly to hope to finish any thing of moment in the small remainder of it. I hoped therefore, as I said, to have seen you, and unravelled to you that which lying in the lump unexplicated in my mind, I scarce yet know what it is myself; for I have often had experience that a man cannot well judge of his own notions till, either by setting them down in paper, or in discoursing them to a friend, he has drawn them out, and as it were spread them fairly before himself. As

for writing, my ill health gives me little heart or opportunity for it; and of seeing you I begin now to despair; and that which very much adds to my affliction in the case is, that you neglect your own health on considerations, I am sure, that are not worth your health; for nothing, if expectations were certainties, can be worth it. I see no likelihood of the parliament's rising yet this good while; and when they are up, who knows whether the man you expect to relieve you, will come to you presently or at all? You must therefore lay by that business for a while which detains you, or get some other body into it, if you will take that care of your health this summer which you designed, and it seems to require; and if you defer it till the next, who knows but your care of it may then come too late? There is nothing that we are such spendthrifts of as health; we spare every thing sooner than that, though whatever we sacrifice it to is worth nothing without it. Pardon me the liberty I take with you: you have given me an interest in you; and it is a thing of too much value to me to look coldly on whilst you are running into any inconvenience or danger, and say nothing. If that could be any spur to you to hasten your journey hither, I would tell you I have an Answer ready for the press, which I should be glad you should see first. It is too long: the plenty of matter of all sorts which the gentleman affords me, is the cause of its too great length, though I have passed by many things worthy of remarks; but what may be spared of what there is, I would be glad should be blotted out by your hand, But this between us.

Amongst other things I would be glad to talk with you about before I die, is that which you suggest at the bottom of the first page of your letter. I am mightily concerned for the place meant in the question you say you will ask the author of the treatise you mention, and wish extremely well to it; and would be very glad to be informed by you what would be best for it, and debate with you the ways to compose it. But this cannot be done by letters; the subject is of too great extent, the views too large, and the particulars too many to be so managed. Come therefore yourself, and come as well prepared in that matter as you can. But if you talk with others on that point there,

there, mention not me to any body on that subject ; only let you and I try what good we can do for those whom we wish well to. Great things have sometimes been brought about from small beginnings well laid together.

Pray present my most humble service to your brother ; I should be glad of an opportunity to do him some service. That which he thanks me for in my care about his discourse concerning the Chafers, was a service to the public, and he owes me no thanks for it. I am, dear Sir, your faithful and most humble servant.

LETTER CXI.

Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Dublin, Sept. 20th, 1698.

Honoured dear Sir,

I ARRIVED here safely the 15th instant ; and now that the rustling and fatigue of my journey is a little over, I sit down to a task, which I must confess is the hardest I was ever under in my life ; I mean, expressing my thanks to you suitable to the favours I received from you, and suitable to the inward sense I have of them in my mind. Were it possible for me to do either, I should in some measure be satisfied ; but my inability of paying my debts, makes me ashamed to appear before my creditor. However, thus much with the strictest sincerity I will venture to assert to you, that I cannot recollect through the whole course of my life, such signal instances of real friendship, as when I had the happiness of your company for five weeks together in London. It is with the greatest satisfaction imaginable that I recollect what then passed between us, and I reckon it the happiest scene of my whole life. That part thereof especially which I passed at Oates, has made such an agreeable impression on my mind, that nothing can be more pleasing. To all in that excellent family, I beseech you give my most humble respects. It is my duty to make my acknowledgments there in a particular letter ; but I beg of you to make my excuse for omitting it at this time, because I am a little pressed by some business that is thrown upon me since my arrival ; to which also you are obliged for not being troubled at present with a more tedious letter from, Sir, your most obliged, and entirely affectionate friend and servant,

LETTER CXII.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Dear Sir, London, Sept. 29th, 1698.

Yours of the 20th has now discharged me from my daily employment of looking upon the weathercock, and hearkening how loud the wind blowed. Though I do not like this distance, and such a ditch betwixt us, yet I am glad to hear that you are safe and sound on the otherside the water. But pray you speak not in so magnificent and courtly a style of what you received from me here. I lived with you and treated you as my friend, and therefore used no ceremony, nor can receive any thanks but what I owe you doubly, both for your company, and the pains you were at to bestow that happiness on me. If you keep your word, and do me the same kindness again next year, I shall have reason to think you value me more than you say, though you say more than I can with modesty read.

I find you were beset with business when you wrote your letter to me, and do not wonder at it ; but yet for all that, I cannot forgive your silence concerning your health, and your son. My service to him, your brother, and Mr. Burridge ; and do me the justice to believe that I am, with a perfect affection, dear Sir, your most humble and most faithful servant.

LETTER CXIII.

From the same to Mr. Burridge.

Sir, Oates, Oct. 27th, 1698.

YOU guessed not amiss when you said in the beginning of yours of the 13th instant, that you gave me the trouble of a letter ; for I have received few letters in my life the contents whereof have so much troubled and afflicted me as that of yours. I parted with my excellent friend, when he went from England, with all the hopes and promises to myself of seeing him again, and enjoying him longer in the next spring. This was a satisfaction that helped me to bear out separation ; and the short taste I had of him here, in this our first interview, I hoped would be made up in a longer conversation, which he promised me the next time ; but it has served only to give

me a greater sense of my loss in an eternal farewell in this world. Your earlier acquaintance may have given you a longer knowledge of his virtue and excellent endowments; a fuller sight, or greater esteem of them, you could not have than I. His worth and his friendship to me made him an inestimable treasure; which I must regret the loss of the little remainder of my life, without any hopes of repairing it in any way. I should be glad if what I owed the father could enable me to do any service to his son. He deserves it for his own sake (his father has more than once talked to me of him) as well as for his father's. I desire you therefore to assure those who have the care of him, that if there be any thing wherein I at this distance may be any way serviceable to young Mr. Molyneux, they cannot do me a greater pleasure than to give me the opportunity to shew that my friendship died not with him.

Pray give my most humble service to Dr. Molyneux, and to his nephew. I am, Sir, your faithful and humble servant,

LETTER CXIV.

Dr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Sir, Dublin, August 27th, 1692.

I AM very sensible of your great civility, in remembering me upon so short an acquaintance as I had with you in Holland so long time since; and I assure you, without any compliment, I reckon it amongst the most fortunate accidents of my life, my so luckily falling into your conversation, which was so candid, diverting, and instructive, that I still reap the benefit and satisfaction of it. Some years after I left you in Holland, upon my return for England, I contracted no small intimacy with Dr. Sydenham, on the account of having been known to you his much esteemed friend; and I found him so accurate an observer of diseases, so thoroughly skilled in all useful knowledge of his profession, and withal so communicative, that his acquaintance was a very great advantage to me; and all this I chiefly owe to you, Sir, besides the information of many useful truths, and a great deal of very pleasing entertainment I have met with in the perusal of your lately published writings: so that on many accounts I must needs say there are

very few men in the world, to whom I can with the like sincerity profess myself to be, as I am, dear Sir, your most real friend, and very humble and obliged servant.

LETTER CXV.

Mr. Locke to Dr. Molyneux.

Sir, Oates, Jan. 20th, 1692-3.

I MUST acknowledge the care you take of my health, in a way wherein you so kindly apply to my mind; and if I could persuade myself that my weak constitution was owing to the strength of mind you ascribe to me, or accompanied with it, I should find therein, if not a remedy, yet a great relief against the infirmities of my body. However, I am not the less obliged to you for so friendly an application; and if the cordial you prescribe be not to be had (for I know none equal to a judicious and capacious mind), your kindness is not to be blamed, who I am confident wish me that satisfaction, or any thing else that could contribute to my health.

LETTER CXVI.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Oates, 27th October 1693.

DEATH has with a violent hand hastily snatched from you a dear brother. I doubt not but on this occasion you need all the consolation can be given to one unexpectedly bereft of so worthy and near a relation. Whatever inclination I may have to alleviate your sorrow, I bear too great a share in the loss, and am too sensibly touched with it myself, to be in a condition to discourse you on this subject, or do any thing but mingle my tears with yours. I have lost in your brother, not only an ingenious and learned acquaintance, that all the world esteemed; but an intimate and sincere friend, whom I truly loved, and by whom I was truly loved: and what a loss that is, those only can be sensible who know how valuable and how scarce a true friend is, and how far to be preferred to all other sorts of treasure. He has left a son who I know was dear to him, and deserved to be so, as much as was possible for one of his age. I cannot think myself wholly incapa-

pacitated from paying some of the affection and service was due from me to my dear friend, as long as he has a child or a brother in the world. If therefore there be any thing at this distance wherein I in my little sphere may be able to serve your nephew or you, I beg you, by the memory of our deceased friend, to let me know it; that you may see, that one who loved him so well cannot but be tenderly concerned for his son, nor be otherwise than I am, Sir, your most humble and most affectionate servant.

LETTER CXVII.

Dr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Sir, Dublin, Nov. 4th, 1693.

FOR a-while I deferred making any return for the favour of your last letter, on the account I understood by one of yours to my brother, that I was suddenly to expect another obligation from you, by the receipt of your Treatise of Education, which yesterday first came to my hands; and now I return you my hearty thanks for both your kindnesses together; of which, should I express the real thoughts I have, I should seem to run either into extravagant compliment, or gross flattery: but thus much I must needs say, that as your letter certainly contains, in short, the only true method for the prosecuting the curing part of the practice of physic, and the sure way of improving it; a matter of the chiefest good in relation to men's bodies; so your book of Education lays down such rules for the breeding of youth, as if followed must necessarily prove of the greatest advantage to the better part of man, the mind; by insensibly disposing it to an habitual exercise of what is virtuous and laudable, and the acquisition of all such knowledge as is necessary for one's own good, or that of others whom we are to converse with. Whence I cannot but think, had those of our own countries but a thorough persuasion, and a right sense of the great benefit that redounds from a careful education, so as universally to put it in practice, without question we should soon become a nation as remarkably different from the rest of the world for the inward endowments of our minds, and the rectitude of our manners, as the negroes are from the rest of mankind for their outward shape and colour of body. But this I fear is a happiness only to be

wished for; however, he that makes it his endeavour to promote so great a good, by shewing the certain way to it, if they would follow him, justly deserves the high esteem of all that know how to value a truly public spirit.

I hope, Sir, you have your health better, and that we may suddenly have abroad your Essay of Human Understanding, with those farther additions and alterations you have some while since designed for the press; I am confident it is impatiently expected by all that are acquainted with your writings, and that peculiar clear manner of delivering truth you are so much master of, but by none more than, Sir, your most faithful humble servant.

LETTER CXVIII.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Dublin, November 26th, 1693.

As you have a true sense of every thing, so you were very much in the right, when you tell me in the letter you favoured me with of the 27th of last month, that I needed all the consolation could be given one that had lost so unexpectedly a dear and only brother. His death indeed has been a severe affliction to me; and though I have you, and many more that bear a great share with me in my sorrow; yet this does no way alleviate it, but makes it fall the heavier upon me: for it doubles my grief to think what an unspeakable loss he must be to so near a relation, that is so much lamented by those that were only acquainted with him. I could not believe that mortality could have made so deep an impression on me, whose profession leads into so thorough a familiarity with it; but I find a passionate affection surmounts all this, and the *tecum obambulens*, though it was the expression of a poet, yet I am sensible was a very natural one where we love extremely, and the Indians prove it no less in fact. Could any outward circumstance of his life have increased that brotherly affection I had for him, it must have been that he had so great a part in your friendship, who must be allowed to have a nice judgment in discerning the true characters and worth of men. He frequently in his life-time has expressed to me with great complacency of mind, how happy he thought himself in your acquaintance, and

and he spoke of you several times during his short sickness, with great respect. With his own hand he has writ this clause in his will: "I give and bequeath to my excellent friend John Locke, Esquire, author of the Essay concerning Human Understanding, the sum of five pounds, to buy him a ring, in memory of the value and esteem I had for him." This I shall take care to send you in a bill by Mr. Churchill's hands, when he states the account as it stands between him and my brother. The only child he has left behind him is under my care and management. I shall endeavour to discharge this trust, with all the regard to my brother's memory, and the advantage of his child, I can: but it grieves me to think that I must surely fall very much short of that extraordinary application and prudence his father would have shewn in his education; for he made it the chiefest, and indeed the only business of his life. I have made his little son as sensible as his tender age would allow, how much he is obliged to you, his father's friend, for your earnest desire to serve him: I wish you may both prolong your lives so, as he may one day be more thankful and capable of your kindness, by profiting much from your good instructions and advice. And since you so earnestly press me, by the memory of your deceased friend, to let you know wherein you might oblige me, I will venture to break the bounds of modesty so far, as to tell you I should be extremely pleased to receive from yourself the last edition of your incomparable Essay of Human Understanding, and such other pieces of your works as you shall think fit; for all which, as I have a great esteem, so I should have a more particular regard coming from yourself, as a private memorial of my dear brother's friend, and of a person for whom I have such an extraordinary value; as I shall ever be proud of owning myself, Sir, your truly affectionate and humble servant.

LETTER CXIX.

Mr. Locke to Dr. Molyneux.

Sir, Oates, 28th January 1698-9.

I HAVE been slower in returning you my thanks for the favour of your letter of the 26th of November, and the

civilities you express to me in it, than perhaps I should have been. But the truth is, my thoughts never look towards Dublin now, without castingsuch a cloud upon my mind, and laying such a load of fresh sorrow on me for the loss of my dear friend, your brother, that I cannot without displeasure turn them that way; and when I do it, I find myself very unfit for conversation and the entertainment of a friend. It is therefore not without pain that I bring myself to write you a scurvy letter. What there wants in it of expression, you must make up out of the esteem I have for the memory of our common friend; and I desire you not to think my respects to you the less, because the loss of your brother makes me not able to speak them as I would.

Since you are pleased to put such a value on my trifles, I have given order to Mr. Churchill to send you my last reply to the bishop of Worcester, and the last edition of my Treatise of Education, which came forth since Mr. Molyneux's death. I send this with the more confidence to you because your brother told me more than once, that he followed the method I therein offer to the world, in the breeding of his son. I wish you may find it fit to be continued to him, and useful to you in his education; for I cannot but be mightily concerned for the son of such a father, and wish that he may grow up into that esteem and character which his father left behind him amongst all good men who knew him. As for my Essay concerning Human Understanding, it is now out of print; and if it were not, I think I should make you but an ill compliment in sending it you less perfect than I design it should be in the next edition, in which I shall make many additions to it: and when it as perfect as I can make it, I know not whether in sending it you I shall not load you with a troublesome and useless present. But since by desiring it you seem to promise me your acceptance, I shall as soon as it is reprinted take the liberty to thrust it into your study. I am, Sir, your most humble and faithful servant.

LETTER CXX.

*From Lord Shaftesbury * to ———.*

Feb. 24th, 1706-7.

I ACCEPT kindly the offer of your correspondence, and chiefly as it comes from you with heartiness, and (the best of characters) simplicity. When this disposition of heart attends our searches into learning and philosophy, we need not fear being "vainly puffed up," or falling into that false way of wisdom, which the scripture calls "vain philosophy." When the improvement of our minds, and the advancement of our reason, is all we aim at; and this only to fit us for a perfecter, more rational, and worthier service of God; we can have no scruples whether or no the work be an acceptable one to him. But where neither our duty to mankind, nor obedience to our Creator, is any way the end or object of our studies or exercises, be they ever so curious or exquisite, they may be justly styled "vain;" and often the vainer, for carrying with them the false show of excellence and superiority.

On this account, though there be no part of learning more advantageous even towards divinity than logics, metaphysics, and what we call university-learning; yet nothing proves more dangerous to young minds unforeshadowed, or, what is worse, prepossessed with the excellency of such learning: as if all wisdom lay in the solution of those riddles of the school-men, who, in the last ages of the church, found out an excellent way to destroy religion by philosophy, and render reason and philosophy ridiculous, under that garb they had put on it. If your circumstances or condition suffer you to enter into the world by a university, well is it for you that you have prevented such prepossession.

However, I am not sorry that I lent you Mr. Locke's Essay of Human Understanding, which may as well qualify for business and the world, as for the sciences and a university. No one has done more towards the recalling of philosophy from barbarity, into use and practice of the world, and into the com-

pany of the better and politer sort; who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress. No one has opened a better or clearer way to reasoning. And above all, I wonder to hear him censured so much by any church of England men, for advancing reason and bringing the use of it so much into religion; when it is by this only that we fight against the enthusiasts, and repel the great enemies of our church. It is by this weapon alone that we combat those visionaries, who in the last age broke in so foully upon us, and are now (pretendedly at least) esteemed so terrible and dangerous.

But though I am one of those, who in these truly happy times, esteem our church as wholly out of danger: yet should we hearken to those men who disclaim this use of reason in religion, we must lay ourselves open afresh to all fanatics. For what else is fanaticism? Where does the stress of their cause lie? Are not their unintelligible motions of the spirit; their unexpressible pretended feelings, apprehensions, and lights within: their inspirations in prophecy, extempore prayer, preaching, &c. are not these, I say, the foundations on which they build their cause? Are not our cold dead reasonings (as they call them) a reproach and stumbling block to them? If you will believe their leaders, who are instantly cut off from all their pretences to gifts and spirits, and supernatural graces, if they are once brought to the test of cool reason and deliberate examination. And can we thus give up our cause, by giving up reason? Shall we give them up our Tillotsons, our Barrows, our Chillingworths, our Hammonds? For what less is it to give up this way of reason so much decried by those condemnors of Mr. Locke? But such is the spirit of some men in controversial matters. A certain noted clergyman of learning and ability, and great reputed zeal, a great enemy of Master Locke, has (as I am lately told) turned rigid Calvinist, as to all the points of predestination, free-grace, &c. and not only this clergyman, but several more in the university of that high party, who ran as high in opposition to Calvinism but one reign or two since. The reason of this is but too obvious. Our bishops and dignified churchmen (the most worthily and justly dignified of any in any age) are, as they ever were, inclinable to moderation in the high Calvinistic points. But they

* These letters were written before the Characteristics, which were first published 1711.

they are also inclinable to moderation in other points.

Hinc illæ lachrymæ.

They are for toleration, inviolable toleration (as our Queen nobly and christianly said it, in her speech a year or two since; and this is itself intolerable with our high gentlemen, who despise the gentleness of their Lord and Master, and the sweet mild government of our Queen, preferring rather that abominable blasphemous representative of church power, attended with the worst of temporal governments, as we see it in perfection of each kind in France. From this, and from its abettors of every kind, and in every way, I pray God deliver us, whilst we are daily thankful for what in his providence he has already done towards it, and to the happiness and glory of our excellent Queen and country. So farewell. I am your good friend to serve you.

LETTER CXXI.

From Lord Shaftesbury to ———.

May 10th, 1707.

SINCE your disposition inclines you so strongly towards university-learning; and your sound exercise of your reason, and the integrity of your heart, give good assurance against the narrow principles and contagious manner of those corrupted places, whence all noble and free principles ought rather to be propagated; I shall not be wanting to you on my part, when I shall see the fruit of your studies, life, and conversation, answerable to those good seeds of principles you seem to carry in you.

I am glad to find your love of reason and free-thought. Your piety and virtue, I know, you will always keep; especially since your desires and natural inclinations are towards so serious a station in life, which others undertake too slightly, and without examining their hearts.

Pray God direct you, and confirm your good beginnings, and in the practice of virtue and religion; assuring yourself that the highest principle, which is the love of God, is best attained, not by dark speculations and monkish philosophy, but by moral practice, and love of mankind, and a study of their interests: the chief of

which, and that which only raises them above the degree of brutes, is freedom of reason in the learned world, and good government and liberty in the civil world. Tyranny in one is ever accompanied, or soon followed, by tyranny in the other. And when slavery is brought upon a people, they are soon reduced to that base and brutal state, both in their understandings and morals.

True zeal therefore for God or religion, must be supported by real love for mankind: and love of mankind cannot consist but with a right knowledge of man's great interests, and of the only ways and means (that of liberty and freedom) which God and nature has made necessary and essential to his manly dignity and character. They therefore who betray these principles, and the rights of mankind, betray religion even so as to make it an instrument against itself.

But I must have done, and am your good friend to serve you.

LETTER CXXII.

From the same to the same.

November 19th, 1707.

TRULY if your heart correspond entirely with your pen, and if you thoroughly feel those good principles you have expressed, I cannot but have a great increase of kindness and esteem for you.

Imagine not that I suspect you of so mean a thing as hypocrisy or affected virtue: I am fully satisfied you mean and intend what you write. But alas! the misfortune of youth, and not of youth merely, but of human nature, is such, that it is a thousand times easier to frame the highest ideas of virtue and goodness, than to practise the least part. And perhaps this is one of the chief reasons why virtue is so ill practised; because the impressions, which seem so strong at first, are too far relied on. We are apt to think, that what appears so fair, and strikes us so forcibly, at the first view, will surely hold with us. We launch forth into speculation; and after a time, when we look back and see how slowly practice comes up to it, we are the sooner led to despondency the higher we had carried our views before.

Remember therefore to restrain yourself within due bounds; and to adapt your contemplation to what you are capable

pable of practising. For there is a sort of spiritual ambition; and in reading those truly divine authors whom you have sometimes cited to me, I have observed many to have miscarried by too fervent and eager a pursuit of such perfection.

Glad I am, however, that you are not one of those dull souls that are incapable of any spiritual refinement. I rejoice to see you raise yourself above the rank of sordid and sensual spirits, who, though set apart and destined to spirituals, understand not that there is any thing preparatory to it, beyond a little scholarship and knowledge of forms. I rejoice to see that you think of other preparations, and another discipline of the heart and mind, than what is thought of amongst that indolent and supine race of men.

You are sensible, I perceive, that there is another sort of study, a profounder meditation, which becomes those who are to set an example to mankind, and fit themselves to expound and teach those short and summary precepts and divine laws, delivered to us in positive commands by our sacred Legislator.

It is our business, and of all, as many as are raised in knowledge above the poor illiterate and laborious vulgar, to explain as far as possible the reasons of those laws; their consent with the law of nature; their suitableness to society, and to the peace, happiness, and enjoyment of ourselves. It is there alone that we have need of recourse to fire and brimstone, and what other punishments the divine goodness (for our good) has condescended to threaten us with; where the force of these arguments cannot prevail.

Our business within ourselves is to set ourselves free according to that perfect law of liberty, which we are bid to look into. And I am delighted to read these words from you, viz. that we are made to contemplate and love God entirely, and with a free and voluntary love. But this you will see is a mystery too deep for those souls whom you converse with, and see around you. They have scarce heard of what it is to combat with their appetites and senses. They think themselves sufficiently justified as men, and sufficiently qualified as holy men, and teachers of religion, if they can compass matters by help of circumstances and outward fortune, so as happily to restrain these lusts and appetites of theirs within

the bounds of ordinary human laws. Hence those allurements of external objects (as you well remark) they are so far from declining, that they rather raise and advance them by all possible means, without fear of adding fuel to their inflamed desires, in a heart which can never burn towards God till those other fires are extinct.

God grant that since you know this better way, this chaste and holy discipline, you may still pursue it with that just and pious jealousy over your own heart, that neither your eyes, nor any of your senses, may be led away to serve themselves, or any thing but that Creator who made them for his service, and in whom alone is happiness and rest.

I wish you well, and shall be glad to hear still of you.

LETTER CXXIII.

From the same to the same.

April 2d, 1708.

I HAVE received yours every week, and I am highly satisfied with your thoughts; not doubting but they are truly your own and natural, as well as your manner of expressing them; for in this I would have you keep an entire freedom, and deliver your sentiments still nakedly, and without art or ornament. For it is the heart I look for: and though the ornaments of style are what you are obliged to study and practise on other occasions, the less you regard them, and the greater simplicity you discover in writing privately to myself, the greater my satisfaction is, and the more becoming the part you have to act.

I was particularly pleased with your thoughts and reasonings on Christian liberty, and the zeal you shew for that noble principle, by which we cease to be slaves and drudges in religion; and by being reconciled to our duty, and to the excellence of those precepts and injunctions, which tend absolutely to our good and happiness in every respect, we become liberal servants and children of God.

A mind thus released and set at liberty, if it once sees its real good, will hardly be deprived of it, or disheartened in the pursuit, whatever discouragement surrounds it. It is the inward enemy alone can stop it. For when a mind set free

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from voluntary error and self-darkening conceit, aspires to what is generous and deserving, nothing but what is vile and slavish from within can deaden it; nothing but a base love of inward slavery, and an adherence to our vices and corruptions, is able to affect this.

In some, who are horribly degenerate, this submission is wholly voluntary. Self-interest leads them, whether it be a private one of their own, or in society and confederacy with some faction or party, to the support of temporal ends. In this case it carries a specious shew of public good; whether it be in church or state. And thus it is often the occasion of an open denial of reason, and of a barefaced opposition to the glorious search of truth.

In others, it is mere sloth and laziness, or sordid appetite and lust, which, bringing them under the power of sin and ignorance, fits them for political servitude by moral prostitution. For when the tyranny of lust and passion can be indulgently permitted, and even esteemed a happiness, no wonder if liberty of thought be in little esteem. Every thing civil or spiritual of this kind must needs be disregarded, or rather looked upon with jealousy and apprehension.

For one tyranny supports another: one slavery helps and ministers to another. Vice ministers to superstition; and a gainful ministress she is: superstition on the other hand returns the kindness, and will not be ungrateful. Superstition supports persecution, and persecution superstition.

Vice and intemperance is but an inward persecution. It is here the violence begins. Here the truth is first held in unrighteousness, and the *γνώσις*, "reason," "knowable, the intelligible, the divine part," is persecuted and imprisoned. Those who submit to this tyranny, in time not only come to it, but plead for it, and think the law of virtue tyrannical and against nature.

So in the absolute governments of the world: nations, that submit to arbitrary rule, love even their form of government: if one may call that a form which is without any, and, like vice itself, knows neither law nor order.

In this state the mind helps forward the ill work. For when reason, as an antagonist to vice, is become an inward enemy, and has once lost her interest with the soul by opposing every favourite pas-

sion, she will then be soon expelled another province, and lie under suspicion for every attempt she makes upon the mind. She is presently mis-called and abused. She is thought notional in the understanding, whimsical in company, seditious in the state, heretical in the church. Even in philosophy, her own proper dominions, she is looked upon as none of the best companions; and here also authority is respected as the most convenient guide.

This we find to be the temper of certain places; where wit and sense, however, are not wanting, nor learning of a certain kind. So that what is at the bottom of all this is easily seen by those who see those places, and can but make use of their eyes to observe manners and morals.

It is pretty visible indeed that the original of all is in those sordid vices of sloth, laziness and intemperance. This makes way for ambition; for how should these be so illustriously maintained and vindicated, without large temporal power, and the umbrage of authority? Hence it is that those mother-vices are so indulgently treated in those places, and that temperance and virtue are looked upon with an evil eye, as fanatically inclined. For who that is morally free and has asserted his inward liberty, can see truth thus held, reason and ingenuity suppressed, without some secret abhorrence and detestation?

But this you are happily apprized of; nor can you miscarry or be turned aside by imposture, or assuming formality and pride of any kind. You know your liberty: use it and be free. But use it as becomes you, with all due meekness and submission as to outward carriage. It is the inward man that is to be relieved and rescued from his chains. Others need not your admonition; nor is this your duty, but far contrary. Preserve yourself from the contagion, and it is enough: a great task it is, and will appear so to you, if you are hearty in it, and concerned for the thing itself, not the appearance. For the inclination towards rebuke and rectifying of others, which feels like zeal in us, is often the deceit of pride and self-conceit, which finds this way to screen itself and manage undiscovered.

Keep your virtue and honesty to yourself; for if it be truly such, it will be in no pain for being kept secret. And thus
you

you may be safe, and in due time, perhaps, useful also to others. Learn to discourse and reason with yourself, or as you honestly do, in letters to me. Trouble not others; nor be provoked to shew your sentiments, and betray noble and generous truths to such as can neither bear them, nor those whom they suspect to be in possession of them.

Mind that which is the chief of all, liberty; and subdue early your own temper and appetites. It will then be time for higher speculations, when those wandering imaginations, vain conceits, and wanton thoughts of youth, are mortified and subdued. Religion then will have no enemy opposed to her; and in spite of superstition, and all spiritual tyrannies of the world, will soon be found a joyful task, the pleasantest of all lives, quite other than is commonly represented.

Look chiefly to this practice; for this is always permitted you; this you can be employed in every hour, even when books and privacy are denied you, and business and attendance required. The more you are a servant in this sense, the more you will partake of that chief liberty which is learnt by obedience and submission. And thus even they who perhaps, by their haughtiness and harshness, would render you a slave, and awe you into servile thoughts, will most of all contribute to your manumission; if by their sad example they teach you (in meekness still and humility) to detest the more their narrow, persecuting, and bitter spirit, supported by their vices, and shew you evidently that great truth, that "tyranny can never be exercised but by one who is already a slave."

Be assured, therefore, that where the heart disdains this original corruption, the mind will be its friend: and by delivering it from all spiritual bondage, will qualify it for a further progress, rewarding virtue by itself. For of virtue there can be no reward but of the same kind with itself; nothing can be superadded to it: and even heaven itself can be no other than the addition of grace to grace, virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; by which we may still more and more comprehend the chief virtue, and highest excellence, the giver and dispenser of all: to whom I commit you, and pray your studies may be effectual. So farewell.

LETTER CXXIV.

Lord Shaftesbury to ———.

January 28th, 1708-9.

I WAS that morning thinking with myself what was become of you; and almost resolved to have you inquired of at your father's; when I received your very surprising letter, which brought so good an account of yourself, and a proof how well you had spent your time, during this your long silence.

It was providential, surely, that I should happen once to speak to you of the Greek language, when you asked concerning the foundations of learning, and the source and fountain of those lights we have, whether in morality or divinity. It was not possible for me to answer you deceitfully or slightly. I could not but point out to you where the spring-head lay. But, as well as I can remember, I had you not be discouraged; for by other channels, derived from those fountains, you would be sufficiently supplied with the knowledge necessary for the solemn character that lay before you.

You hearkened to me, it seems, with great attention and belief, and did resolve to take no middle way. But little could I have thought that you dared to have made your attempt on the other side, instead of drawing in your forces, and collecting your strength and the remainder of your precious time for what lay on this hither side. But since God would have it so, so be it: and I pray God prosper you in your daring attempt, and bless you with true modesty and simplicity in all the other endeavours and practices of your life, as you have had courage and mighty boldness in this one.

And so indeed it may naturally happen by the same good providence; since at the instant that you began this enterprise, you have fallen into such excellent reading. And if, as you shew by your letter, *Simplicius's* Comment be your delight, even that alone is a sufficient earnest of your soul's improvement as well as of your mind's, if such a distinction may well be made: for alas! all that we call improvement of our minds in dry and empty speculation, all learning or whatever else, either in theology or other science, which has not a direct tendency to render us honester, milder, juster, and

better, is far from being justly so called. And even all that philosophy which is built on the comparison and compounding of ideas, complex, implex, reflex, and all that din and noise of metaphysics; all that pretended study and science of nature called natural philosophy, Aristotelian, Cartesian, or whatever else it be; all those high contemplations of stars and spheres and planets; and all the other inquisitive curious parts of learning, are so far from being necessary improvements of the mind, that without the utmost care they serve only to blow it up in conceit and folly, and render men more stiff in their ignorance and vices.

And this brings into my thoughts a small piece of true learning, which I think is generally bound up with Simplicius and Epictetus: it is the Table (or Picture) of Cebes the Socratic, and elder disciple of Plato. This golden piece I would have you study, and have by heart; the Greek too being pure and excellent: and by this picture you will better understand my hint, and know the true learning from that which falsely passes under the name of wisdom and science.

As for the divine Plato, I would not wish you, as yet, to go beyond a dialogue or two; and let those be the first and second Alcibiades: for now I will direct and assist you all I can, that you may gradually proceed, and not meet with stumbling-blocks in your way, or what instead of forwarding may retard you.

Read these pieces again and again. Suspend for a while the reading of Epictetus, and read of Marcus Antoninus only what you perfectly understand. Look into no commentator; though he has two very learned ones; Gataker and Casaubon: and by no means study or so much as think on any of the passages that create any difficulty or hesitation: but, as I tell you, keep to the plain and easy passages, which you may mark or write out, and so use on occasion, as you walk or go about. For I reckon you are a good improver of your time, and that you manage every moment to advantage; else you could never have thus suddenly advanced so far as you have done.

But, in this case, you must take care of your health, by moving and using exercise, which makes me speak of walking. For the mind must suffer, in some sense, when the body does. And students, who are over-eager, and neglect this duty,

hurt both their health and temper: the latter of which has a sad influence on their minds; and makes them, like ill vessels, sour whatever is put into them, though of ever so good a kind. For never do we more need a just cheerfulness, good humour, or alacrity of mind, that when we are contemplating God and virtue. So that it may be assigned as one cause of the austerity and harshness of some men's divinity, that in their habit of mind, and by that very morose and sour temper, which they contract with their hard studies, they make the idea of God so much after the pattern of their own bitter spirit.

But, as I was saying concerning your progress, it is better for you to read in a small compass what is good and excellent, and of easy conception (without stop or difficulty, as to the speculation), than to read much in many.

And having thus confined you, as to three of your authors mentioned, and set your bounds; I proceed to the fourth, which is Lucian; with whom, for a very different reason, I would have you also read but here and there. For though he is one of the politest writers of the latter age; he only has set himself out like the jay in the fable, with the spoils of those excellent and divine works by way of dialogue (which was the way that anciently all the philosophers wrote in); most of which works are now lost and perished: and I fear the true reason why Lucian was preserved, instead of any of the other, was because of the envy of the Christian church, which soon began to be so corrupt; and finding this author to be so truly profane, and a scoffer of his own and all religions, they were contented to bear his immorality and dissolute style and manners, only for the satisfaction of seeing the heathen religion ridiculed by a heathen, and the good and pious writers (unjustly styled profane) most monstrously abused by a wretch, who was truly the most profane and impious: and who, at the same time, even in the pieces that are left of him in the same book, treats both Moses and our Saviour, and the whole Christian religion, as contemptibly as he does his own. Therefore, as his dialogues of his courtizans are horridly vicious and licentious, and against all good manners; and as his dialogues of the gods are mere buffoonery, and his abuse of Plato, Socrates, and the rest

rest of those divine heathens, as unjust and wicked, as really they are mean and ridiculous, I would not by any means have you to learn Greek at such a cost. There are some dialogues bound up, which are not of Lucian's: and these are the best. One concerning the cynics (whom he elsewhere so abuses) is of that number, as I take it: and some pleasant treatises there are besides, all in pure Greek.

But here is the great and essential matter of the last consequence to our souls and minds, to keep them from the contagion of pleasure. And to shew you, that I am not by this an imitator of the severe ascetic monastic race of divines, or an admirer of any thing that looks like restraint in knowledge, or learning, or speculation; consider of this that I am going to say to you; and carry your reflection as far back as to that first little glimmering of ingenuity, which shewed itself in you in your childhood; I mean the art of painting. Had you been to have made one of those artists of the nobler kind, who paint history, and actions, and nature; and had you been sent by me into Italy, or elsewhere, to learn the style and manner of the great masters; what advice, think you, should I have given you? I say, what advice? not as a Christian, or philosopher, or man of virtue; but merely as a lover of the art: supposing I had ever been of a very vicious life; and had had no other end in sending you abroad, than to have procured pictures, and have got you a masterly hand in that kind, and to have employed you afterwards for my own use, and for the ornament of my house: most certainly my advice must have been this (and thus any other master or patron of common sense would have accosted you):

"You are now going to learn what is excellent and beautiful in the way of painting. You will go where there are many pictures of many different hands, and quite contrary in their manner and style. You will find many judges of different opinions; and the worst masters, the worst pieces, the worst styles and manners, will have their admirers. How is it you should form your relish? By what means shall you come to have a right admiration yourself, and praise and imitate only what is truly exquisite and good in the kind? If you follow your sudden fancy and bent; if you fix your

"eye on that which most strikes and pleases you at the first sight; you will most certainly never come to have a good eye at all. You will be led aside, and have a florid, gay, foolish fancy; and any lewd tawdry piece of dawdling will make a stronger impression on you, than the most majestic chaste piece of the soberest master; and a Flemish or a French manner will more prevail with you than a true Italian.

"How shall we do then in this case?
"—Why even thus: (for what way is there else?) make it a solemn rule to yourself, to check your own eye and fancy, which naturally leads to gaiety, and turn it strongly on that which it cares not at first to dwell upon. Be sure that you pass by, on every occasion, whatever little idle piece of a negligent loose kind may be apt to detain your eye; and fix yourself upon the nobler, more masterly, and studied pieces of such as were known virtuosos, and admired by all such. If you find no grace or charm at the first looking, look on; continue to observe all that you possibly can; and when you have got one glimpse, improve it, copy it, cultivate the idea, and labour till you have worked yourself into a right taste, and formed a relish and understanding of what is truly beautiful in the kind.

This is what any ordinary master or patron of common good sense would have said to you upon your enterprise on painting: and this is what I now say to you on your great enterprise on knowledge and learning. This is the reason I cry out to you against pleasure; to beware of those paths which lead to a wrong knowledge, a wrong judgment of what is supremely beautiful and good.

Your endeavour and hope is to know God and goodness, in which alone there is true enjoyment and good. The way to this is not to put out your eyes, or hood-wink yourself, or lie in the dark, expecting to see visions. No, you need not apologize for yourself (as you do) for desiring to read Origen, the good Father, and best of all those they call so. You shall not only, by my consent, read Origen, but even Celsus himself, who was a heathen, and writ zealously against the Christians, whom Origen defends: So far am I from bidding you fly heretical or heathen books, where

good manners, honesty, and fair reason shew themselves. But where vice, ill manners, abusive wit and buffoonery appear, the prejudice is just; pronounce against such authors, fly them, and condemn them.

Preserve yourself, and keep your eye and judgment clear. But if the eye be not open to all fair and handsome spectacles, how should you learn what is fair and handsome? You would praise God: But how would you praise him? and for what? Know you, as yet, what true excellence is? The attributes, as you call them, which you have learnt in your catechism, or in the higher schools of the school-men and divines; the attributes, I say, of justice, goodness, wisdom, and the like, are they really understood by you? or do you talk of these by rote? If so; what is this but giving words to God, not praise, nor honour, nor glory? If the Apostle appeals to whatsoever is lovely, whatsoever is honest (or comely), whatsoever is virtue, or praise-worthiness; how shall we understand his appeal, till we have studied? — Or do we know these things from our cradles? For since we were men, we never vouchsafed to inquire; but took for granted that we were knowing in the matter; which yet, without philosophy, it is impossible we should be; so that when, without philosophy, we make use of these high terms, and praise God in these philosophical characters, we may be very good and pious, and well-meaning; but indeed we are little better than parrots in devotion.

To return therefore to the picture, and the advice I am to give you in your study of that great and masterly hand which has drawn all things, and exhibited this great master-piece of nature, this world or universe. The first thing is, that you prepare and clear your sight; that your eye be simple, pure, uncorrupted, and ready and fit to receive that light which is to shine into it. This is done by virtue, meekness, modesty, sincerity. And way being thus made, your resolution standing towards truth, and you being conscious to yourself, that whilst you seek truth you cannot offend the God of truth; be not afraid of viewing all and comparing all. For without comparison of the false with the true, of the ugly with the beauteous, of the dark and obscure with the bright and shining, we can mea-

sure nothing, nor apprehend any thing that is excellent. We may be as well pagan, heathen, Turk, or any thing else; if being at Constantinople, Ispahan, or wherever the seat of any great empire is, we refuse to look on Christian authors, or hear their sober apologists, as being contrary to the history imposed on us, with an utter destruction and cancelling of all other history or philosophy whatsoever.

But this fear being set aside, which is so wholly unworthy of God, and so debasing to his standard of reason which he has placed in us; our next concern is, to look impartially into all authors, and upon all nations, and into all parts of learning and human life; to seek and find out the true *pulchrum*, the *honestum*, the *καλόν*: by which standard and measure we may know God; and know how to praise him, when we have learnt what is praise-worthy.

Be this your search, and by these means, and by this way I have shewn you. Seek for the *καλόν* in every thing, beginning as low as the plants, the fields, or even the common arts of mankind, to see what is beauteous, and what contrary. Thus, and by the original fountains you are arrived to, you will, under Providence, attain beauty and true wisdom for yourself, being true to virtue; and so God prosper you.

LETTER CXXV.

Lord Shaftesbury to ———.

February 8, 1709.

I COMMEND your honest liberty: and therefore in the use of it recommend to you the pursuit of the same thoughts, that you have so honestly and naturally grafted upon the stock afforded you: to which God grant a true life and increase.

Time will be, when your greatest disturbance will arise from that ancient difficulty *πῶς δὲ τὸ καλόν*. But when you have well inured yourself to the precepts and speculation which give the view of its noble contrary (*τὸ καλόν*), you will rest satisfied. But be persuaded, in the mean time, that wisdom is more from the heart, than from the head. Feel goodness, and you will see all things fair and good.

Let it be your chief endeavour to make acquaintance with what is good: that by seeing perfectly, by the help of reason, what

what good is, and what ill, you may prove whether that which is from revelation be not perfectly good and conformable to this standard. For, if so, the very end of the gospel proves its truth. And that which to the vulgar is only knowable by miracles, and teachable by positive precepts and commands, to the wise and virtuous is demonstrable by the nature of the thing. So that how can we forbear to give our assent to those doctrines, and that revelation, which is delivered to us, and enforced by miracles and wonders? But to us, the very test and proof of the divineness and truth of that revelation is from the excellence of the things revealed: otherwise the wonders themselves would have little effect or power; nor could they be thoroughly depended on, were we even as near to them as those who lived more than a thousand years since, when they were freshly wrought, and strong in the memory of men. This is what alone can justify our easiness of faith; and in this respect we can never be too resigned, too willing, or too complaisant.

Meanwhile let your eye be simple, and turn it from the *ἀθεον* to the *Θεόν*. View God in goodness, and in his works, which have that character. Dwell with honesty, and beauty, and order: study and love what is of this kind; and in time you will know and love the Author. Farewel.

LETTER CXXVI.

From the same to the same.

May 5, 1709.

I AM mightily satisfied with your writing to me as you do: pray continue.

I like your judgment and thoughts on the books you mention: the bishop of Salisbury's exposition of the articles is, no doubt, highly worthy of your study. None can better explain the sense of the church, than one who is the greatest pillar of it since the first founders; one who best explained and asserted the reformation itself, was chiefly instrumental in saving it from popery before and at the revolution, and is now the truest example of laborious, primitive, pious, and learned episcopacy. The antidote, indeed, recommended to you, was very absurd, as you remark yourself; and pray have little to do with controversy of any sort.

Chillingworth against Popery is sufficient reading for you, and will teach you

the best manner of that polemic divinity. It is enough to read what is good; and what you find bad lay aside. The good you read will be a sufficient prevention and anticipation against any evil that may chance come across your imperceptibly. Fill yourself with good; and you will carry within you sufficient answer to the bad; and by a sort of instinct soon discern the one from the other.

Trust your own heart whilst you keep it honest, and can lift it up to the God of truth, as seeking that, and that only. But keep yourself from wrangling, and a controversial spirit; for more harm is taken by a fierce sour answer to an ill book, than from the book itself, be it ever so ill. Therefore remember, I charge you to avoid controversial writers.

If the ancients in their purity are as yet out of your reach, search the moderns that are nearest to them. If you cannot converse with the most ancient, use the most modern. For the authors of the middle age, and all that sort of philosophy, as well as divinity, will be of little advantage to you. Gain the purity of the English, your own tongue; and read whatever is esteemed polite or well writ that comes abroad. You may give me an account of this.

Meanwhile I am glad you read those modern divines of our nation who lived in this age, and were remarkable for moderation, and the Christian principle of charity and toleration.

Do as your genius directs you; and if you are virtuous and good, your genius will guide you right. But whatever it be, either ancient or modern, that you chuse or read; or however you change your opinion or course of study; communicate, and you shall be heard willingly, and advised the best I am able.

I think your genius has dictated right to you about a little pamphlet, which it seems, is commonly sold with the reflections lately writ upon it; which, if short, I would not for once debar you from, but have you hear what is said in answer, lest you should seem to yourself mistaken or diffident as to the truth. For my own part, I cannot but think from my heart, that the author of the pamphlet (whatever fair of humour he may give himself, the better to take with the polite world) is most sincere to virtue and religion, and even to the interest of our church. For many of our modern

asserters of toleration have seemed to leave us destitute of what he calls a public leading, or ministry; which notion he treats as mere enthusiasm, or horrid irreligion. For, in truth, religion cannot be left thus to shift for itself, without the care and countenance of the magistrate. But in the remarks, or reflections, I find the answerers are so far from understanding this plain sense of a leading, that they think it means only a leading by the nose. So excellent are these gentlemen at improving ridicule against themselves. They care not who defends religion, or how it is defended, if it be not in their way. They cry out upon a deluge of scepticism breaking out and overwhelming us, in this witty knowing age; and yet they will allow no remedy proper in the case, no application to the world in a more genteel, polite, open, and free way. They for their parts (witness Dr. A——y against the good Mr. H——y) have asserted virtue upon baser principles, and more false and destructive by far, than Epicurus, Democritus, Aristippus, or any of the ancient atheists. They have subverted all morality, all grounds of honesty, and supplanted the whole doctrine of our Saviour, under pretence of magnifying his revelation. In philosophy they give up all foundations, all principles of society, and the very best arguments to prove the being of a Deity. And, by the way, this pamphlet, which they are so offended at, is so strong on this head, that the author asserts the Deity even on the foundations of his innate idea, and the power of this notion even over atheists themselves, and by the very concession of Epicurus and that sect. ——— But no more now. Continue to inform me of your reading and of new books: and God be with you.

LETTER CXV.

Lord Shaftesbury to ———.

December 30, 1709.

I HEARTILY approved your method and design, and continue to do so. Get what you can of the Greek language: it is the fountain of all; not only of polite learning and philosophy, but of divinity also, as being the language of our sacred oracles. For even the Old Testament is in its best and truest language in the Septuagint. All that you can get

of leisure from other exercise and the required school-learning, apply to Greek.

The few good books of our divines and moralists, which you have discovered by your own sagacity, will serve you both for language and thought.

Dr. More's *Enchiridion Ethicum* is a right good piece of sound morals; though the Doctor himself, in other English pieces, could not abide by it, but made different excursions into other regions, and was perhaps as great an enthusiast as any of those whom he wrote against. However, he was a learned and a good man.

Remember my former cautions and recommendations, and endeavour above all things to avoid the conceit and pride which is almost naturally inherent to the function and calling you are about to undertake. And since we think fit to call it priesthood, see that it be of such a kind, as may not make you say or think of yourself in the presence of another, that you are holier than he. It is a solemn part; but see and beware that the solemnity do not abuse you. And remember, that He, whom you own to be your master and legislator, made no laws relating to civil power or interfering with it. So that all the preeminence, wealth, or pension, which you receive, or expect to receive, by help of this assumed character, is from the public, whence both the authority and profit is derived, and on which it legally depends; all other pretensions of priests being Jewish and heathenish, and in our state seditious, disloyal, and factious; such as is that spirit which now reigns in our universities, and where the high-church-men (as they are called) are prevalent. But to this (thank God) our parliament, interposing at this instant, gives a check, by proceeding against Dr. S——, and advancing Mr. H——y, of whom I have often spoken to you.

No more now, but God bless your studies and endeavours. Never was more need of a spirit of moderation and Christianity among those who are entering on the ministerial function: since the contrary spirit has possessed almost the whole priesthood beyond all former fanatics. God send you all true Christianity, with that temper, life, and manners, which become it. Farewel.

LETTER CXXVIII.

From the same to the same.

July 10, 1710.

I BELIEVED indeed it was your expecting me every day at ***, that prevented your writing, since you received orders from the good bishop, my Lord of Salisbury; who, as he had done more than any man living for the good and honour of the church of England and the reformed religion, so he now suffers more than any man from the tongues and slander of those ungrateful church-men; who may well call themselves by that single term of distinction, having no claim to that of Christianity or Protestant, since they have thrown off all the temper of the former, and all concern or interest with the latter.

I hope whatever advice the great and good bishop gave you will sink deeply into your mind: and that your receiving orders from the hands of so worthy a prelate will be one of the circumstances which may help to insure your steadiness in honesty, good principles, moderation, and true christianity; which are now set at nought and at defiance by the far greater part and numbers of that body of clergy called the church of England; who no more esteem themselves a Protestant church, or in union with those of Protestant communion; though they pretend to the name of Christian, and would have us judge of the spirit of Christianity from theirs: which God prevent! lest good men should in time forsake Christianity through their means.

As for my part of kindness and friendship to you, I shall be sufficiently recompensed, if you prove (as you have ever promised) a virtuous, pious, sober, and studious man, as becomes the solemn charge belonging to you. But you have been brought into the world, and come into orders, in the worst times for insolence, riot, pride, and presumption of clergymen that I ever knew, or have read of; though I have searched far into the characters of high church-men from the first centuries, in which they grew to be dignified with crowns and purple, to the late times of our reformation, and to our present age.

The thorough knowledge you have had of me, and the direction of all my studies

and life to the promotion of religion, virtue, and the good of mankind, will (I hope) be of some good example to you; at least it will be a hindrance to your being seduced by infamies and calumnies; such as are thrown upon the men called moderate, and in their style indifferent in religion, heterodox, and heretical.

I pray God to bless you in your new function with all the true virtue, humility, moderation, and meekness, which becomes it. I am your hearty friend.

LETTER CXXIX.

From the same to Robert Molesworth, Esq.

Dear Sir, Chelsea, Sept. 30, 1708.

TWO reasons have made me delay answering yours; I was in hopes of seeing our great Lord, and I depended on Mr. Micklethway's presenting you with my services, and informing you of all matters public and private. The Queen is but just come to Kensington, and my Lord * to town. He promised to send me word, and appoint me a time; when he came. But I should have prevented him, had it been my weather for town-visits. But having owed the recovery of my health to the method I have taken of avoiding the town-smoke, I am kept at a distance, and like to be removed even from hence in a little while: though I have a project of staying longer here than my usual time, by removing now and then cross the water, to my friend Sir John Cropley's in Surrey, where my riding and airing recruits me. I am highly rejoiced; as you may believe, that I can find myself able to do a little more public service, than what of late years I have been confined to, in my country: and I own the circumstances of a court were never so inviting to me, as they have been since a late view I have had of the best part of our ministry. It may perhaps have added more of confidence and forwardness in my way of courtship, to be so incapacitated as I am from taking any thing there for myself. But I hope I may convince some persons, that it is possible to serve disinterestedly; and that obligations already received (though on the account of others) are able to bind as strongly as the ties of self-interest.

* The Earl of Godolphin, then Lord Treasurer.

I had resolved to stay till I had one conference more with our Lord* before I writ to you: but a letter, which I have this moment received from Mr. Micklethwait, on his having waited on you in the country, has made me resolve to write thus hastily (without missing to-night's post) to acknowledge, in the friendliest and freest manner, the kind and friendly part you have taken in my private interests. If I have ever endured any thing for the public, or sacrificed any of my youth, or pleasures, or interests to it, I find it is made up to me in the good opinion of some few: and perhaps one such friendship as yours, may counterbalance all the malice of my worst enemies. It is true, what I once told you I had determined with myself, never to think of the continuance of a family, or altering the condition of life that was most agreeable to me, whilst I had (as I thought) a just excuse: but that of late I had yielded to my friends, and allowed them to dispose of me, if they thought that by this means I could add any thing to the power or interest I had to serve them or my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be so heavy and unactive in this affair, that my friends would hardly take me to be in earnest. But though it be so lately that I have taken my resolution, and that you were one of the first who knew it, I have on a sudden such an affair thrown across me, that I am confident I have zeal enough raised in me to hinder you from doubting whether I sincerely intend what I profess. There is a lady, whom chance has thrown into my neighbourhood, and whom I never saw till the Sunday before last, who is in every respect that very person I had ever framed a picture of from my imagination, when I wished the best for my own happiness in such a circumstance. I had heard her character before; and her education, and every circumstance besides, suited exactly, all but her fortune. Had she but a ten thousand pounds, my modesty would allow me to apply without reserve, where it was proper. And I would it were in my power, without injury to the lady, to have her upon those terms, or lower. I flatter myself too, by all appearance, that the father has long had, and yet retains some regard for me; and that the

disappointments he has had in some higher friendships, may make him look as low as on me, and imagine me not wholly unworthy of his relation. But, if by any interest I had, or could possibly make with the father, I should induce him to bestow his daughter, perhaps with much less fortune (since I would gladly accept her so) than what in other places he would have bestowed, I shall draw a double misfortune on the lady; unless she has goodness enough to think, that one who seeks her for what he counts better than a fortune, may possibly by his worth or virtue make her sufficient amends. And were I but encouraged to hope or fancy this, I would begin my offers to-morrow; and should have greater hopes, that my disinterestedness would be of some service to me in this place, as matters stand.

You see my scruple, and being used to me, and knowing my odd temper (for I well know you believe it no affectation); you may be able to relieve me, and have the means in your hands: for a few words with one who has the honour to be your relation, would resolve me in this affair. I cannot stir in it till then, and should be more afraid of my good fortune than my bad, if it should happen to me to prevail with a father for whom the lady has so true a duty, that, even against her inclination, she would comply with any thing he required. I am afraid it will be impossible for you to read, or make sense of, what I write thus hastily: but I fancy with myself, I make you the greater confidence, in trusting to my humour and first thought, without staying till I have so much as formed a reflection. I am sure there is hardly any one besides you, I should lay myself thus open to; but I am secure in your friendship, which I rely on (for advice) in this affair. I beg to hear from you in answer by the first post, being, with great sincerity, your faithful friend and humble servant.

LETTER CXXX.

Lord Shaftesbury to Rob. Molesworth, Esq.

Beachworth, in Surrey,
Oct. 12, 1708.

Dear Sir,
FROM the hour I had writ you that last letter from Chelsea I was in pain till I had heard from you; and could not but often wish I had not writ in that hurry

* Earl of Godolphin.

hurry and confusion. But since I have received yours in answer, I have all the satisfaction imaginable. I see so sincere a return of friendship, that it cannot any more concern me to have laid myself so open.

I would have a friend see me at the worst; and it is a satisfaction to find, that if one's failures or weaknesses were greater than really they are, one should still be cherished, and be supplied even with good sentiments and discretion, when they were wanting. One thing only I beg you would take notice of, that I had never any thoughts of applying to the young lady before I applied to the father. My morals are rather too strict to let me have taken such an advantage, had it been ever so fairly offered. But my drift was, to learn whether there had been an inclination to any one before me; for many offers had been, and some I know very great, within these few months. And though the duty of the daughter might have acquiesced in the dislike of the father, so as not to shew any discontent; yet there might be something of this lying at the heart, and so strongly, that my application and success (if I had any) might be looked on with an ill eye, and cause a real trouble. This would have caused it, I am sure, in me; when I should have come, perhaps too late, to have discovered it. But there is nothing of this in the case, by all that I can judge or learn. Never did I hear of a creature so perfectly resigned to duty, so innocent in herself, and so contented under those means which have kept and still keep her so innocent as to the vanities and vices of the world; though with real good parts, and improvement of them at home: for of this my Lord has wisely and handsomely taken care. Never was any thing so unfortunate for me, as that she should be such a fortune; for that I know is what every body will like, and I perhaps have the worst relish of, and least deserve. The other qualities I should prize more than any, and the generality of mankind, instead of prizing would be apt to condemn; for want of air and humour, and the wit of general conversation, and the knowledge of the town, and fashions, and diversions, are unpardonable dulnesses in young wives; who are taken more as companions of pleasure, and to be shewn abroad as beauties in the world, than to

raise families, and support the honour and interest of those they are joined to.

But to shew you that I am not wanting to myself, since your encouraging and advising letter, I have begun my application, by what you well call the right end*. You shall hear with what success, as soon as I know myself. I could both be bolder and abler in the management of the affair, and could promise myself sure success, had I but a constitution that would let me act for myself, and bustle in and about that town which, by this winter season coming on so fiercely, is by this time in such a cloud of smoke, that I can neither be in it nor near it. I stayed but a day or two too long at Chelsea, after the setting in of these East and North-east winds, and I had like to have fallen into one of my short-breathing fits which would have ruined me. But by flying hither and keeping my distance, I keep my health, but (I may well fear) shall lose my mistress. For who ever courted at this rate? Did matters lie so as to the fortune, that I could be the obliging side, it might go on with tolerable grace; and so I fear it must be, whenever I marry, or else am likely to remain a batchelor.

However, you can never any more arraign my morals after this. You can never charge me, as you have done, for a remissness and laziness, or an indulgence to my own ways, and love of retirement; which (as you thought) might have made me averse to undertake the part of wife and children, though my country or friends ever so much required it of me. You see it will not be my fault; and you shall find I will not act booty for myself. If I have any kind of success at this right end, I will then beg to use the favour of your interest in your cousin, as I shall then mention to you; but instead of setting me off for other things, I would most earnestly beg that you would speak only of your long and thorough knowledge of me, and (if you think it true) of my good temper, honesty, love of my relations and country, sobriety and virtue. For these I hope I may stand to, as far as I am possessed of them. They will not, I hope, grow worse as I grow older. For though I can promise little of my regimen, by which I hold my health; I

* The father.

am persuaded to think no vices will grow upon me, as I manage myself; for in this I have been ever sincere, to make myself as good as I was able, and to live for no other end.

I am ashamed to have writ such a long letter about myself, as if I had no concern for the public; though I may truly say to you, if I had not the public in view, I should hardly have these thoughts of changing my condition at this time of day, that I can better indulge myself in the case of a single and private life. The weather, which is so unfortunate for me by these settled East winds, keeps the country dry; and if they are the same (as is likely) in Flanders, I hope ere this Lisle is ours, which has cost us so dear, and held us in such terrible anxiety.

I have been to see Lord Treasurer that little while he was in town, but could not find him.

Pray let me hear in your next, what time you think of coming up*. I shall be glad to hear soon from you again. Wishing you delight and good success in your country affairs, and all happiness and prosperity to your family, I remain, dear Sir, your obliged friend and faithful humble servant.

Sir John Cropley, with whom I am here, presents his humble service to you.

LETTER CXXXI.

Lord Shaftesbury to Rob. Molesworth, Esq.

Beachworth, in Surrey,
Oct. 23. 1708.

Dear Sir,

YOU guessed right as to the winds, which are still easterly, and keep me here in winter quarters, from all public and private affairs. I have neither seen Lord Treasurer, nor been at Chelsea† to prosecute my own affair; though as for this latter, as great as my zeal is, I am forced to a stand. I was beforehand told, that as to the Lord, he was in some measure engaged; and the return I had from him, on my application, seemed to imply as much. On the other side I have had reason to hope, that the lady, who had before bemoaned herself for being destined to greatness without virtue, had yet her choice to make; and, after her

escapes, sought for nothing so much as sobriety and a strict virtuous character: How much more still this adds to my zeal you may believe: and by all hands I have received the highest character of your relation, who seems to have inspired her with these and other good sentiments, so rare in her sex and degree. My misfortune is, I have no friend in the world by whom I can in the least engage, or have access to your relation, but only by yourself; and I have no hopes of seeing you soon, or of your having any opportunity to speak of me to her: If a letter could be proper, I should fancy it more so at this time than any other; provided you would found it on the common report which is abroad, of my being in treaty for that lady. This might give you an occasion of speaking of me as to that part which few besides can know so well, I mean my heart; which, if she be such as really all people allow, will not displease her to hear so well of, as perhaps in friendship and from old acquaintance you may represent: If the person talked of be really my rival, and in favour with the father, I must own my case is next to desperate; not only because I truly think him, as the world goes, likely enough to make a good (at least a civil) husband; but because as my aim is not fortune, and his is, he being an old friend too, I should unwillingly stand between him and an estate; which his liberality has hitherto hindered him from gaining, as great as his advantages have been hitherto in the government. By what I have said, I believe you may guess who my supposed rival is‡: or if you want a farther hint, it is one of the chief of the Junto, an old friend of yours and mine, whom we long sat with in the House of Commons (not often voted with), but who was afterwards taken up to a higher house; and is as much noted for wit and gallantry, and magnificence, as for his eloquence and courtier's character. But whether this besuited to this meek good lady's happiness, I know not. Fear of partiality and self-love makes me not dare determine, but rather mistrust myself, and turn the balance against me. Pray keep this secret, for I got it by chance; and if there be any thing in it, it is a great secret between the two Lords themselves: But sometimes I fancy it

* From Edlington, a seat the Lord Molesworth had in Yorkshire.

† He had a pretty retreat at Little Chelsea, which he fitted up according to his own fancy.

‡ Charles Montague, late Earl of Halifax.

is a nail which will hardly go, though I am pretty certain it has been aimed at by this old acquaintance of ours, ever since a disappointment happened from a great Lord beyond sea, who was to have had the lady.

Nothing but the sincere friendship you show for me, could make me to continue thus to impart my privatest affairs: and in reality, though they seem wholly private and selfish, I will not be ashamed to own the honesty of my heart to you; in professing that the public has much the greatest part in all this bustle I am engaging³ in. You have lately made me believe, and even proved too by experience, that I had some interest in the world; and there, where I least dreamt of it, with great men in power. I had always something of an interest in my country, and with the plain honest people: and sometimes I have experienced both here at home, and abroad, where I have long lived, and made acquaintance (in Holland especially), that with a plain character of honesty and disinterestedness, I have on some occasions, and in dangerous urgent times of the public, been able to do some good. If the increase of my fortune be the least motive in this affair before me (as sincerely I do not find), I will venture to say, it can only be in respect of the increase of my interest, which I may have in my country, in order to serve it.

One who has little notion of magnificence, and less of pleasure and luxury, has not that need of riches which others have. And one who prefers tranquillity, and a little study, and a few friends, to all other advantages of life, and all the flatteries of ambition and fame, is not like to be naturally so very fond of engaging in the circumstances of marriage: I do not go swimmingly to it, I assure you; nor is the great fortune a great bait. Sorry I am, that nobody with a less fortune, or more daughters, has had the wit to order such an education. A very moderate fortune had served my turn; or perhaps quality alone, to have a little justified me, and kept me in countenance, had I chose so humbly. But now that which is rich ore, and would have been the most estimable had it been bestowed on me, will be mere dross, and flung away on others; who will pity and despise those very advantages, which I prize so much. But this is one of the common

places of exclamation, against the distribution of things in this world; and, upon my word, whoever brought up the proverb, it is no advantageous one for a Providence to say, "Matches are made 'in Heaven.'" I believe rather in favour of Providence, that there is nothing which is so merely fortune, and more committed to the power of blind chance. So I must be contented, and repine the less at my lot, if I am disappointed in such an affair. If I satisfy my friends that I am not wanting to myself, it is sufficient. I am sure you know it, by the sound experience of all this trouble I have given and am still like to give you. Though I confess myself, yet even in this too I do but answer friendship, as being so sincerely and affectionately your most faithful friend and humble servant.

LETTER CXXXII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Beachworth, Nov. 4, 1708.

I was at Chelsea when I received yours with the enclosed, and was so busied in the employment you had given me, by your encouragement and kind assistance in a certain affair, that I have let pass two posts without returning you thanks, for the greatest marks of your friendship that any one can possibly receive. Indeed I might well be ashamed to receive them in one sense; since the character you have given of me*, is so far beyond what I dare think suitable: though in these cases, one may better perhaps give way to vanity than in any other. But though friendship has made you over favourable, there is one truth, however, which your letter plainly carries with it, and must do me service. It shews that I have a real and passionate friend in you; and to have deserved such a friendship, must be believed some sort of merit. I do not say this as aiming at a fine speech; but in reality, where one sees so little friendship, and of so short continuance, as commonly in mankind, it must be, one would think, even in the sex's eye, a pledge of constancy, fidelity, and other merit, to have been able to engage and preserve so lasting and firm a friendship with a man

* This relates to a letter the Lord Molesworth had written in his favour.

of worth. So that you see, I can find a way to reconcile myself to all you have said in favour of me, allowing it to have been spoken in passion; and in this respect the more engaging with the sex; who are as good or better judges than we ourselves, of the sincerity of affection.

But in the midst of my courtship came an east wind, and with the town smoke did my business, or at least would have done it effectually, had I not fled hither with what breath I had left. Indeed I could have almost laughed at my own misfortune; there is something so odd in my fortune and constitution. You may think me melancholy, if you will. I own there was a time in public affairs when I really was; for, saving yourself, and perhaps one or two more (I speak the most), I had none that acted with me, against the injustice and corruption of both parties; each of them inflamed against me, particularly one, because of my birth and principles; the other, because of my pretended apostacy, which was only adhering to those principles on which their party was founded. There have been apostates indeed since that time. But the days are long since past, that you and I were treated as Jacobites*. What to say for some companions of ours, as they are now changed†, I know not; but as to my own particular, I assure you, that since those sad days of the public, which might have helped on perhaps with that melancholy or spleen which you fear in me, and for certain have helped me to this ill state of health; I am now, however, as free as possible; and even in respect of my health too, excepting only the air of London, I am, humanly speaking, very passable; but gallantly speaking, and as a courtier of the fair sex, God knows I may be very far from passing. And I have that sort of stubbornness and wilfulness (if that be spleen) that I cannot bear to set a better face on the matter, than it deserves; so I am like to be an ill courtier, for the same reason that I

* The truly apostate Whigs, who became servile and arbitrary to please court empires, branded all those as Jacobites, who adhered to those very principles that occasioned and justified the revolution.

† Here he means some who voted with him in his favourite bills, and who were originally Whigs; but out of pique and disappointment, became if not real Jacobites (which was scarce possible), yet in effect as bad, by promoting all the designs peculiar to that desperate party.

am an ill jockey. It is impossible for me to conceal my horse's imperfections or my own, where I mean to dispose of either. I think it unfair; so that could any quack, by a peculiar medicine, set me up for a month or two, enough to go through with my courtship, I would not accept his offer, unless I could miraculously be made whole. Now for a country health and a town neighbourhood, I am sound and well; but for a town life, whether it be for business or diversion, is out of my compass.

I say all this, that you may know my true state, and how desperate a man you serve, and in how desperate a case. Should any thing come of it, the friendship will appear the greater; or if nothing, the friendship will appear the same still, as to me myself. Your letter was delivered; I hope you will hear soon in answer to it. The old Lord continues wonderfully kind to me, and I hear has lately spoken of me so to others. Our public affairs at home will be much changed by the late death of the prince‡. But I have been able to see nobody; so will not attempt to write, and will end here with the assurance of my being, dear Sir, your most obliged and faithful friend and servant.

LETTER CXXXIII.

Lord Shaftesbury to Rob. Molesworth, Esq.

Dear Sir, Chelsea, Nov. 20, 1708.

I CAME hither from Surrey but yesterday, and found your second letter; which if I had not received, I should however not have failed writing this post about our changes talked of, which I hope will be to the public advantage. As to the admiralty, and the consequences of keeping it in the administration it had lain under during the prince's time, you knew my mind fully, as well as my opinion of this present Lord, who, I hope, may with certainty be called Lord High Admiral. It is Lord Pembroke I mean, who with great reluctance at last accepts it, I believe; though he plainly said (as I have been informed) that he was inserted only to serve a turn, and that another great Lord (the favourite of our Whig party) was at the bottom intended, and would in some time succeed him.

‡ The Prince of Denmark.

But I really believe things stand on a better bottom; and, that as strictly as the Lord Somers is bound to the party of friends with whom he rose, he has yet that wisdom, and withal that regard to his country's interest, especially under a ministry of which he is like to have so great a share, that, however the low Whigs may murmur, he will be glad to see the naval affairs in the hands of so universally beloved a man, so honorable and uncorrupt as Lord Pembroke.

By this you will find I take for granted, that Lord Somers comes into the place talked of for him of President of the Council; and believe it is true that he has kissed the queen's hand, though not directly as a minister received; but pretty near it you may believe; since at this time of mourning (and so sincere a mourner as the queen is) she hardly would see a stranger, and what is more, a man so estranged from her, and so wholly off from the court as Lord Somers has been, and whom I scarce believe she has admitted at any time to kiss her hand; he having been for certain the prince's aversion, as you may judge by those who chiefly influenced the prince, and were the violentest enemies Lord Somers had. I must confess I ever wished well to this correspondence there now is between Lord Somers and our Lord*; but can pretend to have had no share in effecting it. With all the other Lords of the junto, I have maintained only a very cool and distant acquaintance; but I have ever distinguished Lord Somers, and believe so well both of our Lord and him, that the union between them is upon a handsomer and better bottom, than that of giving up their particular friends 'on either side; and even Lord Pembroke (a Tory), on whom all this turns, is a proof. I think, that this change is not wholly a party matter.

Lord Wharton indeed is true steel; but as little partiality as I have for him, and as ill an opinion of his private life and principles, I fancy his good understanding will make him shew himself a better Lord Lieutenant than is expected. More changes I know not of; nor do I believe many are to be expected.

Forgive this hasty sheet I here enclose to you. It is late, and I shall miss this night's post sending hence to town: so

add only my constant and sincere profession of being, dear Sir, your obliged friend and faithful humble servant.

LETTER CXXXIV.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Beachworth, Nov, 25, 1708.

I SHOULD be very sorry if you missed mine, of last post but one, from Chelsea, in which I writ you my whole thoughts of the changes.

The parliament has now sat, and for the first trying question we have lost the ballot, though but by nine. Our friends stuck fast. But kindness to this ministry, which the best men are willing to favour, made the struggle not so great as might be. Sir Peter King, our friend, spoke worthily for it. Sir Joseph Jekyl, and all those, did as before, and went on our side. The late speakers beset the new one†; and he will have I fear a hard task, if this be not an easy sessions, as our great news and glorious success abroad is like to make it.

As for myself and private affairs (with which I did not trouble you in my last long one), you may judge by the place where I am, that they go not on very smartly. Making court any where, or in any sense, I find is not among my talents, if I have any. I have done more in this affair than I thought it possible for me to have done, having so great an opinion (as I still have) of the lady. But it is hard, even for us men, to know ourselves; harder for women, however wise. She may like a younger man, and a sprightlier, far better perhaps than such a one as I am. But I believe such a one will not so like or value her as I do, or in the main make her so happy; so vain I am. But whatever my thoughts are of myself, I am not used to set myself off for my interest sake, and make the best of what I have. Health I have not in the highest degree. Be it spleen, or real infirmity, it is the same misfortune to a lady. Could I make a shew or health with safety, and pursue the lady, where I might have opportunity to win her liking by this means, and appearing better without doors than I am within at ordinary hours, I would not do this,

* The Lord Treasurer.

† Sir Richard Onslow, afterwards created Lord Onslow.

whatever depended on it. But as the season is, and the severe north-east winds, and town smoke, I am driven from my quarters at Chelsea; and think not that I shall be able to return there, till the strength of the winter is over; so will take the first fair weather, to go to my winter quarters at St. Giles's*. A thousand thanks to you for your kind concern in an affair which I have taken so much to heart. Your writing again in answer as you did, the first post, was mighty right, to me extremely obliging. If I see the least glimmering of hope, you shall be sure to know. I have given order at Chelsea about the vines: adieu, dear Sir. I am most faithfully yours.

Sir John and Mr. Micklethway (who are both here at this instant, rejoicing with me on the good news from abroad) desire very earnestly to have their humble services presented to you.

LETTER CXXXV.

Lord Shaftesbury to Rob. Molesworth, Esq.

Dear Sir, Beachworth, Jan. 6, 1703-9.

HAD I not by accident heard long since that you were on the road to town, you may be sure I should be employing the leisure time I have here in writing to you: especially after such long and friendly letters as I have lately received from you on public and private subjects, and in which you are so favourable to me as to lay a stress upon my judgment and opinion in the affairs of my country; which of late years I have been forced to look on at a distance, without any thing that can be called a share in them myself†. I must own, I began of late to flatter myself with a way of service I little dreamt of, and which I never thought myself capable of or qualified for heretofore‡. I never thought I should see any of the great men at court so inclinable to public good, as to regard or hearken to a man who had chiefly that at heart: and, to say truth of myself, I always thought I had a stubbornness of nature, which would hinder me from making a right advantage of good ministers, when-

ever we should come to have any such. But the being taken down very early in my life from those high imaginations I had, and those hopes of doing service in the plain way of business and parliaments, the mortification wrought so far in my advantage, that I became milder and more tractable; and in this condition you found me, when you laid hold of an opportunity; and with a most particular mark of friendship recommended me to a great man§, and brought me under obligation to him. The little time I have had since with him, I employed the best I could, in such advices and such offer of service as became me. Nor do I think I have been any way unfortunate in giving the least offence, or raising that frightful idea which courtiers are apt to have of patriots and men of rigid virtue. I flatter myself egregiously, or I am well in his opinion, and have lost no ground. But if it be so, and as I faithfully believe, I will be sworn there never was a more disinterested man in his station: for if I may judge by myself, he leaves it to his friends and those he has obliged, to be grateful, and to act for him as they fancy and as their heart prompts them; but for his part, he lays no burdens, nor requires any service in return.

But this however ought not to lessen the zeal and earnest endeavour of one who is obliged, and in a truly honest man it must increase it; and this, for his own sake, I wish he may be wise enough to know; for I had rather such goodness of his should come from reflection, than mere natural temper and generosity; for he that can see so deep into hearts, and comprehend the mystery of honesty (a real mystery in most courts), will never want any of those generous inclinations which make a worthy character. But the misfortune is, we honest men (if I may speak thus presumptuously of myself) are a little mysterious ourselves. There is a cloud over us, which is hard to be cleared up. The rugged paths we walk through, give us a rugged pace; and the idle supine illiterate creatures of a court-education, have a thousand advantages above us, and can easier borrow from our character than we from theirs; though of right there should be nothing fair or handsome, in which we should

* His paternal seat at Dorsetshire, which he used highly to commend.

† Because of his asthma.

‡ Giving advice to those at the helm, of which no man was more capable, both in respect of ability and integrity.

§ The Lord Treasurer.

come behind them. And it ought to be a shame, that a mere courtier should, for his interest sake, be more assiduous and better behaved in every respect, than the man who makes court for his country, and tries to profit of the good disposition of great men in power. Our friend Horace found the difficulty and weight of this, in the case of an honest man, who loved his great friend *, but scorned to be a slave,

Scurrantis speciem præbere, professus amicum ;
Lib. I. Epist. 18. ver. 2.

And therefore (with a sigh, to be sure) he says,

Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici,
Expertus metuit——

Id. ver. 86.

But we have better cause than Horace, or his friend Lollius, whom he writes to, and therefore should strive to do more. They had only themselves to serve, but we our country and mankind: and there was a great difference between those ministers whom they courted, and the minister our friend; for their ministry was the enslaving of their country, and the world; this ministry is the very delivering of both, and the foundation of a nobler structure of liberty (by a just balance of power at home and abroad) than ever was yet laid by mankind. They are in so good a way they can scarce miscarry. Nor can they fail of reward in the just esteem and gratitude of the public, if they are not most unhappily wanting to themselves in their private friendships. But if, trusting to their public merit, or to their interest in their prince, they either make no friends, or such as have not courage and wisdom, their enemies will find advantages against them in any state of affairs.

As our present affairs stand, I am sure a minister has need to be fortified with good friends and honest advisers. He ought to know how he stands with the public, how every action and step is construed, and what the people think of matters, before the proof comes in a parliament. It is my opinion, that a peace is not so near as it may seem. I know the hard circumstances the Dutch lie under will make them press for the

first terms that seem any way advantageous. But matters are not at present to be transacted by a whisper between two gentlemen of the blade; and others must have the secret communicated to them, besides a Monsieur Boufflers, or Milor Portland †: so great a change has happened since that last peace, both in the government of England as well as Holland! and a chancellor here apprehends another sort of duty, as well as a pensioner there, thanks to the Tory gentlemen, for this their notable furtherance of the prerogative! For I was one of those sorrowful Whigs, who bemoaned the sad case of our constitution, according to which the power of peace and war was wholly in the Prince; whilst the Tories saw plainly that it was otherwise, and could impeach a Lord Chancellor ‡ for placing the seal where I sincerely thought he could not refuse to do it at his Prince's command. But let Lord Chancellors and other ministers look to themselves. If our constitution was not so then, it is become so now: for not the absolute command, the obstinacy, the rashness, or ill judgment of the Prince himself (though ever so much a principal in the case, or though single or by himself) can justify or excuse the least flaw in a treaty, for which the ministers are with their heads to be answerable to the people, as by late precedents it has been established. These difficulties may easily show a wise minister that he has need of very discerning, bold, and honest friends, and such as are not only able by their advice to assist him, but, by their interest and credit, be as it were hostages and pledges for him to the public, and to that concealed party of sober and honest men, who, as few as they are, and as little noisy, have a much greater part in the influence of affairs than ministers are apt to think; especially those ministers who affect a high contempt of coffee-houses and pamphlets. But it is time to end my scrawl, and tell you the chief reason of it over leaf.

† These made the famous partition-treaty, which was so ill relished in England, and rejected by the parliament. For a while it was kept very secret, which circumstance alone is a just presumption that a treaty is not for the advantage or honour of the nation.

‡ Lord Somers. Lord Portland was also impeached; as were at the same time the Lord's Orford and Hallifax.

I have been shamefully tedious about public affairs, but will be shorter about private; after only asking how comes it you are not in parliament? For your own sake perhaps I am not so much concerned; for I know too well what hardships lie upon one who will not be a slave to a party*, and such men should be rather reserved for the most hazardous and calamitous times, when public necessity and common danger make their merits and opinion better regarded. But for a good Lord's sake† I am sorry you are not there; for though you may serve him less invidiously, and with more satisfaction perhaps to himself in another station, yet he wants those in such a body as the House of Commons, who are friends to his ministry, and yet free to act for those they represent. This I know may be shocking in many cases: and if it be so, and the difficulty be invincible, I congratulate your escape, but condole with another person the want of a more truly refined policy than I see is understood at court.

As for my affair, it hangs just as it did. The more I learn from all hands, the more I see, and hear, and observe, the more I incline, but hope less: for if I had no fears that I am wholly disregarded on the side of another sex, I am confident I could go further in prevailing, and should have better interest in our own than any other. I have this reason, that besides a declaration in my favour, with a liking of my character, family, circumstances, with the profession of a sincere friendship which has been of long standing, and all other commendations and professions that I could modestly wish or desire; besides all this (I say), I have a merit that nobody else will rival me in, for I would be glad of obtaining upon any terms: and that which is so hard to be parted with, is what I seek not either now or in reversion. And let this be a token to you, that I am not cool or indifferent as you suspect and reproach me in one of your letters. I would with all my soul engage myself this moment to the person (were I but liked), with a renunciation of every

* He does not mean that their care should be in prosecuting, which often proves a worse remedy than the disease; but by considering the contents of them, and thereby judging of the sentiments of the people, or at least of some party among them.
† Lord Treasurer.

thing of interest or fortune, either present or to come; and if I lose the person, even thus I shall esteem it a loss: and whenever I shall think of engaging elsewhere (if this be lost to me), I shall show that money is not so mighty a thing in my esteem, that it should seem incredible for me to pursue in such a disinterested manner.

But surely you will not think this so strange in me, that I should value virtue so much and wealth so little. And now that I have spent a whole page upon myself (contrary to my promise), committing myself and my affair wholly to you, and resolving to take your judgment on it, I wait your advices, and remain, dear Sir, your most obliged and ever faithful friend and humble servant.

If you direct to me to Sir John's here at Beachworth in Surrey, by Darkingbag, the post will bring your letter quick; but if any thing of great importance, a servant of mine shall come away at any time from Chelsea, to bring what you have to communicate: or perhaps Mr. Micklethwayt, who is often coming hither (generally once a week) may be the conveyor; at least he will send it to Chelsea, or see it safe conveyed, if you direct him.

LETTER CXXXVI.

Lord Shaftesbury to Rob. Molesworth, Esq.

Dear Sir, Beachworth, Jan. 12, 1708-9.

THAT you might not be in pain on my account, I took the resolution, as soon as I had read yours, to send an answer away with the soonest, without waiting the return of the post. So this, which is writ late to-night, will I hope come to you to-morrow evening by the penny-post, since it is to be in town before noon. And glad one is of any opportunity of a messenger, such as go by necessity on their own business and on foot: for our servants and horses cannot stir out of this bottom, where we are blocked up by the deep snows; and what is worse, the melted snow now turned again by the frost into a crusted ice.

I was already on my journey to the west, with my face (in the Jewish phrase) towards St. Giles's; but now I am a sojourner here of necessity. I can neither go backward nor forward; nor could

could I, though I were a robust man : but as a tender one, I know not what will become of me or my affairs ; for no body's affairs ever required their presence more than mine do at this time, and have done this good while in the country.

But now, as to what you write to me of your being in concern for, on my account, you need fear no resentment or reproach from me on that score. I have that entire dependance on my friend, that I can always commit my affairs and secrets to him as plenipoten-tiary ; and where I have once given my heart (allow a lover to speak in lover's language), I can easily entrust my interest. You have long had my heart, even before I knew you personally. For the holy and truly pious man who revealed the greatest of mysteries, he who, with a truly generous love to mankind and his country, pointed out the state of Denmark to other states, and prophesied of the things highest important to the growing age ; he, I say, had already gained me as his sworn friend, before he was so kind as to make friendship reciprocal, by his acquaintance and expressed esteem. So that you may believe it no extraordinary transition in me, from making you in truth my oracle in public affairs, to make you a thorough confidant in my private. All, therefore, that I am concerned for in this bold attempt of yours, is for your own sake ; lest your partiality to me should have made you too forward in shewing what was not so worthy of being seen as you imagine, and people are apt to think such things are from design. For my own part, I could not but wonder with myself a great while (for I could with difficulty recollect) what kind of a letter I had writ you : and it is really a solemn law, which I impose on myself in respect of my near friends, never to write but with the freedom, hastiness, and incorrectness of common talk ; that they may have all as it comes uppermost. And for this I can appeal to my late letters, and all that I have writ you on my love subject ; for I am confident I never so much as read over one that I wrote to you on that head. But be it as it will, if what happened was but natural (and of that you are best judge), I am satisfied ; and hope it may prove for the best, as you seem so positively to assure. And for the other part, my love affair, using the same good

judgment you have in this as well as in the other, do as you judge best. I leave all to you ; only should be sorry that you ran the least hazard, in going too far out of doors this weather. And therefore beg that your zeal for me would not push you to what would be a real trouble for me to hear. Take your time, use your own way, act for me with full power, and report your judgment.

If I have that interest you intimate in a great man *, I can assure you, as well for the public's sake as for my own (in real love and obligation to him), I will not indulge myself in any respect, but be a courtier to my utmost, and see him often at St. James's, Kensington, Windsor, or wherever he is. Only my health will not bear with any kind of attendance in winter time, when I am forced to attend upon myself ; and by that care, and sparing of myself, have recovered (when by nothing else I could) out of the most languishing condition for three or four years : for which I have endured (and must endure, it seems, because of the singularity of my distemper) the judgment of the world, as one fanatical and splenetic. But my near friends, those of all hours, and that see me in all circumstances, can best witness for me as to that ; though perhaps, now they are for advancing me in matrimony, they may magnify my bodily estate, at the hazard of that of my mind, which is less (they think) a fair lady's concern. But I like not the stratagem, and desire to appear in truth what I am ; only if I am more careful of my health against the time of such an engagement, I may be the more excused : and indeed it is but after all what is necessary to preserve me, if I am worth preserving for any good I can do the public or my friends. Never any one could more justly ask that leave, which you yourself ask of me,

— *Ægrotare timentis, &c.*

Hor. Lib. I. Ep. 7. ver. 4

And therefore I hope as soon as the hardest of the winter has spent itself (which is spending apace) I shall return,

Cum zephyris, si concedes, & hirundine prima.

Id. ver. 13.

Forgive this habit of long letters, which you have encouraged. I rest faithfully yours.

* Lord Treasurer.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Lord Shaftesbury to Rob. Molesworth, Esq.

Dear Sir, St. Giles's, Feb. 21, 1708-9.

How shall I sufficiently acknowledge the kind services you have lately done me? You may well say, indeed, that you love not to do things by halves. I am sure you are an entire friend, and I am not surprised to find you so: for when my acquaintance with you was only upon public affairs, I never found you a half-patriot. We were then fellow-sufferers, for being so wholly what we pretended: and the world, I believe, has made us but little amends since. It is pleasant to imagine, that if we have met with better fortune, it has been by means of one another. Would I could make it indeed thoroughly reciprocal! for, on my side, I may truly say, that the first turning of the stream, which had run against me, was by your hand; and in this most desperate case (which was the injury I received in an injured friend) you instantly set all to right: and what I had with pain, and trouble, and all manner of ill usage, been soliciting for many years, you accomplished for me in a few weeks, and gave me my first friend at court. After this miracle, I have had faith enough to think you might do any thing. Indeed I did not think you could have conquered snows and frosts, and have braved the hardest winter weather. Yet it was in this season that you made such a successful sally for me, and gave me so good an account of my affairs, which I was almost come to think wholly desperate.

But your short and long letter (which have both come safe to me), as well as the account received from my friends the post before, give me new hopes. I wish I could answer as well in the matter of my health as I can in all other respects, where you have kindly been undertaker and guarantee for me. If I am more careful of my health now than before, it is because I have this occasion; and that the more than ordinary care I have had of it of late, has succeeded so well with me. This I am sure of, that I am so far from being averse to live in the world, and to have a share in the converse and affairs of it, that, had I a wife that was discreet and good, and capable of advice, I should more than any one be desirous

of her being much in the world, and supplying that part for me. My bookishness has so little reason to fright any one, that if I had ever been of a temper to love books better than the conversation of my friends and relations, I am now really necessitated to lay them by, for nobody wants little amusements more than I do. And though on account of my mind I could boast, perhaps, that in the greatest solitude I could vie with any one for ease and cheerfulness, yet since the change that happened in my health I am not able to apply as formerly, nor even study above an hour at a time, or hardly as much more in a whole day. And I, who had gone through the diversions and entertainment of some courts, and foreign countries, and in the company of ladies, without ever once playing at cards, or knowing any such thing as play; I am of late become a card-player with the women, and am better qualified for chat with them, than for speeches in a parliament, or works in a study. Thus most things have their convenience and inconvenience. It is certain, that in many respects I may be said to make a better husband now that my hands are tied, than I should have done if I had been left to act to the utmost of my strength in politics. There is a selfishness in the love that is paid a wife, and in the attendance on a family, and all the little affairs of it, which, had I my full scope of action in the public, I should hardly have submitted to. An honest man must certainly be the greatest happiness of an honest woman. But then there is bitter too with the sweet; for an honest man will love the public, and act honestly in the public: and if he does so, it is two to one but he is hard set, and perhaps ground between the parties; at least he will have but a solicitous life of it. He cannot so well *vacare uxori* as the knave; but then the knave will be a knave to her, and *vacare* to other women instead of her. And thus, upon a medium, I look upon myself as in reality better qualified than ever for a good husband, if it be to a truly good woman, whose chief satisfaction would be a conversible and cheerful way of living, with a man who loved and valued her; and whose chief thoughts and time would be bestowed on her and her children, and to make her life as agreeable as could be to herself, and her part in the world as considerable.

But to come to practice after my doctrine, you may depend upon it I will not be long ere I return again to you: and though after a long absence, and the death of an old servant who had all my affairs here in his hands, I have found things in great disorder, I should value no loss of this kind. The weather seems now to break; and if the roads (as in a fortnight or three weeks they may be) become passable, and the weather tolerable, I will soon come and make my second attempt, with all the strength of friends that I can make on my side. And if I can but have the least kind help from within the place, we may be able to carry it.

It is a sad case for such a one as I am to hang in suspense in an affair of this kind, where I am so passionately engaged. I find it worse perhaps than another, because I am so used to have my head free for public affairs and thoughts of a larger kind. But I protest, though I have twenty things to say to you about the public, I cannot come out with one. Forgive me, I beg you, and place it to the account of that zeal I have in an affair you have thus forwarded, and is in your hands, as is entirely your obliged friend.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, St. Giles's, March 7, 1708-9.
I SHOULD indeed have been concerned very much at your silence, had I not known of your health by your friends and mine, with whom you lately dined. I feared your constitution would suffer by this extremity of weather we have had. The town smoke, I think, is no addition to this evil in your respect: but with me it would have been destruction. The happiness of a most healthy and warm, as well as pleasant situation where I am, and which I may really praise beyond any I have known in England, has preserved me in better health this winter than I could have imagined. And I design to profit of the stock I have laid up, and come soon where I may have the happiness of conversing with you. But now you have led me into the talk of friendship, and have so kindly expostulated with me about my thanks, let me in my turn expostulate too about your excuses for your letters, or even for your omission.

I well know you would not forget me, were there any thing that friendship required. For the rest, friendship requires that we should be easy and make each other so. It is an injustice to a real friend to deny one's self the being lazy, when one has a mind to it. I have professed to you, that I take that liberty myself, and would use it if there were occasion. But besides other inequalities that are between us, over and above those you reckoned up, consider that, together with my full leisure and retreat here in the country (by which means I have choice of hours to write when I fancy), I have also a secret and private interest that pushes me forward to be writing to you as often and as much as I can. I am ashamed things should stand so unequally between us: for you have not yet had a fair trial, what a correspondent I should prove upon equal terms, nor can I impute a single letter of mine to mere friendship. But I am more ashamed still, when I, who should make excuses, am forced to receive them. See if you are not over-generous! for any one besides yourself would be apt to use a little raillery with a man in my circumstances, that had such an affair depending, and wholly in your hands. But I find you have too much gallantry, as well as friendship, to take the least advantage of a lover; and are willing to place more to the account of friendship than I can suffer without blushing. However, be secure of this, that when you take intentions instead of facts, you can never impute more to me in the way of friendship than I really deserve. And if I have not yet had the occasion of proving myself as I would do to you in this respect, I am satisfied, if the occasion offered, you would not find me remiss. In the mean time, pray use me with more indulgence, and shew me that you can use me as a friend, by writing only when you have a fancy, and no more than you have a fancy for. You cannot imagine what a favour I should take it to receive a shorter and a worse letter from you, than you would write perhaps to any friend you had in the world besides. It is a law I set myself with my near and intimate friends to write in every humour, or neglect writing, as I fancy; and from this settled negligence I grow a right correspondent, and write when I scarce think of it, by making thus free with

those I write to. If you will take my humour as it runs, you shall have hearty thanks too into the bargain, for taking it off at this rate. Let me but have a small scrap or scrawl (three or four sizes below the first of your letters, after the late conference), and I shall think myself not only favourably, but kindly and friendly dealt with.

Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum.

Hor. Lib. 4. Od. 12. ver. 17.

The truth is, I long for another such precious scrap as I had after your first attempt for me; that if you are as successful in a second, and find that your good advice has made impression, and that there be a real foundation of hope, I may come up quickly to make my second attempt upon my old friend.

Your story of friendship could not but delight me, it being one of my darling pieces*; especially being in an author, who, though he perpetually does all he can to turn all morality and virtue into ridicule, is yet forced to pay this, and one or two more remarkable tributes of acknowledgment, to the principle of society and friendship, which is the real principle of life, the end of life, and not (as some philosophers would have it) the means. Horace in his wild days was of another opinion; but when he came in a riper age to state the question,

Quidne ad amicitias, usus rectiorve trahat nos?

Hor. Lib. 4. Od. 12. ver. 75.

he always gives it for the latter, and would not allow virtue to be a mere name. Let who will despise friendship, or deny a social principle, they will, if they are any thing ingenuous, be urged one time or another to confess the power of it; and if they enjoy it not themselves, will admire or envy it in others. And when they have inverted the whole matter of life, and made friendships, and acquaintances, and alliances serve only as a means to the great and sole end of interest, they will find, by certain tokens within their own breasts, that they are short of their true and real interests of life, for this is in reality,

Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

* This story, which is well worth perusing, is in Lucian's *Toxaris*, or discourse of friendship.

Your judgment too, of the first of the parts in the story of friendship, is in my opinion perfectly just. My natural ambition in friendship made me wish to be the poor man rather of the two; though since I have lately had to deal with a rich one, I have wished often to change parts; and keeping the wealth I have, would fain have my old friend to be heartily poor, and accordingly make an experiment of me by such a legacy. But I am afraid he hardly thinks me capable of accepting of it; or if he did, I know not whether he would think the more favourably of me. Mine is a hard case indeed, when I am on one side obliged to act so disinterested a part; and yet must be careful on the other side, lest, for not loving money, I should be thought an ill son-in-law, and unfit to be entrusted with any thing. Thus you see I mix love and philosophy, and so I should politics and public affairs with private, if my place at this time was not the country and yours the town. However, I cannot forbear intreating you to send me word, whether the proposal about Dunkirk† was from our friend in the ministry or not? for I heard he disliked it, or seemed to do so; and for the last there may be good reason as he is a statesman; for the former, I can see none, but am rather inclined to think, that as a generous and true statesman, he had for many reasons (in respect of foreign and home affairs) contrived that the proposal should seem to have its rise from a popular heat, rather than from the cabinet council, and as a deliberate thought. But if my own thought of it be fond, it is in the way of friendship still; for I could wish a friend the happiness of being author of every public good that was possible for him, and not to be a hindrance or obstruction to any.

To conclude, one word about my private affair, and I have done for this time. I beg you, when you have been your visits, and made your utmost effort to see what foundation I may hope for, you would write me a line instantly. For though I have private affairs of some consequence, that should keep me here at least a month or six weeks longer, I

† The demolishing of its fortifications and ruining of its harbour, which was first proposed in the unaccomplished treaties of the Hague and Gertruydenburgh, 1703.

will despise all of that kind : and now the roads are passable and weather tolerable, will come up at a week's warning ; if a man who loves and admires, is known though never seen, can possibly be favoured or thought to deserve. For if so the cause is nobler, and there is a better foundation for acting boldly. Adieu, adieu.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Lord Shaftesbury to Rob. Molesworth, Esq.

Dear Sir, Beachworth, Sep. 3, 1708.

IT is now long since I had fixed my thoughts on nothing but the happiness of seeing you, and profiting of those advantages which the perfectest friendship, with the greatest address, and indefatigable pains, had compassed in my behalf. There was nothing I might not have hoped from such a foundation as you had laid ; and all the enchantments in the world could not have held proof, had my sad fate allowed me but to have followed my guide, and executed what my general had so ably designed. But not a star, but has been my enemy. I had hardly got over the unnatural winter, but with all the zeal imaginable I dispatched my affairs and came up from the west, thinking to surprise you by a visit. The hurry I came away in, and the fatigue of more than ordinary business I was forced to dispatch that very morning I set out, joined with the ill weather which returned again upon my journey, threw me into one of my ill fits of the asthma, and almost killed me on the road. After a few weeks I got this over, and my hopes revived ; and last week I went to Chelsea, paid my visit next day to the old man, found him not at home, resolved to redouble my visits, and once more endeavour to move him. But the winds returned to their old quarter, I had London smoke on me for a day or two, grew extremely ill with it, and was forced to retire hither, where I have but just recovered breath.

What shall I do in such a case ? To trouble you further I am ashamed ; ashamed too that I should have pushed such an affair to which my strength was so little suitable ; and yet ashamed to desist, after what I have done, and the vast

trouble I have put you to. But fortune has at length taught me that lesson of philosophy, " to know myself," my constitution I mean ; for my mind (in this respect at least) I know full well. And I wish in all other things I could be as unerring and perfect as I have been in this affair ; in which I am certain no ambition, or thought of interest, has had any part : though it may look as if all my aim had been fortune, and not the person and character of the lady, as I have pretended. But in this I dare almost say with assurance, You know my heart. Whether the lady does, or ever will, God knows ; for I have scarce the heart left to tell it her, had I the opportunity.

So much for my sad fortune.

I hope however to be at Chelsea again in a few days, and I long for the happiness of seeing you there ; for I have no hopes of being able to wait on you at your lodgings.

If the Queen goes soon to Windsor, I hope soon to see the great man, our friend ; whom I can easier visit there, than at St James's. He has been so kind to inquire after me with particular favour, and has sent me a kind message in relation to public affairs. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged friend and faithful humble servant.

LETTER CXL.

From the same to the same.

My dear friend, Chelsea, June 15, 1707.

IT was this day to wait again on my old Lord. I found him as civil and obliging as ever. But when I came to make mention of my affair, I found the subject was uneasy to him. I did but take occasion, when he spoke in praise of my little house and study, to tell him I built it in a different view from what his Lordship knew me to have of late ; for I had then (I told him) no thoughts beyond a single life. I would have added, that since I was unhappy in my first offer, and had turned my thoughts as I had lately done, when I flattered myself in the hopes of his favour, I could no longer enjoy the place of his neighbourhood with the satisfaction I had done before.—But I found he was deaf on this ear. He

seemed to express all the uneasiness that could be, and I could go no further. I see there is no hope left for me. If he thought any one sincere, I believe I might be as likely as any one to be trusted by him. But I am afraid he thinks but the worse of me for pretending to value his daughter as I do; and for protesting that I would be glad to take her without a farthing, present or future, and yet settle all I have, as I have offered him. He will not easily find such a friend and son-in-law; one that has such a regard for him and his.

But so it must be. He may suffer perhaps as well as I. There is no help for this, when men are too crafty to see plain, and too interested to see their real friends and interest. I shall soon shew my sincerity in one respect, if I live: for since I cannot have the woman I have seen and liked, I may determine perhaps on one I have never seen; and take a lady for a character only without a fortune (which I want not), since you and other friends are so kindly importunate and pressing on this concern of mine.

But of this more when I see you next, with a thousand acknowledgments and thanks for the thorough friendship you have shewn; and what is so truly friendship, that I almost think I injure it when I speak of thanks and acknowledgments.

You will have me take all of this kind in another manner; and therefore, on the same foot, I expect you should take all that I have done, or ever can do, without ceremony, and as your faithful friend and humble servant.

LETTER CXLI.

Lord Shaftesbury to Rob. Molesworth, Esq.

My dear friend,

Beachworth,
July 9, 1709.

I CAN hardly be reconciled to you, for saying so much as you have done, to express your concern for the disappointment of my grand affair. I am not so ill a friend, nor have lived so little in the world, as not to know by experience, that a disappointment in a friend's concern is often of more trouble to one than in one's own. And I was so satisfied this was your case, that I was willing to diminish the loss and make as slight

of it as possible, the better to comfort you, and prevent your being too much concerned at what had happened. As to the fortune, I might sincerely have done it; but as to the lady, I own the loss is great enough: for, besides her character and education, she was the first I turned my thoughts upon after the promise you had drawn from me the year before, when you joined with some friends of mine in kindly pressing me to think of the continuance of a family. Methinks now I might be acquitted, after this attempt I have made. But you have taken occasion from the ill success of it to prove how much more still you are my friend, in desiring to make the most of me while I live, and keep what you can of me for memory sake afterwards. This is the kindest part in the world; and I cannot bring myself so much as to suppose a possibility of your flattering me. I have an easy faith in friendship. My friends may dispose of me as they please, when they thus lay claim to me; and whilst they find me of any use to them, or think I have any power still to serve mankind or my country in such a sphere as is yet left for me, I can live as happy in a crazy state of health, and out of the way of pleasures and diversions, as if I enjoyed them in the highest degree. If marriage can be suitable to such a circumstance of life, I am content to engage. I must do my best to render it agreeable to those I engage with; and my choice, I am sensible, ought for this reason to be as you have wisely prescribed for me. I must resolve to sacrifice other advantages, to obtain what is principal and essential in my case.

What other people will say of such a match, I know not; nor what motive they will assign for it, when interest is set aside. Love, I fear will be scarce a tolerable pretence in such a one as I am: and for a family, I have a brother still alive whom I may still have some hopes of. What a weakness then would it be thought in me, to marry with little or no fortune, and not in the highest degree of quality neither? Will it be enough that I take a breeder out of a good family, with a right education, fit for a mere wife; and with no advantage but simple innocence, modesty, and the plain qualities of a good mother and a good nurse? This is as
little

little the modern relish, as that old fashioned wife of Horace's,

*Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
Pernicis uxor Appuli.*

Ephod. 2. ver. 41.

Can you or my friends, who press me to this, bear me out in it? See, if with all the notions of virtue (which you, more than any one, have helped to propagate in this age) it be possible to make such an affair pass tolerable in the world! The experiment however shall be made, if I live out this summer; and you shall hear me say, as the old bachelor in the Latin Menander, with a little alteration,

*Etsi hoc molestum,—atque alienum a vitamea
Videtur; si vos tantopere istuc vultis, fiat.*

Terent. Adelph. Act 5. Sc. 8. ver. 21.

You see upon what foot of friendship I treat you. Judge whether it be necessary for you hereafter to say much in order to convince me what a friend you are; and for my own part, I have reduced you, I am confident, to the necessity of believing me either the most insincere of all men, or the most faithfully your friend and humble servant.

I missed our great friend, when I was last to visit him at St James's. I intend for Windsor very soon, if I am able.

LETTER CXLII.

From the same to the same.

Ryegate in Surrey,

Nov. 1. 1709,

Dear Sir,

IF I have had any real joy in any new state, it was then chiefly when I received yours that wished it me. The two or three friends whom, besides yourself, I pretend to call by that name, were so much parties to the affair, and so near me, that their part of congratulation was in a manner anticipated. Happily you were at a good distance, and *point de vue* to see right: for as little trust as I allow to the common friendship of the world, I am so presumptuous in this case of a near and intimate friend, that, instead of mistrusting their affection, I am rather afraid of its rendering them too partial. The interest and part which I believe them ready to take in my concern, makes me wish them sometimes to see me (as they should do themselves)

from a distance, and in a less favourable light. So that, although I have had god-fathers to my match, I have not been confirmed till I had your approbation: and though (thank God) I have had faith to believe myself a good Christian without episcopal confirmation, I should have thought myself an ill husband, and but half married, if I had not received your concluding sentence and friendly blessing. In good earnest (for to you I am not ashamed to say it) I have for many years known no other pleasure, or interest, or satisfaction, in doing any thing, but as I thought it right, and what became me to my friends and country. Not that I think I had the less pleasure for this reason: but honesty will always be thought a melancholy thing to those who go but half way into the reason of it, and are honest by chance or by force of nature, not by reason or conviction. Were I to talk of marriage, and forced to speak my mind plainly, and without the help of humour or railery, I should doubtless offend the most part of sober married people, and the ladies chiefly; for I should in reality think I did wonders in extolling the happiness of my new state, and the merit of my wife in particular, by saying, that I verily thought myself as happy a man now as ever. And is not that subject enough of joy? What would a man of sense wish more? For my own part, if I find any sincere joy, it is because I promised myself no other than the satisfaction of my friends, who thought my family worth preserving, and myself worth nursing in an indifferent crazy state, to which a wife (if a real good one) is a great help. Such a one I have found; and if by her help or care I can regain a tolerable share of health, you may be sure it will be employed as you desire, since my marriage itself was but a means to that end.

I have deferred three or four posts the answering yours, in expectation of reporting something to you from our great Lord, to whom I had lately sent a letter; he having before let me know that he would soon write to me upon something of moment; but as yet I have heard nothing. Only, as oft as he sees a friend of ours, he enquires after me with a particular kindness. I am now at such a convenient distance from him, whether he be at St James's, Kensington, or Wind-

for, that when the weather and wind serve for me, and I am tolerably well, I can in four or five hours driving be ready to attend him. Other attendance I am not, you know, capable of; nor can I expect such a change of health as that comes to; for sincerely it depends on that alone. As proudly as I have carried myself to other ministers, I could as willingly pass a morning waiting at his levee as any where else in the world.

When I was last with him at Windsor, you may be sure, I could not omit speaking to him of yourself. The time I had with him was much interrupted by company. I know not how my interest, on such a foot as this, is like to grow; but I am certain it shall not want any cultivating, which an honest man, and in my circumstances, can possibly bestow upon it. If he has, or comes to have, any good opinion of my capacity or knowledge, he must withal regard me in the choice I make of friends. And if it happens, as fortunately it has done, that the chief friend I have, and the first whom I consider in public affairs, was previously his own acquaintance and proved friend, one would think he should afterwards come to set a higher value upon him. and since he cannot have one always near him who gladly would be so, he will oblige another who is willing and able. And in reality, if at this time your coming up depends only on his wish (as you tell me) and the commands he may have for you, I shall much wonder if he forgets the advantage, or thinks he can dispense with your presence at such a time.

Your character of Lord Wharton is very generous. I am glad to hear so well of him. If ever I expected any public good where virtue was wholly sunk, it was in his character; the most mysterious of any in my account, for this reason. But I have seen many proofs of this monstrous compound in him, of the very worst and best. A thousand kind thanks to you in my own and spouse's name, for your kind thoughts of seeing us. I add only my repeated service and good wishes, as your old and faithful friend, and obliged humble servant.

LETTER CXLIII.

*Lord Shaftesbury to Lord ***.*

[Sent with the Notion of the Historical Draught of the Judgment of Hercules.]

My Lord,

THIS letter comes to your Lordship, accompanied with a small writing intitled A Notion: for such alone can that piece deservedly be called, which aspires no higher than to the forming of a project, and that too in so vulgar a science as painting. But whatever the subject be, if it can prove any way entertaining to you, it will sufficiently answer my design. And if possibly it may have that good success, I should have no ordinary opinion of my project, since I know how hard it would be to give your Lordship a real entertainment by any thing which was not in some respect worthy and useful.

On this account, I must by way of prevention inform your Lordship, that after I had conceived my Notion, such as you see it upon paper, I was not contented with this, but fell directly to work, and by the hand of a master-painter brought it into practice, and formed a real design. This was not enough. I resolved afterward to see what effect it would have, when taken out of mere black-and-white into colours; and thus a sketch was afterwards drawn. This pleased so well, that being encouraged by the *virtuosi* who are so eminent in this part of the world, I resolved at last to engage my painter in the great work. Immediately a cloth was bespoke of a suitable dimension, and the figures taken as big or bigger than the common life; the subject being of the heroic kind, and requiring rather such figures as should appear above ordinary human stature.

Thus my Notion, as light as it may prove in the treatise, is become very substantial in the workmanship. The piece is still in hand, and like to continue so for some time. Otherwise the first draught or design should have accompanied the treatise, as the treatise does this letter. But the design having grown thus into a sketch, and the sketch afterwards into a picture, I thought it fit your Lordship should either see the several pieces together, or be troubled only with that which was the best, as undoubtedly the great

one must prove, if the master I employ sinks not very much below himself in this performance.

Far surely should I be, my Lord, from conceiving any vanity or pride in amusements of such an inferior kind as these, especially were they such as they may naturally at first sight appear. I pretend not here to apologize either for them or for myself. Your Lordship however knows I have naturally ambition enough to make me desirous of employing myself in business of a higher order: since it has been my fortune in public affairs to act often in concert with you, and in the same views, on the interests of Europe and mankind. There was a time, and that a very early one of my life, when I was not wanting to my country in this respect. But after some years of hearty labour and pains in this kind of workmanship, an unhappy breach in my health drove me not only from the seat of business, but forced me to seek these foreign climates; where, as mild as the winters generally are, I have with much ado lived out this latter one; and am now, as your Lordship finds, employing myself in such easy studies as are most suitable to my state of health, and to the genius of the country where I am confined.

This in the mean time I can with some assurance say to your Lordship in a kind of spirit of prophesy, from what I have observed of the rising genius of our nation, that if we live to see a peace any way answerable to that generous spirit with which this war was begun, and carried on for our own liberty and that of Europe, the figure we are like to make abroad, and the increase of knowledge, industry and sense at home, will render united Britain the principal seat of arts; and by her politeness and advantages in this kind, will shew evidently how much she owes to those counsels which taught her to exert herself so resolutely in behalf of the common cause, and that of her own liberty and happy constitution necessarily included.

I can myself remember the time when in respect of music, our reigning taste was in many degrees inferior to the French. The long reign of luxury and pleasure under King Charles the Second, and the foreign helps and studied advantages given to music in a following reign,

could not raise our genius the least in this respect. But when the spirit of the nation was grown more free, though engaged at that time in the fiercest war, and with the most doubtful success, we no sooner began to turn ourselves towards music, and inquire what Italy in particular produced, than in an instant we outstripped our neighbours the French, entered into a genius far beyond theirs, and raised ourselves an ear and judgment not inferior to the best now in the world.

In the same manner as to painting. Though we have as yet nothing of our own native growth in this kind worthy of being mentioned, yet since the public has of late begun to express a relish for engravings, drawings, copyings, and for the original paintings of the chief Italian schools (so contrary to the modern French), I doubt not that in very few years we shall make an equal progress in this other science. And when our humour turns us to cultivate these designing arts, our genius, I am persuaded, will naturally carry us over the slighter amusements, and lead us to that higher, more serious, and noble part of imitation which relates to history, human nature, and the chief degree, or order of beauty; I mean that of the rational life, distinct from the merely vegetable and sensible, as in animals or plants; according to those several degrees or orders of painting which your Lordship will find suggested in this extemporary Notion I have sent you.

As for architecture, it is no wonder if so many noble designs of this kind have miscarried amongst us, since the genius of our nation has hitherto been so little turned this way, that through several reigns we have patiently seen the noblest public buildings perish (if I may say so) under the hand of one single court-architect; who, if he had been able to profit by experience, would long since, at our expence, have proved the greatest master in the world. But I question whether our patience is like to hold much longer. The devastation so long committed in this kind, has made us begin to grow rude and clamorous at the hearing of a new palace spoiled, or a new design committed to some rash or impotent pretender.

It is the good fate of our nation in this particular, that there remain yet
two

two of the noblest subjects for architecture: our Princess' palace and our House of Parliament. For I cannot but fancy that when Whitehall is thought of, the neighbouring Lords and Commons will at the same time be placed in better chambers and apartments than at present; were it only for Majesty's sake, and as a magnificence becoming the person of the Prince, who here appears in full solemnity. Nor do I fear that when these new subjects are attempted, we should miscarry as grossly as we have done in others before. Our state in this respect, may prove perhaps more fortunate than our church, in having waited till a national taste was formed before these edifices were undertaken. But the zeal of the nation could not, it seems, admit so long a delay in their ecclesiastical structures, particularly their metropolitan. And since a zeal of this sort has been newly kindled amongst us, it is like we shall see from afar the many spires arising in our great city, with such hasty and sudden growth, as may be the occasion perhaps that our immediate relish shall be hereafter censured, as retaining much of what artists call the Gothic kind.

Hardly, indeed, as the public now stands, should we bear to see a Whitehall treated like a Hampton Court, or even a new cathedral like St. Paul's. Almost every one now becomes concerned, and interests himself in such public structures. Even those pieces too are brought under the common censure, which, though raised by private men, are of such a grandeur and magnificence as to become national ornaments. The ordinary man may build his cottage, or the plain gentleman his country house, according as he fancies; but when a great man builds, he will find little quarter from the public, if, instead of a beautiful pile, he raises at a vast expence such a false and counterfeit piece of magnificence, as can be justly arraigned for its deformity by so many knowing men in art, and by the whole people, who, in such a conjecture, readily follow their opinion.

In reality the people are no small parties in this cause. Nothing moves successfully without them. There can be no public but where they are included. And without a public voice, knowingly guided and directed, there is nothing which can raise a true ambition in the

artist; nothing which can exalt the genius of the workman, or make him emulous of after-same, and of the approbation of his country and of posterity. For with these, he naturally as a freeman must take part; in these he hath a passionate concern and interest raised in him, by the same genius of liberty, the same laws and government by which his property and the rewards of his pains and industry are secured to him, and to his generation after him.

Every thing co-operates in such a state towards the improvement of art and science. And for the designing arts in particular, such as architecture, painting, and statuary, they are in a manner linked together. The taste of one kind brings necessarily that of the other along with it. When the free spirit of a nation turns itself this way, judgments are formed; cities arise; the public eye and ear improve; a right taste prevails, and in a manner forces its way. Nothing is so improving, nothing so natural, so congenial to the liberal arts, as that reigning liberty and high spirit of a people, which from the habit of judging in the highest matters for themselves, makes them freely judge of other subjects, and enter thoroughly into the characters as well of men and manners, as of the products or works of men in arts and science. So much, my Lord, do we owe to the excellence of our national constitution and legal monarchy; happily fitted for us, and which alone could hold together so mighty a people; all shares (though at so far a distance from each other) in the government of themselves, and meeting under one head in one vast metropolis, whose enormous growth, however censurable in other respects, is actually a cause that workmanship and arts of so many kinds arise to such perfection.

What encouragement our higher powers may think fit to give these growing arts, I will not pretend to guess. This I know, that it is so much for their advantage and interest to make themselves the chief parties in the cause, that I wish no court or ministry, besides a truly virtuous and wise one, may ever concern themselves in the affair. For should they do so, they would in reality do more harm than good: since it is not the nature of a court (such as courts generally are) to improve, but rather corrupt

rupt a taste. And what is in the beginning set wrong by their example, is hardly ever afterwards recoverable in the genius of a nation.

Content therefore I am, my Lord, that Britain stands in this respect as she now does. Nor can one, methinks, with just reason, regret her having hitherto made no greater advancement in these affairs of art. As her constitution has grown and been established, she has in proportion fitted herself for other improvements. There has been no anticipation in the case. And in this surely she must be esteemed wise as well as happy; that ere she attempted to raise herself any other taste or relish, she secured herself a right one in government. She has now the advantage of beginning in other matters on a new foot. She has her models yet to seek, her scale and standard to form with deliberation and good choice. Able enough she is at present to shift for herself, however abandoned or helpless she has been left by those whom it became to assist her. Hardly, indeed, could she procure a single academy for the training of her youth in exercises. As good soldiers as we are, and as good horses as our climate affords, our princes, rather than expend their treasure this way, have suffered our youth to pass into a foreign nation to learn to ride. As for other academies, such as those for painting, sculpture, or architecture, we have not so much as heard of the proposal: whilst the prince of our rival nation raises academies, breeds youth, and sends rewards and pensions into foreign countries, to advance the interest and credit of his own. Now if, notwithstanding the industry and pains of this foreign court, and the supine unconcernedness of our own, the national taste however rises, and already shews itself in many respects beyond that of our so highly assisted neighbours; what greater proof can there be of the superiority of genius in one of these nations above the other?

It is but this moment that I chance to read in an article of one of the gazettes from Paris, that it is resolved at court to establish a new academy for political affairs. "In it the present chief minister is to preside; having under him six academists, *doux des talens necessaires* —no person to be received under the age of twenty-five. A thousand

livres pension for each scholar—able masters to be appointed for teaching them the necessary sciences, and instructing them in the treaties of peace and alliances, which have been formerly made—the members to assemble three times a week—*c'est de ce seminaire (says the writer) qu'on tirera les secretaires d'ambassade; qui par degrez pourront monter a de plus hauts emplois.*"

I must confess, my Lord, as great an admirer as I am of these regular institutions, I cannot but look upon an academy for ministers as a very extraordinary establishment; especially in such a monarchy as France, and at such a conjuncture as the present. It looks as if the ministers of that court had discovered lately some new method of negociation, such as their predecessors Richlieu and Mazarine never thought of; or that, on the contrary, they have found themselves so declined, and at such a loss in the management of this present treaty, as to be forced to take their lessons from some of those ministers with whom they treat; a reproach of which, no doubt, they must be highly sensible.

But it is not my design here to entertain your Lordship with any reflections upon politics, or the methods which the French may take to raise themselves new ministers or new generals; who may prove a better match for us than hitherto, whilst we held our old. I will only say to your Lordship on this subject of academies, that indeed I have less concern for the deficiency of such a one as this, than of any other which could be thought of for England; and that as for a seminary of statesmen, I doubt not but, without this extraordinary help, we shall be able, out of our old stock, and the common course of business, constantly to furnish a sufficient number of well-qualified persons to serve upon occasion, either at home or in our foreign treaties, as often as such persons accordingly qualified shall duly, honestly, and *bona fide* be required to serve.

I return therefore to my virtuoso science; which being my chief amusement in this place and circumstance, your Lordship has by it a fresh instance that I can never employ my thoughts with satisfaction on any subject, without making you a party. For even this very Notion had its rise chiefly from the conversation

of a certain day which I had the happiness to pass a few years since in the country with your Lordship. It was there you shewed me some engravings which had been sent you from Italy. One in particular I well remember; of which the subject was the very same with that of my written Notion enclosed. But by what hand it was done, or after what master, or how executed, I have quite forgot. It was the summer season, when you had recess from business. And I have accordingly calculated this epistle and project for the same recess and leisure. For by the time this can reach England, the spring will be far advanced, and the national affairs in a manner over with those who are not in the immediate administration:

Were that indeed your Lordship's lot at present, I know not whether, in regard to my country, I should dare throw such amusements as these in your way. Yet even in this case, I would venture to say however, in defence of my project, and of the cause of painting, that could my young hero come to your Lordship as well represented as he might have been, either by the hand of a Marat or a Jordano (the masters who were in being, and in repute, when I first travelled here in Italy), the picture itself, whatever the treatise proved, would have been worth notice, and might have become a present worthy of our court, and prince's palace, especially were it so blessed as to lodge within it a royal issue of her Majesty's. Such a piece of furniture might well fit the gallery, or hall of exercises, where our young princes should learn their usual lessons. And to see Virtue in this garb and action, might perhaps be no slight memorandum hereafter to a royal youth, who should one day come to undergo this trial himself; on which his own happiness, as well as the fate of Europe and the world, would in so great a measure depend.

This, my Lord, is making (as you see) the most I can of my project, and setting off my amusements with the best colour I am able; that I may be the more excusable in communicating them to your Lordship, and expressing thus, with what zeal I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most faithful humble servant.

Naples, March 6,
N. S. 1712.

LETTER CXLIV:

From the Earl of Shaftesbury to the Earl of Oxford.

My Lord, Reygate, March 29, 1711.
THE honour you have done me in many kind inquiries after my health, and the favour you have shewn me lately, in forwarding the only means I have left for my recovery, by trying the air of a warmer climate, obliges me, ere I leave England, to return your Lordship my most humble thanks and acknowledgments in this manner, since I am unable to do it in a better. I might perhaps, my Lord, do injustice to myself, having had no opportunity of late years to pay my particular respects to you, if I should attempt any otherwise to compliment your Lordship on the late honours you have received, than by appealing to the early acquaintance and strict correspondence I had once the honour to maintain with you and your family, for which I had been bred almost from my infancy to have the highest regard. Your Lordship well knows my principles and behaviour from the first hour I engaged in any public concern, and with what zeal I spent some years of my life in supporting your interest, which I thought of greater moment to the public than my own or family's could ever be. What the natural effects are of private friendship so founded, and what the consequence of different opinions intervening, your Lordship, who is so good a judge of men and things, can better resolve with yourself, than I can possibly suggest. And being so knowing in friends (of whom your Lordship has acquired so many), you can recollect how those ties or obligations have been hitherto preserved towards you, and whose friendships, affections and principles you may for the future best depend upon in all circumstances and variations, public and private. For my own part, I shall say only, that I very sincerely wish you all happiness, and can with no man living congratulate more heartily on what I account real honour and prosperity. Your conduct of the public will be the just earnest and insurance of your greatness and power; and I shall then chiefly congratulate with your Lordship on your merited honours and advancement, when by the happy effects it appears evidently in

in the service of what cause, and for the advantage of what interest, they were acquired and enjoyed. Had I been to wish by what hands the public should have been served, the honour of the first part (your Lordship well knows) had fallen to you long since. If others, from whom I least hoped, have done greatly and as became them, I hope, if possible, you will exceed all they have performed, and accomplish the great work so gloriously begun and carried on for the rescue of liberty, and the deliverance of Europe and mankind. And in this presumption I cannot but remain with the same zeal and sincerity as ever, my Lord, &c:

LETTER CXLV.

From the same to Lord Godolphin.

My Lord, Reygate, May 27, 1711.

B EING about to attempt a journey to Italy, to try what a warmer climate (if I am able to reach it) may do towards the restoring me a little breath and life, it is impossible for me to stir hence till I have acquitted myself of my respects the

best I can to your Lordship, to whom alone, had I but strength enough to make my compliments, and pay a day's attendance in town, I should think myself sufficiently happy in my weak state of health. I am indeed, my Lord, little able to render services of any kind; nor do I pretend to offer myself in such a capacity to any one except your Lordship only. But could I flatter myself that ere I parted hence, or while I passed through France or staid in Italy, I could any where, in the least trifle, or in the highest concern, render any manner of service to your Lordship, I should be proud of such a commission. Sure I am, in what relates to your honour and name (if that can receive ever any advantage from such an hand as mine) your public as well as private merit will not pass unremembered into whatever region or climate I am transferred. No one has a more thorough knowledge in that kind than myself, nor no one there is, who on this account has a juster right to profess himself, as I shall ever do, with highest obligation and most constant zeal, my Lord, your Lordship's most faithful and most obedient humble servant.

Epistolarum Sylloge :

OR,

ELEGANT EPISTLES.

BOOK THE THIRD.

LETTERS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY, AND OF LATE DATE.

SECTION I.

FROM MR POPE AND HIS FRIENDS.

LETTER I.

Mr. Pope to Mr Wycherley.

Binfield in Windsor Forest, Dec. 26, 1704*.
IT was certainly a great satisfaction to me to see and converse with a man, whom in his writings I had so long known with pleasure; but it was a high addition to it, to hear you, at our very first meeting, doing justice to our dead friend Mr. Dryden. I was not so happy as to know him: *Virgilium tantum vidi*. Had I been born early enough, I must have known and loved him: for I have been assured, not only by yourself, but by Mr. Congreve and Sir William Trumbul, that his personal qualities were as amiable as his poetical, notwithstanding the many libellous misrepresentations of them, against which the former of these gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him †. I suppose those injuries were begun by the violence of party, but it is no doubt they were continued by envy at

his success and fame. And those scribblers who attacked him in his latter times, were only like gnats in a summer's evening, which are never very troublesome but in the finest and most glorious season; but his fire, like the sun's, shined clearest towards its setting.

You must not therefore imagine, that when you told me my own performances were above those critics, I was so vain as to believe it: and yet I may not be so humble as to think myself quite below their notice. For critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural inclination to carrion: and though such poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is so poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is so beggarly but he can keep a critic. I am far from thinking the attacks of such people either any honour or dishonour even to me, much less to Mr. Dryden. I agree with you, that whatever lesser wits have risen since his death, are but like stars appearing when the sun is set, that twinkle only in his absence, and with the rays they have borrowed from him. Our wit (as you call it) is but reflection or imitation, therefore scarce to be called ours. True wit, I believe,
may

* The author's age then sixteen.

† He since did so in his Dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, prefixed to the duodecimo edition of Dryden's Plays, 1717.

may be defined a justness of thought and a facility of expression; or (in the midwives phrase) a perfect conception, with an easy delivery. However, this is far from a complete definition. Pray, help me to a better, as I doubt not you can. I am, &c.

LETTER II.

From the same to the same.

March 25, 1705.

WHEN I write to you, I foresee a long letter, and ought to beg your patience before-hand; for if it proves the longest, it will be of course the worst I have troubled you with. Yet, to express my gratitude at large for your obliging letter, is not more my duty than my interest, as some people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindness, to put you in mind of bestowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more distinctly I see my faults: spots and blemishes, you know, are never so plainly discovered as in the brightest sunshine. Thus I am mortified by those commendations which were designed to encourage me; for praise to a young wit is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately bestowed, it cheers and revives; but if too lavishly, overcharges and depresses him. Most men in years, as they are generally discouragers of youth, are like old trees, that, being past bearing themselves, will suffer no young plants to flourish beneath them; but, as if it were not enough to have outdone all your coevals in wit, you will excel them in good nature too. As for my green essays*, if you find any pleasure in them, it must be such as a man naturally takes in observing the first shoots and buddings of a tree which he has raised himself: and it is impossible they should be esteemed any otherwise than as we value fruits for being early, which nevertheless are the most insipid, and the worst of the year. In a word, I must blame you for treating me with so much compliment, which is at best but the smoke of friendship. I neither write nor converse with you to gain your praise, but your affection. Be so much my friend as to appear my enemy, and to tell me my faults, if not as a young man, at least as an inexperienced writer. I am, &c.

LETTER III.

From the same to the same.

April 30, 1705.

I CANNOT contend with you: you must give me leave at once to wave all your compliments, and to collect only this in general from them, that your design is to encourage me: but I separate from all the rest that paragraph or two in which you make me so warm an offer of your friendship. Were I possessed of that, it would put an end to all those speeches with which you now make me blush; and change them to wholesome advices and free sentiments, which might make me wiser and happier. I know it is the general opinion, that friendship is best contracted betwixt persons of equal age; but I have so much interest to be of another mind, that you must pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few notions of mine, in opposition to that opinion.

In the first place, it is observable, that the love we bear to our friends is generally caused by our finding the same dispositions in them which we feel in ourselves. This is but self-love at the bottom: whereas the affection betwixt people of different ages cannot well be so, the inclinations of such being commonly various. The friendship of two young men is often occasioned by love of pleasure or voluptuousness, each being desirous for his own sake of one to assist or encourage him in the course he pursues: as that of two old men is frequently on the score of some profit, lucre, or design upon others. Now, as a young man, who is less acquainted with the ways of the world, has in all probability less of interest; and an old man, who may be weary of himself, has, or should have, less of self-love,—so the friendship between them is the more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much self-regard. One may add to this, that such a friendship is of greater use and advantage to both; for the old man will grow gay and agreeable to please the young one; and the young man more discreet and prudent by the help of the old one; so it may prove a cure of those epidemical diseases of age and youth, sourness and madness. I hope you will not need many arguments to convince you of the possibility of this; one alone abundantly

* His pastorals, written at sixteen years of age.

satisfies me, and convinces to the heart ; which is, that young as I am, and old as you are *, I am your entirely affectionate, &c.

LETTER IV.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

Oct. 26, 1705.

I HAVE now changed the scene from the town to the country ; from Will's coffee-house to Windfor-forest. I find no other difference than this, betwixt the common town wits and the downright country fools, that the first are perty in the wrong, with a little more flourish and gaiety ; and the last neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a stupid settled medium betwixt both. However, methinks, these are most in the right, who quietly and easily resign themselves over to the gentle reign of dulness which the wits must do at last, though after a great deal of noise and resistance. Ours are a sort of modest inoffensive people, who neither have sense, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial sort of dulness: they are commonly known in the world by the name of Honest, Civil Gentlemen: they live, much as they ride, at random ; a kind of hunting life, pursuing with earnestness and hazard something not worth the catching ; never in the way, nor out of it. I cannot but prefer solitude to the company of all these : for tho' a man's self may possibly be the worst fellow to converse with in the world, yet one would think the company of a person whom we have the greatest regard to and affection for, could not be very unpleasant. As a man in love with a mistress desires no conversation but hers, so a man in love with himself (as most men are) may be best pleased with his own. Besides, if the truest and most useful knowledge be the knowledge of ourselves, solitude, conducing most to make us look into ourselves, should be the most instructive state of life. We see nothing more commonly, than men who, for the sake of the circumstantial part, and mere outside of life, have been half their days rambling out of their nature, and ought to be sent into solitude to study themselves over again. People

are usually spoiled, instead of being taught at their coming into the world : whereas, by being more conversant with obscurity, without any pains, they would naturally follow what they are meant for. In a word, if a man be a coxcomb, solitude is his best school ; and if he be a fool, it is his best sanctuary.

These are good reasons for my own stay here ; but I wish I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earnestly invite you : and yet I cannot help saying I have suffered a great deal of discontent that you do not come, though I so little merit that you should.

I must complain of the shortness of your last. Those who have most wit, like those who have most money, are generally most sparing of either.

LETTER V.

From the same to the same.

April 10, 1706.

By one of yours of the last month, you desire me to select, if possible, some things from the first volume of your Miscellanies †, which may be altered so as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in this : whether it was to pick out the best of those verses (as those on the Idleness of Business, on Ignorance, on Laziness, &c.) to make the method and numbers exact, and avoid repetitions ? For tho' (upon reading them on this occasion) I believe they might receive such an alteration with advantage, yet they would not be changed so much but any one would know them for the same at first sight. Or if you mean to improve the worst pieces ; which are such as, to render them very good, would require great addition, and almost the entire new writing of them. Or, lastly, If you mean the middle sort, as the Songs and Love-verses ? For these will need only to be shortened, to omit repetition ; the words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loss. Yet I have tried what I could do to some of the songs, and the poems on Laziness and Ignorance ; but cannot (even in my own partial judgment) think my alterations much to the purpose : so that I must needs desire

* Mr. Wycherley was at this time about seventy years old : Mr. Pope under seventeen.

† Printed in folio, in the year 1704.

you would apply your care wholly at present to those which are yet unpublished, of which there are more than enough to make a considerable volume, of full as good ones; nay, I believe of better than any in Vol. I, which I could wish you would defer, at least till you have finished these that are yet unprinted.

I send you a sample of some few of these; namely, the verses to Mr. Waller in his old age: your new ones on the Duke of Marlborough, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them: some I have contracted, as we do sun-beams, to improve their energy and force: some I have taken quite away, as we take branches from a tree to add to the fruit; others I have entirely new expressed, and turned more into poetry. Donne (like one of his successors) had infinitely more wit than he wanted verification: for the great dealers of wit, like those in trade, take least pains to set off their goods; while the haberdashers of small wit spare for no decorations or ornaments. You have commissioned me to paint your shop; and I have done my best to brush you up like your neighbours*. But I can no more pretend to the merit of the production, than a midwife to the virtues and good qualities of the child she helps into the light.

The few things I have entirely added, you will excuse; you may take them lawfully for your own, because they are no more than sparks lighted up by your fire: and you may omit them at last, if you think them but squibs in your triumphs. I am, &c.

LETTER VI,

From the same to the same,

Nov. 20, 1707.

MR. Englefield, being upon his journey to London, tells me I must write to you by him, which I do, not more to comply with his desire than to gratify my own; though I did it so lately by the messenger you sent hither: I take it too as an opportunity of sending you the

fair copy of the poem on Dulness†, which was not then finished, and which I should not care to hazard by the common post. Mr. Englefield is ignorant of the contents; and I hope your prudence will let him remain so, for my sake no less than your own; since, if you should reveal any thing of this nature, it would be no wonder reports should be raised, and there are those (I fear) who would be ready to improve them to my disadvantage. I am sorry you told the great man, whom you met in the court of requests, that your papers were in my hands. No man alive shall ever know any such thing from me; and I give you this warning besides, That though yourself should say I had any ways assisted you, I am notwithstanding resolved to deny it.

The method of the copy I send you is very different from what it was, and much more regular: for the better help of your memory, I desire you to compare it by the figures in the margin, answering to the same in this letter. The Poem is now divided into four parts, marked with the literal figures 1, 2, 3, 4. The first contains the Praise of Dulness; and shews how upon several suppositions it passes for, 1, religion; 2, philosophy; 3, example; 4, wit; and, 5, the cause of wit, and the end of it. The second part contains the Advantages of Dulness; 1st, In business; and, 2dly, At court; where the similitudes of the bias of a bowl, and the weights of a clock, are directly tending to the subject, though introduced before in a place where there was no mention made of those advantages (which was your only objection to my adding them). The third contains the Happiness of Dulness in all stations; and shews, in a great many particulars, that it is so fortunate as to be esteemed some good quality or other in all sorts of people: that it is thought quiet, sense, caution, policy, prudence, majesty, valour, circumspection, honesty, &c. The fourth part I have wholly added, as a climax which sums up all the praise, advantage, and happiness of Dulness in a few words, and strengthens them by the opposition of

* Several of Mr. Pope's lines, very easy to be distinguished, may be found in the posthumous editions of Wycherley's Poems; particularly those on Solitude, on the Public, and on the Mixed Life.

† The original of it in blots, and with figures of the references from copy to copy, in Mr. Pope's hand, is yet extant among other such brouillons of Mr. Wycherley's poems, corrected by him.

the disgrace, disadvantage, and un happiness of wit, with which it concludes.

Though the whole be as short again as at first, there is not one thought omitted, but what is a repetition of something in your first volume, or in this very paper. Some thoughts are contracted, where they seemed encompassed with too many words; and some new expressed, or added, where I thought there wanted heightening (as you will see particularly in the simile of the clock-weights *); and the verification throughout is, I believe, such as nobody can be shocked at. The repeated permissions you give me of dealing freely with you, will (I hope) excuse what I have done: for if I have not spared you when I thought severity would do you a kindness, I have not mangled you where I thought there was no absolute need of amputation. As to particulars, I can satisfy you better when we meet. In the mean time, pray write to me when you can, — you cannot too often.

LETTER VII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

Nov. 29, 1707.

THE compliments you make me, in regard of any inconsiderable service I could do you, are very unkind; and do but tell me, in other words, that my friend has so mean an opinion of me, as to think I expect acknowledgments for trifles; which, upon my faith, I shall equally take amiss, whether made to myself or to any other. For God's sake (my dear friend) think better of me; and believe I desire no sort of favour so much as that of serving you more considerably than I have yet been able to do.

I shall proceed in this manner with some others of your pieces; but since you desire I would not deface your copy for the future, and only mark the repetitions, I must, as soon as I have marked these, transcribe what is left on another paper; and in that blot, alter and add all I can devise for their improvement;

* These two similes of the bias of a bowl, and the weights of a clock, were at length put into the first book of the *Dunciad*; and thus we have the history of their birth, fortunes, and final establishment.

for you are sensible, the omission of repetitions is but one, and the easiest part of yours and my design; there remaining besides, to rectify the method, to connect the matter, and to mend the expression and verification. I will go next upon the poems of Solitude, on the Public, and on the Mixt Life, the Bill of Fare, the Praises of Avarice, and some others.

I must take notice of what you say, of "my pains to make your dulness methodical;" and of your hint, "That the sprightliness of wit despises method." This is true enough, if by wit you mean no more than fancy or conceit; but in the better notion of wit, considered as propriety, surely method is not only necessary for perspicuity and harmony of parts, but gives beauty even to the minute and particular thoughts, which receive an additional advantage from those which precede or follow in their due place. You remember a simile Mr. Dryden used in conversation, of feathers in the crowns of the wild Indians; which they not only choose for the beauty of their colours, but place them in such a manner as to reflect a lustre on each other. I will not disguise any of my sentiments from you: to methodize in your case, is full as necessary as to strike out; otherwise, you had better destroy the whole frame, and reduce them into single thoughts in prose, like Rochefoucault, as I have more than once hinted to you.

LETTER VIII.

From the same to the same.

May 20, 1709.

I AM glad you received the Miscellany †, if it were only to shew you that there are as bad poets in this nation as your servant. This modern custom of appearing in miscellanies, is very useful to the poets, who, like other thieves, escape by getting into a crowd, and herd together like banditti, safe only in their multitude. Methinks Strada has given a good description of these kind of collections: "Nullus hodie mortalium aut nascitur aut moritur, aut proeliatur, aut rusticatur, aut abit peregre, aut reddit, aut nubit, aut est, aut non est (nam etiam

† Jacob Tonson's sixth vol. of *Miscellany Poems*.

LETTER IX.

From the same to the same.

April 15, 1710.

mortuis isti caunt) cui non ille exemplo cadunt Epicedia, Genethliaca, Protrep-tica, Panegyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemptica, Soterica, Parænetica, Næ-nias, Nugas." As to the success which, you say, my part has met with, it is to be attributed to what you was pleased to say of me to the world; which you do well to call your prophecy, since what-ever is said in my favour, must be a pre-diction of things that are not yet: you, like a true godfather, engage on my part for much more than ever I can perform. My pastoral muse, like other country girls, is put out of countenance, by what you courtiers say to her; yet I hope you would not deceive me too far, as know-ing that a young scribbler's vanity needs no recruits from abroad; for Nature, like an indulgent mother, kindly takes care to supply her sons with as much of their own, as is necessary for their satis-faction. If my verses should meet with a few flying commendations, Virgil has taught me, that a young author has not too much reason to be pleased with them, when he considers that the natural con-sequence of praise is envy and calumny.

— Si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

When once a man has appeared as a poet, he may give up his pretensions to all the rich and thriving arts: those who have once made their court to those mistresses without portions, the Muses, are never like to set up for fortunes: but for my part, I shall be satisfied if I can lose my time agreeably this way, without losing my reputation: as for gaining any, I am as indifferent in the matter as Falstaffe was; and may say of fame as he did of honour, "If it comes, it comes unlock'd for; and there's an end on't." I can be content with a bare saving game, without being thought an eminent hand (with which title Jacob has graciously dignified his adventurers and volunteers in poetry). Jacob creates poets as Kings sometimes do knights, not for their honour, but for their money. Certainly he ought to be esteemed a worker of miracles, who is grown rich by poetry.

What authors lose, their booksellers have won,
So pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.

I am yours, &c.

I RECEIVED your most extreme kind letter but just now. It found me over those papers you mention, which have been my employment ever since Easter-Monday: I hope before Michaelmas to have discharged my task; which, upon the word of a friend, is the most pleasing one I could be put upon. Since you are so near going into Shropshire (whither I shall not care to write of this matter, for fear of the miscarriage of any letters) I must desire your leave to give you a plain and sincere account of what I have found from a more serious application to them. Upon comparison with the former volume, I find much more repeated than I till now imagined, as well as in the present volume; which, if (as you told me last) you would have me dash over with a line, will deface the whole copy extremely, and to a degree that (I fear) may displease you. I have everywhere marked in the margins the page and line, both in this and the other part. But if you order me not to cross the lines, or would any way else limit my commission, you will oblige me by doing it in your next letter; for I am at once equally fearful of sparing you, and of offending you by too impudent a correction. Hitherto, however, I have crossed them so as to be legible because you bade me. When I think all the repetitions are struck out in a copy, I sometimes find more upon dipping in the first volume; and the number increases so much, that I believe more shortening will be requisite than you may be willing to bear with, unless you are in good earnest resolved to have no thought repeated. Pray forgive this freedom, which as I must be sincere in this case, so I could not but take; and let me know if I am to go on at this rate, or if you would prescribe any other method.

I am very glad you continue your resolution of seeing me in my hermitage this summer. The sooner you return, the sooner I shall be happy; which indeed my want of any company that is entertaining or esteemable, together with frequent infirmities and pains, hinder me from being in your absence. It is (I

am sure) a real truth, that my sickness cannot make me quite weary of myself when I have you with me; and I shall wait no company but yours, when you are here.

You see how freely and with how little care I talk, rather than write to you. This is one of the many advantages of friendship, that one can say to one's friend the things that stand in need of pardon, and at the same time be sure of it. Indeed, I do not know whether or no the letters of friends are the worse for being fit for none else to read. It is an argument of the trust reposed in a friend's good-nature, when one writes such things to him as require a good portion of it. I have experienced yours so often and so long, that I can now no more doubt of the greatness of it than I hope you do of the greatness of my affection, or of the sincerity with which I am, &c.

LETTER X.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

May 10, 1710.

I AM sorry you persist to take ill my not accepting your invitation, and to find (if I mistake not) your exception not unmixed with some suspicion. Be certain I shall most carefully observe your request, not to cross over, or deface the copy of your papers for the future, and only to mark in the margin the repetitions. But as this can serve no farther than to get rid of those repetitions, and no way rectify the method, nor connect the matter, nor improve the poetry in expression or numbers, without further blotting, adding, and altering; so it really is my opinion and desire, that you shall take your papers out of my hands into your own, and that no alterations may be made but when both of us are present; when you may be satisfied with every blot, as well as every addition, and nothing be put upon the papers but what you shall give your own sanction and assent to at the same time.

Do not be so unjust, as to imagine from hence that I would decline any part of this task; on the contrary, you know, I have been at the pains of transcribing some pieces, at once to comply with your desire of not defacing the copy, and yet to lose no time in proceeding upon the correction. I will go on the same way,

if you please; tho' truly it is (as I have often told you) my sincere opinion, that the greater part would make a much better figure as single maxims and reflections in prose, after the manner of your favourite Rochefoucault, than in verse*; and this, when nothing more is done but marking the repetitions in the margin, will be an easy task to proceed upon, notwithstanding the bad memory you complain of. I am unfeignedly, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER X.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Walsh.

Windsor Forest, July 2, 1706.

I CANNOT omit the first opportunity of making you my acknowledgments for reviewing those papers of mine. You have no less right to correct me than the same hand that raised a tree has to prune it. I am convinced as well as you, that one may correct too much; for in poetry as in painting, a man may lay colours one upon another, till they stiffen and deaden the piece. Besides, to bestow heightening on every part is monstrous: some parts ought to be lower than the rest; and nothing looks more ridiculous than a work, where the thoughts, however different in their own nature, seem all on a level: it is like a meadow newly mown, where weeds, grass, and flowers, are all laid even, and appear undistinguished. I believe too that sometimes our first thoughts are the best; as the first squeezing of the grapes makes the finest and richest wine.

I have not attempted any thing of a Pastoral Comedy, because, I think, the taste of our age will not relish a poem of that sort. People seek for what they call Wit, on all subjects, and in all places; not considering that Nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing: conceit is to nature, what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

* Mr. Wycherley lived five years after, to December 1715; but little progress was made in this design, thro' his old age, and the increase of his infirmities. However, some of the verses which had been touched by Mr. P. with ccviii of these maxims in prose, were found among his papers, which, having the misfortune to fall into the hands of a mercenary, were published in 1782, in octavo, under the title of the *Posthumous Works of W. Wycherley, Esq.*

There

There is a certain majesty in simplicity, which is far above all the quaintness of wit: infomuch, that the critics have excluded wit from the loftiest poetry, as well as the lowest, and forbid it to the Epic no less than the Pastoral. I should certainly displease all those who are charmed with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Tasso not only in the simplicity of his thoughts, but in that of the fable too. If surprizing discoveries should have place in the story of a pastoral comedy, I believe it would be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of design; intrigue not being very consistent with that innocence which ought to constitute a shepherd's character. There is nothing in all the *Aminta* (as I remember) but happens by mere accident; unless it be the meeting of *Aminta* with *Sylvia* at the fountain, which is the contrivance of *Daphne*; and even that is the most simple in the world: the contrary is observable in *Pastor Fido*, where *Corisca* is so perfect a mistress of intrigue, that the plot could not have been brought to pass without her. I am inclined to think the Pastoral Comedy has another disadvantage, as to the manners: its general design is to make us in love with the innocence of a rural life, so that to introduce shepherds of a vicious character must in some measure debase it; and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous characters will not shine so much, for want of being opposed to their contraries. These thoughts are purely my own, and therefore I have reason to doubt them; but I hope your judgment will set me right.

I would beg your opinion too as to another point: it is, How far the liberty of borrowing may extend? I have defended it sometimes by saying, That it seems not so much the perfection of sense, to say things that had never been said before, as to express those best that have been said ofteneft; and that writers, in the case of borrowing from others, are like trees which of themselves would produce only one sort of fruit; but by being grafted upon others, may yield variety. A mutual commerce makes poetry flourish; but then poets, like merchants, should repay with something of their own what they take from others; not like pirates, make prize of all they meet. I desire you to tell me sincerely, if I have not stretched this licence too

far in these pastorals: I hope to become a critic by your precepts, and a poet by your example. Since I have seen your *Eclogues*, I cannot be much pleased with my own; however, you have not taken away all my vanity, so long as you give me leave to profess myself yours, &c.

LETTER XII.

From the same to the same.

Oct. 22, 1706.

AFTER the thoughts I have already sent you on the subject of English versification, you desire my opinion as to some farther particulars. There are indeed certain niceties, which, though not much observed even by correct versifiers, I cannot but think deserve to be better regarded.

1, It is not enough that nothing offends the ear, but a good poet will adapt the very sounds, as well as words, to the thing he treats of: so that there is (if one may express it so) a style of sound. As in describing a gliding stream, the numbers should run easy and flowing; in describing a rough torrent or deluge, sonorous and swelling; and so of the rest. This is evident everywhere in *Homer* and *Virgil*, and nowhere else, that I know of, to any observable degree. The following examples will make this plain, which I have taken from *Vida*:

*Molle viam tacito lapsu per levia radit.
Incedit tardo molimine subsidendo.
Luctantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras.
Immeuso cum præcipitans ruit Oceano Nox.
Telum iubelle sine ictu, coniecit.
Tolle moras, cape saxa manu, cape robora,
Pastor.*

Ferte citi flammæ, date tela, repellite pestem.

This, I think, is what very few observe in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting the image on the reader: we have one excellent example of it in our own language, Mr. *Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, entitled *Alexander's Feast*.

2, Every nice ear must (I believe) have observed, that in any smooth English verse of ten syllables, there is naturally a pause at the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable. It is upon these the ear rests; and upon the judicious change and management of which depends the variety of versification. For example,

At the fifth.

Where'er thy navy | spreads her canvas wings.

At the fourth,
Homage to thee | and peace to all she brings.
At the sixth,
Like tracks of leverets | in morning snow.

Now I fancy, that to preserve an exact harmony and variety, the pause at the 4th or sixth should not be continued above three lines together, without the interposition of another; else it will be apt to weary the ear with one continued tone; at least, it does mine: that at the 5th runs quicker, and carries not quite so dead a weight, so tires not so much, though it be continued longer.

3, Another nicety is in relation to expletives, whether words or syllables, which are made use of purely to supply a vacancy: *Do* before verbs plural is absolutely such; and it is not improbable but future refiners may explode *did* and *does* in the same manner, which are almost always used for the sake of rhyme. The same cause has occasioned the promiscuous use of *you* and *thou* to the same person, which can never sound so graceful as either one or the other.

4, I would also object to the irruption of Alexandrine verses, of twelve syllables, which, I think, should never be allowed but when some remarkable beauty or propriety in them atones for the liberty. Mr. Dryden has been too free of these, especially in his latter works. I am of the same opinion as to triple rhymes.

5, I could equally object to the repetition of the same rhymes within four or six lines of each other, as tiresome to the ear through their monotony.

6, Monosyllable lines, unless very artfully managed, are stiff or languishing; but may be beautiful to express melancholy, slowness, or labour.

7, To come to the hiatus, or gap between two words, which is caused by two vowels opening on each other (upon which you desire me to be particular) I think the rule in this case is either to use the cæsura, or admit the hiatus, just as the ear is least shocked by either; for the cæsura sometimes offends the ear more than the hiatus itself; and our language is naturally overcharged with consonants. As for example; if in this verse,

The old have int'rest ever in their eye,
we shall say, to avoid the hiatus,
But th' old have int'rest.

The hiatus, which has the worst effect, is when one word ends with the same vowel that begins the following; and next to this, those vowels whose sounds come nearest each other, are most to be avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful sound than E, I, or Y. I know, some people will think these observations trivial; and therefore I am glad to corroborate them by some great authorities, which I have met with in Tully and Quintilian. In the fourth book of Rhetoric to Herennius, are these words: "*Fugiemus crebras vocalium concurfiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem reddunt orationem; ut hoc est, Baccæ ænæ amœnissimæ impendebant.*" And Quintilian, l. ix. cap. 4, "*Vocalium concursus cum accidit, hiat et interficit, et quasi laborat oratio. Pessime longæ quæ easdem inter se literas committunt, sonabunt; præcipuus tamen erit hiatus earum quæ cavo aut petulo ore efferuntur. E plenior litera est, I angustior.*" But he goes on to reprove the excess, on the other hand, of being too solicitous in this matter; and says, admirably, "*Nescio an negligentia in hoc, aut sollicitudo sit peior.*" So likewise Tully (Orat. ad Brut.) "*Theopompum reprehendunt, quod eas literas tanto opere fugerit, est idem magister ejus Socrates:*" which last author, as Turnebus on Quintilian observes, has hardly one hiatus in all his works. Quintilian tells us, That Tully and Demosthenes did not much observe this nicety, though Tully himself says, in his Orator, "*Crebra ista vocum, concursio, quam magna ex parte vitiosam, fugit Demosthenes.*" If I am not mistaken, Malherbe of all the moderns has been the most scrupulous in this point; and I think Ménage, in his observations upon him, says, he has not one in his poems. To conclude, I believe the hiatus should be avoided with more care in poetry than in oratory; and I would constantly try to prevent it, unless where the cutting it off is more prejudicial to the sound than the hiatus itself.

I am, &c.

[Mr. Walsh died at forty-nine years old, in the year 1708, the year before the Essay on Criticism was printed, which concludes with his elogy.]

LETTER XIII.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

March 18, 1708.

I BELIEVE it was with me when I left the town, as it is with a great many men when they leave the world, whose loss itself they do not so much regret, as that of their friends whom they leave behind in it. For I do not know one thing for which I can envy London, but for your continuing there. Yet I guess you will expect me to recant this expression, when I tell you that Sappho (by which heathenish name you have christened a very orthodox lady) did not accompany me into the country. Well, you have your lady in the town still, and I have my heart in the country still, which, being wholly unemployed as yet, has the more room in it for my friends, and does not want a corner at your service. You have extremely obliged me by your frankness and kindness; and if I have abused it by too much freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural openness of my temper, which hardly knows how to shew respect where it feels affection. I would love my friend, as my mistress, without ceremony; and hope a little rough usage sometimes may not be more displeasing to the one than it is to the other.

If you have any curiosity to know in what manner I live, or rather lose a life, Martial will inform you in one line:

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cæno, quiesco.

Every day with me is literally another yesterday, for it is exactly the same: it has the same business, which is poetry; and the same pleasure, which is idleness. A man might indeed pass his time much better, but I question if any man could pass it much easier. If you will visit our shades this spring, which I very much desire, you may perhaps instruct me to manage my game more wisely; but at present I am satisfied to trifle away my time any way, rather than let it stick by me; as shop-keepers are glad to be rid of those goods at any rate, which would otherwise always be lying upon their hands.

Sir, If you will favour me sometimes with your letters, it will be a great satisfaction to me on several accounts; and

on this in particular, that it will shew me (to my comfort) that even a wife man is sometimes very idle; for so you needs must be, when you can find leisure to write to your, &c.

LETTER XIV.

From the same to the same.

April 17, 1708.

I HAVE nothing to say to you in this letter; but I was resolved to write to tell you so. Why should not I content myself with so many great examples, of deep divines, profound casuists, grave philosophers; who have written not letters only, but whole tomes and voluminous treatises about nothing? Why should a fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be ashamed to write nothing; and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you will say, the whole world has something to do, something to talk of, something to wish for, something to be employed about; but pray, Sir, cast up the account, put all these things together, and what is the sum total but just nothing? I have no more to say, but to desire you to give my service (that is nothing) to your friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than your, &c.

"Ex nihilo nil fit." LUCK.

LETTER XV.

From the same to the same.

May 10, 1708.

YOU talk of fame and glory, and of the great men of antiquity: pray tell me, what are all your great dead men, but so many little living letters? What a vast reward is here for all the ink wasted by writers, and all the blood spilt by princes! There was in old time one Severus, a Roman emperor. I dare say you never called him by any other name in your life: and yet in his days he was styled Lucius, Septimius, Severus, Pius, Pertinax, Augustus, Parthicus, Adiabaticus, Arabicus, Maximus, and what not? What a prodigious waste of letters has time made! what a number have here dropt off, and left the poor surviving seven unattended! For my own part, four are all I have to care for; and I will be judged by you if any man could live

live in less compass? Well, for the future I will drown all high thoughts in the lethe of cowslip-wine; as for fame, reputation, take them, critics!

*Tradam protervis in Mare Criticum
Ventis.*

If ever I seek for immortality here, may I be damned; for there is not so much danger in a poet's being damned:

Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd poet lives and writes again.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. Pope to H. Crumwell, Esq.

Nov. 1, 1708.

I HAVE been so well satisfied with the country ever since I saw you, that I have not once thought of the town, nor inquired of any one in it besides Mr. Wycherly and yourself. And from him I understand of your journey this summer into Leicestershire; from whence I guess you are returned by this time, to your old apartment in the widow's corner, to your old business of comparing critics, and reconciling commentators, and to your old diversions of losing a game at piquet with the ladies, and half a play, or quarter of a play at the theatre: where you are none of the malicious audience, but the chief of amorous spectators; and for the infirmity of one sense*, which there, for the most part, could only serve to disgust you, enjoy the vigour of another, which ravishes you.

You know, when one sense is suppress'd,
It but retires into the rest,

according to the poetical, not the learned, Dedwell; who has done one thing worthy of eternal memory; wrote two lines in his life that are not nonsense! So you have the advantage of being entertained with all the beauty of the boxes, without being troubled with any of the dulness of the stage. You are so good a critic, that it is the greatest happiness of the modern poets that you do not hear their works; and next, that you are not so arrant a critic as to damn them (like the rest) without hearing. But now I talk of those critics, I have good news to tell you concerning myself,

for which I expect you should congratulate with me: it is that, beyond all my expectations, and far above my demerits, I have been most mercifully reprieved by the sovereign power of Jacob Tonson, from being brought forth to public punishment; and respited from time to time from the hands of those barbarous executioners of the muses, whom I was just now speaking of. It often happens, that guilty poets, like other guilty criminals, when once they are known and proclaimed, deliver themselves into the hands of justice, only to prevent others from doing it more to their disadvantage; and not out of any ambition to spread their fame, by being executed in the face of the world, which is a fame but of short continuance. That poet were a happy man who could but obtain a grant to preserve his for ninety-nine years; for those names very rarely last so many days, which are planted either in Jacob Tonson's, or the Ordinary of Newgate's Miscellanies.

I have an hundred things to say to you, which shall be deferred till I have the happiness of seeing you in town, for the season now draws on, that invites every body thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by letters before this, if I had not been uncertain where you passed your time the last season; to much fine weather, I doubt not, has given you all the pleasure you could desire from the country, and your own thoughts the best company in it. But nothing could allure Mr. Wycherley to our forest, he continued (as you told me long since he would) an obstinate lover of the town, in spite of friendship and fair weather. Therefore, henceforward, to all those considerable qualities I know you possessed of, I shall add that of prophecy. But I still believe Mr. Wycherley's intentions were good, and am satisfied that he promises nothing but with a real design to perform it: how much soever his other excellent qualities are above my imitation, his sincerity, I hope, is not; and it is with the utmost that I am, Sir, &c.

* His hearing.

LETTER XVII.

From the same to the same.

Jan. 22, 1708-9.

I HAD sent you the inclosed papers* before this time, but that I intended to have brought them myself, and afterwards could find no opportunity of sending them without suspicion of their mis-carrying; not that they are of the least value, but for fear somebody might be foolish enough to imagine them so, and inquisitive enough to discover those faults which I (by your help) would correct. I therefore beg the favour of you to let them go no farther than your chamber, and to be very free of your remarks in the margins, not only in regard to the accuracy, but to the fidelity of the translation; which I have not had time to compare with its original. And I desire you to be the more severe, as it is much more criminal for me to make another speak nonsense, than to do it in my own proper person. For your better help in comparing it, it may be fit to tell you, that this is not an entire version of the first book. There is an omission from the 168th line — “Jum murmura serpunt pleis Agenoreæ” — to the 312th — “Interea patriis olim vagus exui ab oris” — (between these † two Statius has a description of the council of the Gods, and a speech of Jupiter; which contains a peculiar beauty and majesty; and were left out for no other reason, but because the consequence of this machine appears not till the second book.) The translation goes on from thence to the words “Hic vero ambobus rabiem fortuna cruentam,” where there is an odd account of a battle at fifty-cuffs, between the two Princes on a very slight occasion, and at a time when, one would think, the fatigue of their journey in so tempestuous a night, might have rendered them very unfit for such a scuffle. This I had actually translated, but was very ill satisfied with it, even in my own words, to which an author cannot but be partial enough of

conscience: it was therefore omitted in this copy, which goes on above eighty lines farther, at the words — “Hic primum lustrare oculis,” &c. — to the end of the book.

You will find, I doubt not, that Statius was none of the discreetest poets, though he was the best versifier next Virgil: in the very beginning he un-luckily betrays his ignorance in the rules of poetry (which Horace had already taught the Romans) when he asks his muse where to begin his Thebald, and seems to doubt whether it should not be “ab avo Ledaæ.” When he comes to the scene of his poem, and the prize in dispute between the brothers, he gives us a very mean opinion of it — “Pugna est de paupere regno.” — Very different from the conduct of his master Virgil, who at the entrance of his poem informs his reader of the greatness of its subject — “Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem” [Bossu on Epic Poetry.] There are innumerable little faults in him; among which I cannot but take notice of one in this book, where speaking of the implacable hatred of the brothers, he says, “the whole world would be too small a prize to repay so much impiety.”

Quid si peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli quem Sol emissus, Eos
Cardine quem porta vergens prospectat Ibera?

This was pretty well, one would think, already, but he goes on,

Quasque procul terras oblique sydere tangit
Avius; aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti?

After all this, what could a poet think of but Heaven itself for the prize? but what follows is astonishing:

Quid si Tyria Phrygæve sub unum
Invenientur opes?

I do not remember to have met with so great a fall in any ancient author whatsoever. I should not have insisted so much on the faults of this poet, if I did not hope you would take the same freedom with, and revenge it upon, his translator. I shall be extremely glad if the reading this can be any amusement to you, the rather because I had the satisfaction to hear you have been con-fined

* This was a translation of the first book of Statius, done when the author was but fourteen years old, as appears by an advertisement before the first edition of it, in a miscellany published by B. Lintot, 8vo. 1711.

† These he since translated, and they are extant in the printed version.

fin'd to your chamber by an illness, which, I fear, was as troublesome a companion as I have sometimes been in the same place; where, if ever you found any pleasure in my company, it must surely have been that which most men take in observing the faults and follies of another: a pleasure which, you see, I take care to give you, even in my absence.

If you will oblige me at your leisure with the confirmation of your recovery, under your own hand, it will be extremely grateful to me; for next to the pleasure of seeing my friends, is that I take in hearing from them; and in this particular I am beyond all acknowledgments obliged to our friend Mr. Wycherly. I know I need no apology to you for speaking of him whose example, as I am proud of following in all things, so in nothing more than in professing myself, like him, your, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

March 7, 1709.

YOU had long before, this time been troubled with a letter from me, but that I deferred it till I could send you either the Miscellany*, or my continuation of the version of Statius. The first I imagined you might have had before now, but since the contrary has happened, you may draw this moral from it, that authors in general are more ready to write nonsense than booksellers are to publish it. I had I know not what extraordinary flux of rhyme upon me for three days together, in which time all the verses you see added, have been written; which I tell you, that you may more freely be severe upon them. It is a mercy I do not assault you with a number of original sonnets and epigrams, which our modern bards put forth in the spring-time, in as great abundance as trees do blossoms, a very few whereof ever come to be fruit, and please no longer than just in their birth. They make no less haste to bring their flowers of wit to the

press than gardeners to bring their other flowers to the market, which if they cannot get off their hands in the morning are sure to die before night. Thus the same reason that furnishes Covent-garden with those nosegays you so delight in, supplies the Muses Mercury and British Apollo (not to say Jacob's Miscellanies) with verses. And it is the happiness of this age, that the modern invention of printing poems for pence a-piece, has brought the nosegays of Parnassus to bear the same price; whereby the public-spirited Mr. Henry Hills, of Blackfriars has been the cause of great ease and singular comfort to all the learned, who, never over-abounding in transitory coin, should not be discontented (methinks) even though poems were distributed gratis about the streets, like Bunyan's sermons and other pious treatises, usually published in a like volume and character.

The time now drawing nigh, when you used with Sappho to cross the water in an evening to Spring-garden, I hope you will have a fair opportunity of ravishing her;—I mean only (as Old Fox in the Plain Dealer says) through the ear, with your well-penned verses. I wish you all the pleasure which the season and the nymph can afford; the best company, the best coffee, and the best news you can desire; and what more to wish you than this, I do not know; unless it be a great deal of patience to read and examine the verses I send you: I promise you in return a great deal of deference to your judgment, and an extraordinary obedience to your sentiments for the future (to which you know I have been sometimes a little refractory.) If you will please to begin where you left off last, and mark the margin, as you have done in the pages immediately before (which you will find corrected to your sense since your last perusal) you will extremely oblige me and improve my translation. Besides those places which may deviate from the sense of the author, it would be very kind in you to observe any deficiencies in the diction or numbers. The hiatus in particular I would avoid as much as possible, to which you are certainly in the right to be a professed enemy; though I confess, I could not think it possible at all times to be avoided by any writer, till I found by reading

Mal-

* Jacob Tonson's sixth volume of Poetical Miscellanies, in which Mr. Pope's Pastorals, and some versions of Homer and Chaucer, were first printed.

Malherbe lately, that there is scarce any throughout his poems. I thought your observation true enough to be passed into a rule, but not a rule without exceptions, nor that it ever had been reduced to practice: but this example of one of the most correct and best of their poets has undeceived me, and confirms your opinion very strongly, and much more than Mr. Dryden's authority, who, though he made it a rule, seldom observed it. Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

From the same to the same.

June 10, 1709.

I HAVE received part of the version of Statius, and return you my thanks for your remarks, which I think to be just, except where you cry out (like one in Horace's Art of Poetry) "pulchre, bene, recte!" There I have some fears you are often, if not always, in the wrong.

One of your objections, namely on that passage,

The rest revolving years shall ripen into fate,

may be well grounded, in relation to its not being the exact sense of the words—"Certo reliqua ordine ducam*." But the duration of the action of Statius's poem may as well be excepted against as many things besides in him (which I wonder Bossu has not observed): for instead of confining his narration to one year, it is manifestly exceeded in the very first two books: the narration begins with Œdipus's prayer to the Fury to promote discord betwixt his sons; afterward the poet expressly describes their entering into the agreement of reigning a year by turns; and Polynices takes his flight from Thebes on his brother's refusal to resign the throne. All this is in the first book; in the next Tydeus is sent ambassador to Eteocles, and demands his resignation in these terms,

*Astriferum velox jam circulus orbem
Torsit, et amissæ redierunt montibus unbræ
Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida tristes
Exul agit casus.*

But Bossu himself is mistaken in one particular, relating to the commencement of the action; saying in book ii. chap. 8,

* See the first book of Statius, v. 392.

that Statius opens it with Europa's rape, whereas the Poet at most only deliberates whether he should or not:

*Unde jubetis
Ire, Deæ? gentisne canam primaordia diræ.
Sidonios raptus? &c.*

but then expressly passes all this with a "longa retro series"—and says

*Times mihi carminis esto
Œdipodæ confusa domus.*

Indeed there are numberless particulars blameworthy in our author, which I have tried to soften in the version:

*dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Œten
In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstetit Isthmus*

is most extravagantly hyperbolic: nor did I ever read a greater piece of tautology than

*Vacua cum solus in aula
Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,
Et nusquam par stare caput.*

In the journey of Polynices is some geographical error:

In mediis audit duo litora campis

could hardly be: for the Isthmus of Corinth is full five miles over: and "caligentes abrupto sole Mycenæ," is not consistent with what he tells us, in lib. iv. lin. 305, "that those of Mycenæ came not to the war at this time, because they were then in confusion by the divisions of the brothers, Atreus and Thyestes." Now from the raising the Greek army against Thebes, back to the time of this journey of Polynices, is (according to Statius's own account) three years. Yours, &c.

LETTER XX.

Letter from the same to the same.

July 17, 1709.

THE morning after I parted from you, I found myself (as I had prophesied) all alone, in an uneasy stage-coach: a doleful change from that agreeable company I enjoyed the night before! without the least hope of entertainment but from my last recourse in such cases, a book. I then began to enter into acquaintance with your moralists, and had just received from them some cold consolation for the inconveniences of this life,

life, and the uncertainty of human affairs: when I perceived my vehicle to stop, and heard from the side of it the dreadful news of a sick woman preparing to enter it. It is not easy to guess at my mortification, but being so well fortified with philosophy, I stood resigned with a stoical constancy to endure the worst of evils, a sick woman. I was a little comforted to find, by her voice and dress, that she was young and a gentlewoman: but no sooner was her hood removed, but I saw one of the finest faces I ever beheld, and, to increase my surprise, heard her salute me by my name. I never had more reason to accuse nature for making me short-sighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever seen those fair eyes which knew me so well, and was utterly at a loss how to address myself; till with a great deal of simplicity and innocence she let me know (even before I discovered my ignorance) that she was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood lately married, who, having been consulting her physicians in town, was returning into the country, to try what good air and a husband could do to recover her. My father, you must know, has sometimes recommended the study of physic to me, but I never had any ambition to be a doctor till this instant. I ventured to prescribe some fruit (which I happened to have in the coach) which being forbidden her by her doctors, she had the more inclination to. In short, I tempted, and she eat; nor was I more like the Devil than she like Eve. Having the good success of the foresaid tempter before my eyes, I put on the gallantry of the old serpent, and, in spite of my evil form, accosted her with all the gaiety I was master off; which had so good an effect, that in less than an hour she grew pleasant; her colour returned, and she was pleased to say my prescription had wrought an immediate cure. In a word, I had the pleasantest journey imaginable.

Thus far (methinks) my letter has something of the air of romance, though it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows as the greatest of truths, that I think myself extremely obliged by you in all points; especially for your kind and honourable information and advice in a matter of the utmost concern to me; which I shall ever acknowledge as the highest proof at once of your

friendship, justice, and sincerity. At the same time be assured, that gentleman we spoke of shall never, by any alteration in me, discover my knowledge of his mistake; the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind of return I can possibly make him for so many favours; and I may derive this pleasure at least from it, that whereas I must otherwise have been a little uneasy to know my incapacity of returning his obligations, I may now, by bearing his frailty, exercise my gratitude and friendship more than himself either is, or perhaps ever will be sensible of.

*Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit: ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro!*

But in one thing, I must confess you have yourself obliged me more than any man; which is, that you have shewed me many of my faults, to which as you are the more an implacable enemy, by so much the more are you a kind friend to me. I could be proud, in revenge, to find a few slips in your verses, which I read in London, and since in the country, with more application and pleasure; the thoughts are very just, and you are sure not to let them suffer by the versification. If you would oblige me with the trust of any thing of yours, I should be glad to execute any commissions you would give me concerning them. I am here so perfectly at leisure, that nothing would be so agreeable an entertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at least the satisfaction of your letters as long as we are absent, if you would not have him very unhappy, who is very sincerely your, &c.

Having a vacant space here, I will fill it with a short Ode on Solitude, which I found yesterday by great accident, and which I find, by the date, was written when I was not twelve years old; that you may perceive how long I have continued in my passion for a rural life, and in the same employments of it.

Happy the man, whose wish and care

A few paternal acres bound,

Content to breathe his native air

On his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,

Whose flocks supply him with attire,

Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

In winter fire.

Blest,

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mix'd ; sweet recreation
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live unseen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented, let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

LETTER XXI.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

Aug. 19, 1709.

IF I were to write to you as often as I think of you, my letters would be as bad as a rent-charge ; but though the one be but too little for your good nature, the other would be but too much for your quiet, which is one blessing good nature should indispensably receive from mankind in return for those many it gives. I have been informed of late, how much I am indebted to that quality of yours, in speaking well of me in my absence, the only thing by which you prove yourself no wit nor critic ; tho' indeed I have often thought, that a friend will shew just as much indulgence (and no more) to my faults when I am absent, as he does severity to them when I am present. To be very frank with you, Sir, I must own, that where I received so much civility at first, I could hardly have expected so much sincerity afterwards. But now I have only to wish, that the last were but equal to the first ; and that as you have omitted nothing to oblige me, so you would omit nothing to improve me.

I caus'd an acquaintance of mine to inquire twice of your welfare, by whom I have been informed, that you have left your speculative angle in the widow's coffee-house, and bidding adieu for some time to all the rehearsals, reviews, gazettes, &c. have marched off into Lincolnshire. Thus I find you vary your life in the scene at least, though not in the action ; for though life, for the most part, like an old play, be still the same, yet now and then a new scene may make it more entertaining. As for myself, I would not have my life a very regular

play, let it be a good merry farce, a G—d's name, and a fig for the critical unities ! For the generality of men, a true modern life is like a true modern play, neither tragedy, comedy, nor farce, nor one nor all of these ; every actor is much better known by his having the same face, than by keeping the same character : for we change our minds as often as they can their parts ; and he who was yesterday Cæsar, is to-day Sir John Daw. So that one might ask the same question of a modern life, that Rich did of a modern play : " Pray do me the favour, " Sir, to inform me, — Is this your tragedy or your comedy ? "

I have dwelt the longer upon this, because I persuade myself it might be useful, at a time when we have no theatre, to divert ourselves at this great one. Here is a glorious standing comedy of fools, at which every man is heartily merry, and thinks himself an unconcerned spectator. This (to our singular comfort) neither my Lord Chamberlain nor the Queen herself, can ever shut up, or silence ; — while that of Drury (alas !) lies desolate in the profoundest peace ; and the melancholy prospect of the nymphs yet lingering about its beloved avenues, appears no less moving than that of the Trojan dames lamenting over their ruined Ilium ! What now can they hope, dispossessed of their ancient seats, but to serve as captives to the insulting victors of the Hay-market ? The afflicted subjects of France do not, in our Postman, so grievously deplore the obstinacy of their arbitrary monarch, as these perishing people of Drury, the obdurate heart of that Pharaoh, Rich, who, like him, disdains all proposals of peace and accommodation. Several libels have been secretly affixed to the great gates of his imperial palace in Bridges Street ; and a memorial, representing the distresses of these persons, has been accidentally dropt (as we are credibly informed by a person of quality) out of his first minister the chief box-keeper's pocket, at a late conference of the said person of quality and others, on the part of the confederates, and his theatrical majesty on his own part. Of this you may expect a copy, as soon as it shall be transmitted to us from a good hand. As for the late Congress, it is here reported, That it has not been wholly ineffectual ; but this wants confirmation ; yet we cannot but hope
the

the concurring prayers and tears of so many wretched ladies may induce this haughty prince to reason. I am, &c.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

Oct. 19, 1709.

I MAY truly say, I am more obliged to you this summer than to any of my acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind letters you sent me, I had been perfectly "oblitusque meorum obliviscendus et illis." The only companions I had were those Muses of whom Tully says "Adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoscant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur:" which is indeed as much as ever I expected from them; for the Muses, if you take them as companions, are very pleasant and agreeable; but whoever should be forced to live or depend upon them, would find himself in a very bad condition. That quiet, which Cowley calls the *Companion of Obscurity*, was not wanting to me, unless it was interrupted by those fears you so justly guess I had for our friend's welfare. It is extremely kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him; and you have delivered me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinced by his long silence. However, the love of some things rewards itself, as of virtue, and of Mr. Wycherley. I am surprized at the danger you tell me he has been in, and must agree with you, that our nation must have lost in him as much wit and probity as would have remained (for aught I know) in the rest of it. My concern for his friendship will excuse me (since I know you honour him so much, and since you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneasiness to you, and tell you that there has not been wanting one, to insinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. Wycherley, which, I fear, may have had some effect upon him. If so, he will have a greater punishment for his credulity than I could wish him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loss of a faithful creature is something, though of ever so contemptible an one; and if I were to change my dog for such a man as the aforesaid, I should think my dog under-

valued (who follows me about as constantly here in the country, as I was used to do Mr. Wycherley in the town).

Nbw I talk of my dog, that I may not treat of a worse subject, which my spleen tempts me to, I will give you some account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, since Montaigne (to whom I am but a dog in comparison) has done the same thing of his cat. "Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agam?" You are to know then, that as it is likeness begets affection, so my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the finest shaped. He is not much a spaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while to imitate him in) a dumb surly sort of kindness, that rather shews itself when he thinks me ill used by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourselves. If it be the chief point of friendship to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he possesses this in an eminent degree: he lies down when I sit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to: witness our walk a year ago in St. James's Park. — Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends; but I will not insist upon many of them, because it is possible some may be almost as fabulous as those of Pylades and Orestes, &c. I will only say, for the honour of dogs, that the two most ancient and esteemed books, sacred and profane, extant (viz. the Scripture and Homer) have shewn a particular regard to these animals. That of Toby is the more remarkable, because there seemed no manner of reason to take notice of the dog, besides the great humanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulysses's dog Argus, is the most pathetic imaginable, all the circumstances considered, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good-nature. Ulysses had left him at Ithaca when he embarked for Troy; and found him at his return after twenty years (which by the way is not unnatural, as some critics have said, since I remember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when he died. May the omen of longevity prove fortunate to her successors!). You shall have it in verse:

ARGUS.

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests lost,
Arriv'd

Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
 To all his friends, and e'en his Queen, unknown:
 Chang'd as he was with age, and toils, and cares,
 Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
 In his own palace fore'd to ask his bread,
 Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
 Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
 The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew!
 Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
 Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lay:
 Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
 And longing to behold his ancient Lord again.
 Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
 ('Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and kiss'd his
 feet,
 Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his side,
 Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and dy'd!

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themistocles, steps back again out of the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one, that followed his master across the sea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dog's Grave to that part of the island where he was buried. This respect to a dog in the most polite people of the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few such) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriously called the order of the Elephant) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named Wild-brat, to one of their kings who had been deserted by his subjects; he gave his order this motto, or to this effect (which still remains) *Wild-brat was faithful*. Sir William Trumbull has told me a story, which he heard from one that was present: King Charles I. being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence; and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or grey-hound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the grey-hound, because (said he) it has all the good-nature of the other without the fawning:—a good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented, provided you will but believe me when I say a bold word for a Christian; that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

From the same to the same.

April 10, 1710.

I HAD written to you sooner, but that I made some scruple of sending profane things to you in Holy Week. Besides, our family would have been scandalized to see me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly verses. I assure you, I am looked upon in the neighbourhood for a very well-disposed person; no great hunter indeed, but a great admirer of the noble sport, and only unhappy in my want of constitution for that and drinking. They all say, it is pity I am so sickly; and I think it is pity they are so healthy. But I say nothing that may destroy their good opinion of me. I have not quoted one Latin author since I came down, but have learned without book a song of Mr. Thomas Durfey's, who is your only poet of tolerable reputation in this country. He makes all the merriment in our entertainments; and but for him, there would be so miserable a dearth of catches, that, I fear, they would put either the parson or me upon making some for them. Any man of any quality, is heartily welcome to the best toping-table of our gentry, who can roar out for some rhapsodies of his works: so that in the same manner as it was said of Homer to his detractors; What! dares any man speak against him who has given so many men to *eat*? (meaning the rhapsodists who lived by repeating his verses) thus it may be said of Mr. Durfey to his detractors; Dares any one despise him, who has made so many men *drink*? Alas, Sir! this is a glory which neither you nor I must ever pretend to. Neither you with your Ovid, nor I with my Statius, can amuse a board of justices and extraordinary 'squires, or gain one hum of approbation or laugh of admiration. These things (they would say) are too studious, they may do well enough with such as love reading, but give us your ancient poet Mr. Durfey! It is mortifying enough, it must be confessed; but, however, let us proceed in the way that nature has directed us—*"Multi multa sciunt sed nemo omnia,"* as it is said in the almanac. Let us communicate our works for our mutual comfort: send me elegies, and you shall not
 Y want

want heroics. At present, I have only these arguments in prose to the Thebaid, which you claim by promise, as I do your translation of *Pars me Sulmo tenet*,—and the *Ring*; the rest I hope for as soon as you can conveniently transcribe them; and whatsoever orders you are pleased to give shall be punctually obeyed by your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Mr. Pope to H Cromwell, Esq.

May 10, 1710.

I HAD not so long omitted to express my acknowledgments to you for so much good-nature and friendship as you lately showed me; but that I am but just returned to my own hermitage, from Mr. C*'s, who has done me so many favours, that I am almost inclined to think my friends infect one another, and that your conversation with him has made him as obliging to me as yourself. I can assure you he has a sincere respect for you; and this, I believe, he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon those I converse with. But I must now be contented to converse only with the dead of this world, that is to say, the dull and obscure, every way obscure, in their intellects as well as their persons: or else have recourse to the living dead, the old authors with whom you are so well acquainted, even from Virgil down to Aulus Gellius, whom I do not think a critic by any means to be compared to Mr. Dennis; and I must declare positively to you, that I will persist in this opinion till you become a little more civil to Atticus. Who could have imagined that he, who had escaped all the misfortunes of his time, unhurt even by the proscriptions of Antony and Augustus, should in these days find an enemy more severe and barbarous than those tyrants? and that enemy the gentlest too, the best natured of mortals, Mr. Cromwell, whom I must in this compare once more to Augustus; who seemed not more unlike himself, in the severity of one part of his life and the clemency of the other, than you. I leave you to reflect on this, and hope that time (which mollifies rocks, and of stiff things makes limber) will turn a resolute critic to a gentle reader; and instead of this positive, tremend-

ous new-fashioned Mr. Cromwell, restore unto us our old acquaintance, the soft, beneficent, and courteous Mr. Cromwell.

I expect much, towards the civilizing of you in your critical capacity, from the innocent air and tranquillity of our forest, when you do me the favour to visit it. In the mean time, it would do well, by way of preparative, if you would duly and constantly every morning read over a pastoral of Theocritus or Virgil; and let the lady Isabella put your Macrobius and Aulus Gellius somewhere out of your way, for a month or so. Who knows, but travelling and long airing in an open field, may contribute more successfully to the cooling a critic's severity, than it did to the assuaging of Mr. Chee's anger of old? In these fields you will be secure of finding no enemy, but the most faithful and affectionate of your friends, &c.

LETTER XXV.

From the same to the same.

May 17, 1710.

AFTER I had recovered from a dangerous illness which was first contracted in town about a fortnight after my coming hither, I troubled you with a letter, and paper inclosed *, which you had been so obliging as to desire a sight of when last I saw you; promising me in return some translations of yours from Ovid. Since when, I have not had a syllable from your hands; so that it is to be feared, that though I have escaped death, I have not oblivion. I should at least have expected you to have finished that elegy upon me, which you told me you was upon the point of beginning when I was sick in London: if you will do so much for me first, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at discretion, and at my leisure. But I fear I must be forced, like many learned authors, to write my own epitaph, if I would be remembered at all. Monsieur de la Fontaine's would fit me to a hair; but it is a kind of sacrilege (do you think it is not?) to steal epitaphs. In my present living, dead condition, nothing would be properer than "*Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis,*" but that

* Verses on Silence, in imitation of the Earl of Rochester's poem on Nothing; done at fourteen years old.

unluckily I cannot forget my friends, and the civilities I received from yourself and some others. They say indeed it is one quality of generous minds to forget the obligations they have conferred, and perhaps too it may be so to forget those on whom they conferred them: then indeed I must be forgotten to all intents and purposes; I am, it must be owned, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. Bickerstaff; dead in a poetical capacity, as a damned author; and dead in a civil capacity, as a useless member of the commonwealth. But reflect, dear Sir, what melancholy effects may ensue, if dead men are not civil to one another! if he who has nothing to do himself, will not comfort and support another in his idleness; if those who are to die themselves, will not now and then pay the charity of visiting a tomb and a dead friend, and strewing a few flowers over him. In the shades where I am, the inhabitants have a mutual compassion for each other; being all alike *Inanes*; we saunter to one another's habitation, and daily assist each other in doing nothing at all. This I mention for your edification and example, that, all alive as you are, you may not sometimes disdain—*desipere in loco*. Though you are no Papist, and have not so much regard to the dead as to address yourself to them (which I plainly perceive by your silence) yet I hope you are not one of those heterodox, who hold them to be totally insensible of the good offices and kind wishes of their living friends, and to be in a dull state of sleep, without one dream of those they left behind them. If you are, let this letter convince you to the contrary, which assures you I am still, though in a state of separation, yours, &c.

P. S. This letter of deaths puts me in mind of poor Mr. Betterton's; over whom I would have this sentence of Tully for an epitaph, which will serve him as well in his moral, as his theatrical capacity:

Vitæ bene actæ jucundissima est recordatio.

LETTER XXVI.

From the same to the same.

June 24, 1710.

IT is very natural for a young friend, and a young lover, to think the persons they love have nothing to do but to

please them; when perhaps they, for their parts, had twenty other engagements before. This was my case, when I wondered I did not hear from you; but I no sooner received your short letter, but I forgot your long silence; and so many fine things as you said of me could not but have wrought a cure on my own sickness, if it had not been of the nature of that which is deaf to the voice of the charmer. It was impossible you could have better timed your compliment on my philosophy; it was certainly properest to commend me for it just when I most needed it, and when I could least be proud of it; that is, when I was in pain. It is not easy to express what an exaltation it gave to my spirits, above all the cordials of my doctor; and it is no compliment to tell you, that your compliments were sweeter than the sweetest of his juleps and syrups. But if you will not believe so much,

Pour le moins, votre compliment
M'a soulagé dans ce moment;
Et des qu'on me l'est venu faire
J'ai chassé mon apothicaire,
Et renvoyé mon lavement.

Nevertheless, I would not have you entirely lay aside the thoughts of my epitaph, any more than I do those of the probability of my becoming (ere long) the subject of one; for death has of late been very familiar with some of my size. I am told, my Lord Lumley and Mr. Litton are gone before me; and though I may now, without vanity, esteem myself the least thing like a man in England, yet I cannot but be sorry, two heroes of such a make should die inglorious in their beds; when it had been a fate more worthy our size, had they met with theirs from an irruption of cranes, or other warlike animals, those ancient enemies to our pygmæan ancestors? You of a superior species little regard what befalls us *homunciones sesquipedales*; however, you have no reason to be so unconcerned, since all physicians agree there is no greater sign of a plague among men than a mortality among frogs.

This sort of writing, called a Rondeau, is what I never knew practised in our nation; and, I verily believe, it was not in use with the Greeks or Romans, neither Macrobius nor Hyginus taking the least notice of it. It is to be observed, that the vulgar spelling and pronouncing it

round O, is a manifest corruption, and by no means to be allowed of by critics. Some may mistakenly imagine that it was a sort of rondeau which the Gallic soldiers sung in Caesar's triumphs over Gaul—*Gallias Cæsar subegit*, &c. as it is recorded by Suetonius in Julio, and so derive its original from the ancient Gauls to the modern French: but this is erroneous; the words there not being ranged according to the laws of the rondeau, as laid down by Clement Marot. If you will say, that the song of the soldiers might be only the rude beginning of this kind of poem, and so consequently imperfect, neither Heinsius nor I can be of that opinion; and so I conclude, that we know nothing of the matter.

But, Sir, I ask your pardon for all this buffoonery, which I could not address to any one so well as to you, since I have found by experience, that you most easily forgive my impertinencies. It is only to show you that I am mindful of you at all times, that I write at all times; and as nothing I can say can be worth your reading, so I may as well throw out what comes uppermost, as study to be dull. I am, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

July 20, 1710.

I GIVE you thanks for the version you sent me of Ovid's Elegy. It is very much an image of that author's writing, who has an agreeableness that charms us without correctness; like a mistress, whose faults we see, but love her with them all. You have very judiciously altered his method in some places; and I can find nothing which I dare insist upon as an error,—what I have written in the margins being merely guesses at a little improvement, rather than criticisms. I assure you I do not expect you should subscribe to my private notions but when you shall judge them agreeable to reason and good sense. What I have done is not as a critic but as a friend; I know too well how many qualities are requisite to make the one, and that I want almost all I can reckon up; but I am sure I do not want inclination, nor, I hope, capacity to be the other. Nor shall I take it at all amiss that another dissents from my opinion; it is no more than I have

often done from my own; and indeed, the more a man advances in understanding, he becomes the more every day a critic upon himself, and finds something or other still to blame in his former notions and opinions. I could be glad to know if you have translated the 11th elegy of lib. ii. *Ad amicam navigantem*; the 8th of book iii. or the 11th of book iii. which are above all others my particular favourites, especially the last of these.

As to the passage of which you ask my opinion in the second Æneid, it is either so plain as to require no solution; or else (which is very probable) you see farther into it than I can. Priam would say, that "Achilles (whom surely you only feign to be your father, since your actions are so different from his) did not use me thus inhumanly. He blushed at his murder of Hector, when he saw my sorrows for him; and restored his dead body to me to be buried." To this the answer of Pyrrhus seems to be agreeable enough, "Go then to the shades, and tell Achilles how I degenerate from him;" granting the truth of what Priam had said of the difference between them. Indeed Mr. Dryden's mentioning here what Virgil more judiciously passes in silence, the circumstance of Achilles's selling for money the body of Hector, seems not so proper; it is in some measure lessening the character of Achilles's generosity and piety, which is the very point of which Priam endeavours in this place to convince his son, and to reproach him with the want of. But the truth of this circumstance is no way to be questioned, being expressly taken from Homer, who represents Achilles weeping for Priam, yet receiving the gold (Iliad xxiv); for when he gives the body, he uses these words: "O my friend Patroclus, forgive me that I quit the corpse of him who killed thee! I have great gifts in ransom for it, which I will bestow upon thy funeral." I am, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

From the same to the same.

August 21, 1710.

YOUR letters are a perfect charity to a man in retirement, utterly forgotten of all his friends but you; for since

Mr.

Mr. Wycherley left London, I have not heard a word from him; tho' just before, and once since, I writ to him, and though I know myself guilty of no offence but of doing sincerely just what he bid me: "Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit!" But the greatest injury he does me, is the keeping me in ignorance of his welfare; which I am always very solicitous for, and very uneasy in the fear of any indisposition that may befall him. In what I sent you some time ago, you have not verse enough to be severe upon, in revenge for my last criticism: in one point I must persist, that is to say, my dislike of your *Paradise*, in which I take no pleasure: I know very well, that in Greek it is not only used by Xenophon, but is a common word for any garden; but in English, it bears the signification and conveys the idea of Eden, which alone is (I think) a reason against making Ovid use it; who will be thought to talk too much like a Christian in your version at least, whatever it might have been in Latin or Greek. As for all the rest of my remarks, since you do not laugh at them as at this, I can be so civil as not to lay any stress upon them (as, I think, I told you before); and in particular in the point of trees enjoying, you have, I must own, fully satisfied me that the expression is not only defensible, but beautiful. I shall be very glad to see your translation of the elegy, *Ad amicam navigantem*, as soon as you can; for (without a compliment to you) every thing you write, either in verse or prose, is welcome to me; and you may be confident (if my opinion can be of any sort of consequence in any thing) that I will never be unsincere, though I may be often mistaken. To use sincerity with you, is but paying you in your own coin, from whom I have experienced so much of it; and I need not tell you, how much I really esteem you, when I esteem nothing in the world so much as that quality. I know, you sometimes say civil things to me in your epistolary style; but those I am to make allowance for, as particularly when you talk of admiring: it is a word you are so used to in conversation of ladies, that it will creep into your discourse, in spite of you, even to your friends: but as women, when they think themselves secure of admiration, commit a thousand negligences, which show them so much at disadvantage and

off their guard, as to lose the little real love they had before; so when men imagine others entertain some esteem for their abilities, they often expose all their imperfections and foolish works to the disparagement of the little wit they were thought masters of. I am going to exemplify this to you, in putting into your hands (being encouraged by so much indulgence) some verses of my youth, or rather childhood; which (as I was a great admirer of Waller) were intended in imitation of his manner; and are, perhaps, such imitations as those you see in awkward country dames, of the fine and well-bred ladies of the court. If you will take them with you into Lincolnshire, they may save you one hour from the conversation of the country gentlemen and their tenants (who differ but in dress and name) which, if it be there as bad as here, is even worse than my poetry. I hope your stay there will be no longer than (as Mr. Wycherley calls it) to rob the country, and run away to London with your money. In the mean time, I beg the favour of a line from you; and am (as I will never cease to be) your, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

From the same to the same.

OCT. 12, 1710.

I DEFERRED answering your last, upon the advice I received, that you were leaving the town for some time, and expected your return with impatience, having then a design of seeing my friends there; among the first of which I have reason to account yourself. But my almost continual illnesses prevent that, as well as most other satisfactions of my life. However, I may say one good thing of sickness, That it is the best cure in nature for ambition, and designs upon the world or fortune: it makes a man pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be easy, by intervals, for the present. He will be content to compound for his quiet only, and leave all the circumstantial part and pomp of life to those who have a health vigorous enough to enjoy all the mistresses of their desires. I thank God; there is nothing out of myself which I would be at the trouble of seeking, except a friend; a happiness I once hoped to have possessed

in Mr. Wycherley; but, *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* — I have for some years been employed much like children that build houses with cards, endeavouring very busily and eagerly to raise a friendship, which the first breath of any ill-natured by-stander could puff away. — But I will trouble you no farther with writing, nor myself with thinking of this subject.

I was mightily pleased to perceive, by your quotation from Voiture, that you had tracked me so far as France. You see it is with weak heads as with weak stomachs, they immediately throw out what they received last; and what they read, floats upon the surface of the mind, like oil upon water, without incorporating. This, I think, however, cannot be said of the love-verses I last troubled you with, where all (I am afraid) is so puerile and so like the author, that nobody will suspect any thing to be borrowed. Yet you (as a friend, entertaining a better opinion of them) it seems, searched in Waller, but searched in vain. Your judgment of them is (I think) very right, — for it was my own opinion before. If you think them not worth the trouble of correcting, pray tell me so freely, and it will save me a labour; if you think the contrary, you would particularly oblige me by your remarks on the several thoughts as they occur. I long to be nibbling at your verses; and have not forgot who promised me Ovid's elegy, *Ad amicum navigantem*. Had Ovid been as long in composing it, as you in sending it, the lady might have sailed to Gades, and received it at her return. I have really a great itch of criticism upon me, but want matter here in the country; which I desire you to furnish me with, as I do you in the town;

Sic servat studii fœdera quisque sui.

I am obliged to Mr. Caryl (whom you tell me, you met at Epsom) for telling you truth, as a man is in these days to any one that will tell truth to his advantage; and I think none is more to mine than what he told you; and I should be glad to tell all the world, that I have an extreme affection and esteem for you.

*Tecum etenim longos meminî consunere soles,
Et tecum primas epulis decurrere noctes;
Unum opus et requiem pariter disponimus
ambo,*

Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.

By these *Epulæ*, as I take it, Persius meant the Portugal sauff and burnt claret, which he took with his master Cornutus; and the *verecunda mensa* was, without dispute, some coffee-house table of the antients. — I will only observe, that these four lines are as elegant and musical as any in Persius, not excepting those six or seven which Mr. Dryden quotes as the only such in all that author. I could be heartily glad to repeat the satisfaction described in them, being truly your, &c.

LETTER XXX.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

Oct. 28, 1710.

I AM glad to find by your last letter, that you write to me with the freedom of a friend, setting down your thoughts as they occur, and dealing plainly with me in the matter of my own trifles, which, I assure you, I never valued half so much as I do that sincerity in you which they were the occasion of discovering to me; and which, while I am happy in, I may be trusted with that dangerous weapon, Poetry, since I shall do nothing with it, but after asking and following your advice. I value sincerity the more, as I find, by sad experience, the practice of it is more dangerous; writers rarely pardoning the executioners of their verses, even tho' themselves pronounce sentence upon them. — As to Mr. Philips's Pastorals, I take the first to be infinitely the best, and the second the worst; the third is, for the greatest part, a translation from Virgil's Daphnis. I will not forestal your judgment of the rest, only observe in that of the Nightingale these lines (speaking of the musician's playing on the harp):

Now lightly skimming o'er the strings they
pass,
Like winds that gently brush the plying grass,
And melting airs arise at their command:
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand,
He sinks into the cords with solemn pace,
And gives the swelling tones a manly grace.

To which nothing can be objected, but that they are too lofty for pastoral, especially being put into the mouth of a shepherd, as they are here: in the poet's own person they had been (I believe) more proper. They are more after Virgil's manner than that of Theocritus, whom yet in the character of pastoral he
rather

rather seems to imitate. In the whole, I agree with the Tatler, that we have no better Eclogues in our language. There is a small copy of the same author published in the Tatler, No. 12, on the Danish winter; it is poetical painting, and I recommend it to your perusal.

Dr. Garth's poem I have not seen, but believe I shall be of that critic's opinion you mention at Will's, who swore it was good: for, though I am very cautious of swearing after critics, yet I think one may do it more safely when they commend, than when they blame.

I agree with you in your censure of the use of the sea-terms in Mr. Dryden's Virgil; not only because Helenus was no great prophet in those matters, but because no terms of art or cant words suit with the majesty and dignity of style, which epic poetry requires. — "Cui mens diviniior atque os magna sonaturum." The tarpaulin phrase can please none but such "qui aurem habent Batavam; they must not expect "auribus Atticis probari," I find by you. (I think I have brought in two phrases of Martial here very dexterously.)

Though you say you did not rightly take my meaning in the verse I quoted from Juvenal, yet I will not explain it, because, though it seems you are resolved to take me for a critic, I would by no means be thought a commentator. — And for another reason too, because I have quite forgot both the verse and the application.

I hope it will be no offence to give my most hearty service to Mr. Wycherley, though I perceive by his last to me, I am not to trouble him with my letters, since he there told me he was going instantly out of town; and till his return he was my servant, &c. I guess by yours he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all truth and honour; that is, assure him I have ever borne all the respect and kindness imaginable to him. I do not know to this hour what it is that has estranged him from me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more safely my friend, since no invitation of his shall ever more make me so free with him. I could not have thought any man so very cautious and suspicious, as not to credit his own experience of a friend. Indeed, to believe nobody, may be a maxim of safety; but not so much of honesty. There is but one way I know of conversing safely with

all men, that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be concealed; and I can truly boast this comfort in my affairs with Mr. Wycherley. But I pardon his jealousy, which is become his nature, and shall never be his enemy whatsoever he says of me. Your, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

From the same to the same.

Nov. 11, 1710.

YOU mistake me very much in thinking the freedom you kindly used with my love-verses gave me the first opinion of your sincerity: I assure you it only did what every good-natured action of yours has done since, confirmed me more in that opinion. The fable of the Nightingale in Philips's, Pastorals, is taken from Famiannus Strada's Latin poem on the same subject, in his *Prousiones Academicæ*; only the tomb he erects at the end, is added from Virgil's conclusion of the *Culex*. I cannot forbear giving you a passage out of the Latin poem I mention; by which you will find the English poet is indebted to it.

Alternat mira arte fides: dum torquet acutas,
Inciatque, graves operoso verberare pulsat.
Jamque manu per illa volat; simul has, simul illos
Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni —
Mox siler. Illa modis totidem respondet, et artem
Aute refert. Nunc seu rudis, aut incerta canendi,
Præbet iter liquidum labenti e pectore voci,
Nunc cæsum variat, modulisque canora minutis
Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocatur ore.

This poem was many years since imitated by Crashaw; out of whose verses the following are very remarkable:

From this to that, from that to this it flies,
Feels music's pulse in all its arteries;
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.

I have (as I think I formerly told you) a very good opinion of Mr. Rowe's sixth book of Lucan: indeed, he amplifies too much, as well as Brebœuf, the famous French imitator. If I remember right, he sometimes takes the whole comment into the text of the version, as particularly in lin. 808. "Utque solet pariter totis se effundere signis Corycii pressura croci." And in the place you

quote, he makes of those two lines in the Latin,

Vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret

Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria trunci,

no less than eight in the English.

What you observe, sure, cannot be an error-sphæricus, strictly speaking, either according to the Ptolemaic, or our Copernican system; Tycho Brahe himself will be on the translator's side: for Mr. Rowe here says no more than that he looked down on the rays of the sun, which Pompey might do, even though the body of the sun were above him.

You cannot but have remarked what a journey Lucan here makes Cato take for the sake of his fine descriptions. From Cyrene he travels by land, for no better reason than this;

Hæc eadem suadebat hiems, quæ clauserat æquor.

The winter's effects on the sea, it seems, were more to be dreaded than all the serpents, whirlwinds, sands, &c. by land; which immediately after he paints out in his speech to the soldiers; then he fetches a compass a vast way round about, to the Nasamones and Jupiter Ammon's temple, purely to ridicule the oracles; and Labienus must pardon me, if I do not believe him when he says, "*Sors obtulit, et fortuna viæ* — either Labienus, or the map, is very much mistaken here. Thence he returns back to the Syrtes (which he might have taken first in his way to Utica); and so to Leptis Minor, where our author leaves him: who seems to have made Cato speak his own mind, when he tells his army — "*Ire sat est*" — no matter whither. I am your, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

Nov. 24, 1710.

TO make use of that freedom and familiarity of style which we have taken up in our correspondence, and which is more properly talking upon paper, than writing, — I will tell you, without any preface, that I never took Tycho Brahe for one of the antients, or in the least an acquaintance of Lucan's; nay, it is a mercy on this occasion that I do not give you an account of his life and conversation; as how he lived some years like an enchanted knight in a cer-

tain island, with a tale of a king of Denmark's mistress that shall be nameless. But I have compassion on you, and would not for the world you should stay any longer among the Genii and Semidei Manes, you know where; for if once you get so near the moon, Sappho will want your presence in the clouds and inferior regions; not to mention the great loss Drury-lane will sustain when Mr. C — is in the milky way. These celestial thoughts put me in mind of the priests you mention, who are a sort of Sortilegi in one sense, because in their lottery there are more blanks than prizes; the adventurers being at best in an uncertainty, whereas the settlers up are sure of something. Priests indeed in their character, as they represent God, are sacred; and so are constables as they represent the king; but you will own a great many of them are very odd fellows, and the devil of any likeness in them. Yet I can assure you, I honour the good as much as I detest the bad; and I think that in condemning these we praise those. The translations from Ovid I have not so good an opinion of as you: because I think they have little of the main characteristic of this author, a graceful easiness. For let the sense be ever so exactly rendered, unless an author looks like himself in his air, habit, and manner, it is a disguise, and not a translation. But as to the Psalm, I think David is much more beholden to the translator than Ovid; and as he treated the Roman like a Jew, so he has made the Jew speak like a Roman. Your, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

From the same to the same.

Dec. 17, 1710.

IT seems that my late mention of Crasshaw, and my quotation from him, has moved your curiosity. I therefore send you the whole author, who has held a place among my other books of this nature for some years; in which time having read him twice or thrice, I find him one of those whose works may just deserve reading. I take this poet to have writ like a gentleman, that is, at leisure hours, and more to keep out of idleness than to establish a reputation:

so that nothing regular or just can be expected from him. All that regards design, form, fable (which is the soul of poetry); all that concerns exactness, or consent of parts (which is the body) will probably be wanting: only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expressions, and something of a neat cast of verse (which are properly the dress, gems, or loose ornaments of poetry) may be found in these verses. This is indeed the case of most other poetical writers of miscellanies; nor can it be well otherwise, since no man can be a true poet who writes for diversion only. These authors should be considered as versifiers and witty men, rather than as poets; and under this head will only fall the thoughts, the expression, and the numbers. These are only the pleasing parts of poetry, which may be judged of at a view, and comprehended all at once. And (to express myself like a painter) their colouring entertains the sight; but the lines and life of the picture are not to be inspected too narrowly.

This author formed himself upon Petrarch, or rather upon Marino. His thoughts one may observe, in the main, are pretty; but oftentimes far fetched, and too often strained and stiffened to make them appear the greater. For men are never so apt to think a thing great, as when it is odd or wonderful; and inconsiderate authors would rather be admired than understood. This ambition of surprizing a reader, is the true natural cause of all fustian and bombast in poetry. To confirm what I have said, you need but look into his first poem of the Weeper, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th, 21st stanzas are as sublimely dull as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th, and 23d stanzas of the same copy are soft and pleasing: and if these last want any thing, it is an easier and more unaffected expression. The remaining thoughts in that poem might have been spared, being either but repetitions, or very trivial and mean. And by this example in the first, one may guess at all the rest; to be like this, a mixture of tender gentle thoughts and suitable expressions, of forced and inextricable conceits, and of needless fillers-up to the rest. From all which it is plain, this author writ fast, and set down what came uppermost. A reader may skim off the froth, and

use the clear underneath; but if he goes too deep, will meet with a mouthful of dregs; either the top or bottom of him are good for little; but what he did in his own, natural, middle-way, is best.

To speak of his numbers, is a little difficult, they are so various and irregular, and mostly Pindaric; it is evident his heroic verse (the best example of which is his Music's Duel) is carelessly made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that had he taken more care, it had been musical and pleasing enough; not extremely majestic, but sweet: and, the time considered of his writing, he was (even as uncorrect as he is) none of the worst versificators.

I will just observe, that the best pieces of this author are a Paraphrase on Psal. xxiii. — on Lessius, Epitaph on Mr. Ashton, Wishes to his supposed Mistress, and the *Dies Iræ*.

LETTER XXXIV.

From the same to the same.

Dec 30, 1710.

I RESUME my old liberty of throwing out myself upon paper to you, and making what thoughts float uppermost in my head, the subject of a letter. They are at present upon laughter, which (for aught I know) may be the cause you might sometimes think me too remiss a friend, when I was most entirely so: for I am never so inclined to mirth as when I am most pleased and most easy, which is in the company of a friend like yourself.

As the fooling and toying with a mistress is a proof of fondness, not disrespect, so is raillery with a friend. I know there are prudes in friendship, who expect distance, awe, and adoration; but I know you are not of them; and I for my part am no idol-worshipper, though a Papist. If I were to address Jupiter himself in a heathen way, I fancy I should be apt to take hold of his knee in a familiar manner, if not of his beard, like Dionysius; I was just going to say of his buttons; but I think Jupiter wore none (however I won't be positive to so nice a critic as you, but his robe might be subected with a fibula).

fibula). I know some philosophers define laughter, a recommending ourselves to our own favour, by comparison with the weakness of another: but I am sure I very rarely laugh with that view, nor do I believe children have any such consideration in their heads, when they express their pleasure this way: I laugh full as innocently as they, for the most part, and as sillily. There is a difference too betwixt laughing about a thing and laughing at a thing: one may find the inferior man (to make a kind of casuistical distinction) provoked to folly at the sight or observation of some circumstance of a thing, when the thing itself appears solemn and august to the superior man, that is, our judgment and reason. Let an ambassador speak the best sense in the world, and deport himself in the most graceful manner before a prince, yet if the tail of his shirt happen (as I have known it happen to a very wise man) to hang out behind, more people will laugh at that than attend to the other; till they recollect themselves, and then they will not have a jot the less respect for the minister. I must confess the iniquity of my countenance before you; several muscles of my face sometimes take an impertinent liberty with my judgment; but then my judgment soon rises, and sets all right again about my mouth: and I find I value no man so much as him in whose sight I have been playing the fool. I cannot be *sub persona* before a man I love; and not to laugh with honesty, when nature prompts, or folly (which is more a second nature than any thing I know) is but a knavish hypocritical way of making a mask of one's own face. To conclude: Those that are my friends I laugh with, and those that are not I laugh at; so am merry in company; and if ever I am wise, it is all by myself. You take just another course, and to those that are not your friends, are very civil; and to those that are, very endearing and complaisant; thus when you and I meet, there will be the *risus et blanditiæ* united together in conversation, as they commonly are in a verse. But without laughter on the one side, or compliment on the other, I assure you I am, with real esteem, your, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

Nov. 12, 1711.

I RECEIVED the entertainment of your letter the day after I had sent you one of mine and I am but this morning returned hither. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your return from Bath. gives me such a kind of pleasure as we usually take in accompanying our friends in their mixed adventures; for, methinks, I see you labouring through all your inconveniences of the rough roads, the hard saddle, the trotting horse, and what not! What an agreeable surprize would it have been to me, to have met you by pure accident (which I was within an ace of doing) and to have carried you off triumphantly, set you on an easier pad, and relieved the wandering knight with a night's lodging and rural repast, at our castle in the forest! But these are only the pleasing imaginations of a disappointed lover, who must suffer in a melancholy absence yet these two months. In the mean time, I take up with the muses for want of your better company; the muses, "*quæ nobiscum pernoctant, peregrinantur, rusticantur*. Those aerial ladies just discover enough to me of their beauties to urge my pursuit, and draw me into a wandering maze of thought, still in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining those favours from them which they confer on their more happy admirers. We grasp some more beautiful idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to express it can set to the view of others; and still do but labour to fall short of our first imagination. The gay colouring which fancy gave at the first transient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution, like those various figures in the gilded clouds, which, while we gaze long upon, to separate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays into confusion.

I am highly pleased with the knowledge you give me of Mr. Wycherley's present temper, which seems so favourable to me. I shall ever have such a fund of affection for him as to be agreeable to myself when I am so to him, and cannot but be gay when he is in good humour,

as

as the surface of the earth (if you will pardon a poetical similitude) is clearer or gloomier, just as the sun is brighter or more over-cast.—I should be glad to see the verses to Lintot which you mention; for, methinks, something oddly agreeable may be produced from that subject.—For what remains, I am so well, that nothing but the assurance of you being so can make me better; and if you would have me live with any satisfaction these dark days in which I cannot see you, it must be by your writing sometimes to you, &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

From the same to the same.

Dec. 21, 1711.

IF I have not writ to you so soon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the delay,—as it will infallibly do, when you know what a sacrifice I make you at this time, and that every moment my eyes are employed upon this paper, they are taken off from two of the finest faces in the universe. But indeed it is some consolation to me to reflect, that while I but write this period, I escape some hundred fatal darts from those unerring eyes, and about a thousand deaths or better. Now, you that delight in dying, would not once have dreamt of an absent friend in these circumstances; you that are so nice an admirer of beauty, or (as a critic would say after Terence) so elegant a spectator of forms; you must have a sober dish of coffee, and a solitary candle at your side, to write an epistle lucubratory to your friend; whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant lights, that outshine the golden god of day and silver goddess of night, and all the refulgent eyes of the firmament. You fancy now that Sappho's eyes are two of these my tapers, but it is no such matter; these are eyes that have much more persuasion in one glance than all Sappho's oratory and gesture together, let her put her body into what moving postures she pleases. Indeed, indeed, my friend, you never could have found so improper a time to tempt me with interest or ambition; let me but have the reputation of these in my keeping, and as for my own, let the devil, or let Den- nis, take it for ever.—How gladly

would I give all I am worth, that is to say, my Pastorals, for one of them, and my Essay for the other! I would lay out all my poetry in love; an original for a lady, and a translation for a waiting-maid! Alas! what have I to do with Jane Gray, as long as Miss Molly, Miss Betty, or Miss Patty are in this world? Shall I write of beauties murdered long ago, when there are those at this instant that murder me? I will e'en compose my own tragedy, and the poet shall appear in his own person to move compassion: it will be far more effectual than Bays's entering with a rope about his neck; and the world will own there never was a more miserable object brought upon the stage.

Now you that are a critic, pray inform me, in what manner I may connect the foregoing part of this letter with that which is to follow, according to the rules. I would willingly return Mr. Gay my thanks for the favour of his poem, and in particular for his kind mention of me; I hoped, when I heard a new comedy had met with success upon the stage, that it had been his, to which I really wish no less; and (had it been any way in my power) should have been very glad to have contributed to its introduction into the world. His verses to Lintot* have put a whim into my head, which you are like to be troubled with in the opposite page: take it as you find it, the production of half an hour the other morning. I design very soon to put a task of a more serious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deserve criticism; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in person with how much fidelity I am your, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mr. Pope to Sir William Trumbull †.

March 12, 1713.

THOUGH any thing you write is sure to be a pleasure to me, yet I must own, your last letter made me uneasy; you really use a style of compliment, which I expect as little as I deserve it. I

* These verses are printed in Dr. Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.

† Secretary of State to King William the Third.

know it is a common opinion that a young scribbler is as ill pleased to hear truth as a young lady. From the moment one sets up for an author, one must be treated as ceremoniously; that is, as unfaithfully

As a King's favourite, or as a King.

This proceeding, joined to that natural vanity which first makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a coxcomb for life. But I must grant it is a just judgment upon poets, that they, whose chief pretence is wit, should be treated as they themselves treat fools; this is, be cajoled with praises. And I believe, poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to say this, as if the obliging letter you sent me deserved this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend what Cæsar said of his wife: "It was not sufficient that he knew her to be chaste himself; but she should not be so much as suspected."

As to the wonderful discoveries, and all the good news you are pleased to tell me of myself, I treat it, as you who are in the secret treat common news, as groundless reports of things at a distance; which I, who look into the true springs of the affair, in my own breast, know to have no foundation at all; — for fame, though it be (as Milton finely calls it) the last infirmity of noble minds, is scarce so strong a temptation as to warrant our loss of time here: it can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed (as some of the antients are said to have done with that thought). You, Sir, have yourself taught me, that an easy situation at that hour can proceed from no ambition less noble than that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable by the strongest endeavours of the wit, but may be gained by the sincere intentions of the heart only. As in the next world, so in this, the only solid blessings are owing to the goodness of the mind, not the extent of the capacity, — friendship here is an emanation from the same source as beatitude there: the same benevolence and grateful disposition that qualifies us for the one, if extended farther, makes us partakers of the other. The utmost point of my desires in my present state,

terminates in the society and good-will of worthy men, which I look upon as no ill earnest and foretaste of the society and alliance of happy souls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but causes me to set some value upon myself as a part of your care. The instances I daily meet with of these agreeable awakenings of friendship are of too pleasing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am your, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. Pope to Sir William Trumbull.

April 30, 1713.

I HAVE been almost every day employed in following your advice, and amusing myself in painting; in which I am most particularly obliged to Mr. Jervas, who gives me daily instructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at present to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer; which is (as the world goes) not very usual. Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party-play, yet what the author once said of another may the most properly in the world be applied to him on this occasion:

Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud
him most.

The numerous and violent claps of the whig party on the one side of the theatre, were echoed back by the tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find the applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case too of the prologue-writer*, who was clapped into a staunch whig, at almost every two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applauses of the opposite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guineas; in acknowledg-

* Himself.

ment (as he expressed it) for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator. The whigs are unwilling to be distanced this way, and therefore design a present to the same Cato very speedily; in the mean time they are getting ready as good a sentence as the former on their side: so betwixt them, it is probable that Cato (as Dr. Garth expressed it) may have something to live upon after he dies. I am your, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

From the same to the same.

Dec, 16, 1715.

IT was one of the enigmas of Pythagoras, "When the winds rise, worship the echo." A modern writer explains this to signify, "When popular tumults begin, retire to solitudes, or such places where echoes are commonly found, rocks, woods," &c. I am rather of opinion it should be interpreted, "When rumours increase, and when there is abundance of noise and clamour, believe the second report." This I think agrees more exactly with the echo, and is the more natural application of the symbol. However it be, either of these precepts is extremely proper to be followed at this season; and I cannot but applaud your resolution of continuing in what you call your cave in the forest, this winter; and preferring the noise of breaking ice to that of breaking statesmen, the rage of storms to that of parties, the fury and ravage of floods and tempests, to the precipitancy of some and the ruin of others; which, I fear, will be our daily prospects in London.

I sincerely wish myself with you, to contemplate the wonders of God in the firmament, rather than the madness of man on the earth. But I never had so much cause as now to complain of my poetical star, that fixes me at this tumultuous time, to attend the jingling of rhymes and the measuring of syllables: to be almost the only trifler in the nation; and as ridiculous as the poet in Petronius, who, while all the rest in the ship were either labouring or praying for life, was scratching his head in a little room, to write a fine description of the tempest,

You tell me, you like the sound of no arms but those of Achilles: for my part, I like them as little as any other arms. I listed myself in the battles of Homer, and I am no sooner in war, but, like most other folks, I wish myself out again.

I heartily join with you in wishing quiet to our native country: quiet in the state, which, like charity in religion, is too much the perfection and happiness of either, to be broken or violated on any pretence or prospect whatsoever. Fire and sword, and fire and faggot, are equally my aversion. I can pray for opposite parties, and for opposite religions, with great sincerity. I think, to be a lover of one's country is a glorious clog, but I do not think it so great a one as to be a lover of mankind.

I sometimes celebrate you under these denominations, and join your health with that of the whole world: a truly catholic health, which far excels the poor narrow spirited, ridiculous healths now in fashion, to this church or that church. Whatever our teachers may say, they must give us leave at least to wish generously. These, dear Sir, are my general dispositions; but whenever I pray or wish for particulars, you are one of the first in the thoughts or affections of your, &c.

LETTER XL.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C. Esq.

June 15, 1711.

I SEND you Dennis's remarks on the Essay*; which equally abound in just criticisms and fine railleries. The few observations in my hand in the margins, are what a morning's leisure permitted me to make purely for your perusal; for I am of opinion that such a critic, as you will find him by the latter part of his book, is but one way to be properly answered, and that way I would not take after what he informs me in his preface, that he is at this time persecuted by fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been spared in the Essay for that only reason. I cannot conceive what ground he has for so excessive a resentment, nor imagine how these three

* On Criticism.

lines * can be called a reflection on his person, which only describe him subject a little to anger on some occasions. I have heard of combatants so very furious, as to fall down themselves with that very blow which they designed to lay heavy on their antagonists. But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to discourage young and unexperienced writers from scribbling, he should frighten us with his verse, not prose; for I have often known that when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a sinner, some very sad example has done the business. Yet, to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reason; and I will alter them in case of another edition; I will make my enemy do me a kindness where he meant an injury, and so serve instead of a friend. What he observes at the bottom of page 20 of his reflections, was objected to by yourself, and had been mended but for the haste of the press: I confess it what the English call a bull, in the expression, though the sense be manifest enough. Mr. Dennis's bulls are seldom in the expression; they are generally in the sense.

I shall certainly never make the least reply to him; not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of opinion, that if a book cannot answer for itself to the public, it is to no sort of purpose for its author to do it. If I am wrong in any sentiment of that Essay, I protest sincerely, I do not desire all the world should be deceived (which would be of very ill consequence) merely that I myself may be thought right; which is of little consequence). I would be the first to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory of myself; for (as I take it) when a man owns himself to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiser than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publishing that book, which otherwise I should never have known: it has been the occasion of making me friends and open abettors of several gentlemen of known sense and wit; and of proving to me, what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken some notice of by the world, or I

should never be attacked thus in particular. I have read, that it was a custom among the Romans, while a general rode in triumph, to have the common soldiers in the streets that railed at him and reproached him; to put him in mind, that though his services were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You will see by this, that whoever sets up for a wit in these days ought to have the constancy of a primitive christian, and be prepared to suffer martyrdom in the cause of it. But sure this is the first time that a wit was attacked for his religion, as you will find I am most zealously in this treatise; and you know, Sir, what alarms I have had from the opposite* side on this account. Have I not reason to cry out with the poor fellow in Virgil,

*Quid jam misero mihi denique restat?
Cui neque apud Danos usquam locus, et super ipsi
Dardaniâ infensi pœnas cum sanguine poscunt!*

It is however my happiness that you, Sir, are impartial.

Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian;
For you well know, that wit's of no religion.

The manner in which Mr. D. takes to pieces several particular lines, detached from their natural places, may shew how easy it is to a caviller to give a new sense, or a new nonsense, to any thing. And indeed his constructions are not more wrested from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they called them.

Our friend the Abbé is not of that sort; who with the utmost candour and freedom has modestly told me what others thought, and shewn himself one (as he very well expresses it) rather of a number than a party. The only difference between us, in relation to the monks, is, that he thinks most sorts of learning flourished among them; and I am of opinion, that only some sort of learning was barely kept alive by them: he believes that in the most natural and obvious sense, that line (A second deluge learning over-run) will be understood of learning in general: and I fancy it will be understood only (as it is meant) of polite learning, criticism, poetry, &c. which is the only learning concerned in the subject of the Essay. It is true, that

* But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

* See the ensuing letter.

the monks did preserve what learning there was, about Nicholas the Fifth's time; but those who succeeded fell into the depth of barbarism, or at least stood at a stay while others arose from thence; insomuch that even Erasmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly obliged to the Abbé's zeal in my commendation, and goodness in not concealing what he thinks my error: and his testifying some esteem for the book just at a time when his brethren raised a clamour against it, is an instance of great generosity and candour, which I shall ever acknowledge. Your, &c.

LETTER XLI.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C. Esq.

July 18, 1711.

IN your last you informed me of the mistaken zeal of some people, who seem to make it no less their business to persuade men they are erroneous, than doctors do that they are sick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary distemper. The simile objected to in my Essay,

(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect; and all are damn'd beside)

plainly concludes at this second line, where stands a full stop: and what follows (*Meanly they seek, &c.*) speaks only of wit (which is meant by that blessing, and that sun); for how can the sun of faith be said to sublime the southern wits, and to ripen the geniuses of northern climates? I fear these gentlemen understand grammar as little as they do criticism: and, perhaps, out of good-nature to the monks, are willing to take from them the censure of ignorance, and to have it to themselves. The word *they* refers (as I am sure I meant, and as I thought every one must have known) to those critics there spoken of, who are partial to some particular set of writers, to the prejudice of all others. And the very simile itself, if twice read, may convince them, that the censure here of damning, lies not on our church at all, unless they call our church *one small sect*: and the cautious words (*by each man*) manifestly shew it a general reflection on all such (whoever they are) who entertain those narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty; which the

reformed ministers and Presbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.

Yet, after all, I promise you, Sir, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of sound faith, though weak understanding, I will (though it were from no other principle than that of common good-nature) comply with it; and if you please but to particularize the spot where their objection lies (for it is in a very narrow compass) that stumbling-block, though it be but a little pebble, shall be removed out of their way. If the heart of these good disputants (who, I am afraid, being bred up to wrangle in the schools, cannot get rid of the humour all their lives) should proceed so far as to personal reflections upon me, I assure you, notwithstanding, I will do or say nothing, however provoked (for some people can no more provoke than oblige) that is unbecoming the true character of a catholic. I will set before me the example of that great man, and great saint, Erasmus; who in the midst of calumny proceeded with all the calmness of innocence, and the unrevengeing spirit of primitive christianity. However, I would advise them to suffer the mention of him to pass unregarded, lest I should be forced to do that for his reputation which I would never do for my own: I mean, to vindicate so great a light of our church from the malice of past times, and the ignorance of the present, in a language which may extend farther than that in which the trifle about criticism is written. I wish these gentlemen would be contented with finding fault with me only, who will submit to them, right or wrong, as far as I only am concerned; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than to disturb it for things of so little consequence as my credit and my sense. A little humility can do a poet no hurt, and a little charity can do a priest none: for, as St. Austin finely says, *Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas; ubi humilitas, ibi pax.* Your, &c.

LETTER XLII.

From the same to the same.

July 19, 1711.

THE concern which you more than seem to be affected with for my reputation, by the several accounts you have so obligingly given of what reports and

and censures the holy Vandals have thought fit to pass upon me, makes me desirous of telling so good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter; and of setting before you, in a clear light, the true state of it.

I have ever believed the best piece of service one could do to our religion, was openly to express our detestation and scorn of all those mean artifices and *pie fraudes*, which it stands so little in need of, and which have laid it under so great a scandal among its enemies.

Nothing has been so much a scarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable assertion of an utter impossibility of salvation to all but ourselves: invincible ignorance excepted, which indeed some people define under so great limitations, and with such exclusions, that it seems as if that word were rather invented as a salvo, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunderbolts of God (which are hurled about so freely on almost all mankind by the hands of ecclesiastics) than as a real exception to almost universal damnation. For besides the small number of the truly faithful in our church, we must again subdivide; the Jansenist is damned by the Jesuit, the Jesuit by the Jansenist, the Scotist by the Thomist, and so forth.

There may be errors, I grant; but I cannot think them of such consequence as to destroy utterly the charity of mankind,—the very greatest bond in which we are engaged by God to one another: therefore, I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to express my dislike of so shocking a sentiment as those of the religion I profess are commonly charged with; and I hope, a slight insinuation, introduced so easily by a casual similitude only, could never have given offence; but, on the contrary, must needs have done good, in a nation and time, wherein we are the smaller party, and consequently most misrepresented, and most in need of vindication.

For the same reason, I took occasion to mention the superstition of some ages after the subversion of the Roman empire, which is too manifest a truth to be denied, and does in no sort reflect upon the present professors of our faith, who are free from it. Our silence in these points may, with some reason, make our adversaries think we allow and persist in those bigotries; which yet in reality all good and sensible men despise, though

they are persuaded not to speak against them, I cannot tell why, since now it is no way the interest even of the worst of our priesthood (as it might have been then) to have them smothered in silence: for, as the opposite sects are now prevailing, it is too late to hinder our church from being slandered; it is our business now to vindicate ourselves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This cannot so well be brought about with serious faces; we must laugh with them at what deserves it, or be content to be laughed at, with such as deserve it.

As to particulars: you cannot but have observed, that at first the whole objection against the simile of wit and faith lay to the word *they*: when that was beyond contradiction removed (the very grammar serving to confute them) then the objection was against the simile itself; or if that simile will not be objected to (sense and common reason being indeed a little stubborn, and not apt to give way to every body) next the mention of superstition must become a crime; as if religion and she were sisters, or that it were scandal upon the family of Christ to say a word against the Devil's bastard. Afterwards, more mischief is discovered in a place that seemed innocent at first, the two lines about *schismatics*. An ordinary man would imagine the author plainly declared against those schismatics, for quitting the true faith, out of a contempt of the understanding of some few of its believers: but these believers are called *dull*; and because I say that those schismatics think some believers dull, therefore these charitable interpreters of my meaning will have it that I think all believers dull. I was lately telling Mr. * * these objections; who assured me, I had said nothing which a catholic need to disown; and I have cause to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: he put a notion into my head, which, I confess, I cannot but acquiesce in: That when a set of people are piqued at any truth which they think to their own disadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-speaker, is to attack his reputation a by-way, and not openly to object to the place they are really galled by: what these therefore (in his opinion) are in earnest angry at, is, that Erasmus, whom their tribe oppressed and persecuted, should be vindicated after an age of obloquy by one of their own people, willing

to utter an honest truth in behalf of the dead, whom no man sure will flatter, and to whom few will do justice. Others, you know, were as angry that I mentioned Mr. Walsh with honour : who as he never refused to any one of merit, of any party, the praise due to him, so honestly deserved it from all others, though of ever so different interests or sentiments. May I be ever guilty of this sort of liberty, and latitude of principle ; which gives us the hardness of speaking well of those whom envy oppresses even after death. As I would always speak well of my living friends when they are absent, nay, because they are absent, so would I much more of the dead, in that eternal absence : and the rather, because I expect no thanks for it.

Thus, Sir, you see I do in my conscience persist in what I have written ; yet in my friendship I will recant and alter whatever you please, in case of a second edition (which I think the book will not so soon arrive at, for Tonson's printer told me he drew off a thousand copies in this first impression, and, I fancy, a treatise of this nature, which not one gentleman in threescore, even of a liberal education, can understand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number). You shall find me a true Trojan in any faith and friendship ; in both which I will persevere to the end. Your, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C. Esq.

Dec. 5, 1712.

YOU have at length complied with the request I have often made you, for you have shown me, I must confess, several of my faults in the sight of those letters. Upon a review of them, I find many things that would give me shame, if I were not more desirous to be thought honest than prudent ; so many things freely thrown out, such lengths of unreserved friendship, thoughts just warm from the brain without any polishing or dress, the very dishabille of the understanding. You have proved yourself more tender of another's embryos than the fondest mothers are of their own, for you have preserved every thing that I miscarried of. Since I know this, I shall in one respect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careless rate,

because I see my evil works may again rise in judgment against me ; yet in another respect I shall be less afraid, since this has given me such a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my slightest thoughts. The revisal of these letters has been a kind of examination of conscience to me ; so fairly and faithfully have I set down in them from time to time the true and undisguised state of my mind. But I find that these, which were intended as sketches of my friendship, give as imperfect images of it as the little landscapes we commonly see in black and white do of a beautiful country ; they can represent but a very small part of it, and that deprived of the life and lustre of nature. I perceive that the more I endeavoured to render manifest the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by representing less and less of it : as glasses which are designed to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet as when people have a full idea of a thing first upon their own knowledge, the least traces of it serve to refresh the remembrance, and are not displeasing on that score ; so I hope, the foreknowledge you had of my esteem for you, is the reason that you do not dislike my letters.

They will not be of any great service (I find) in the design I mentioned to you : I believe I had better steal from a richer man, and plunder your letters (which I have kept as carefully as I would letters patents, since they entitle me to what I more value than titles of honour). You have some cause to apprehend this usage from me, if what some say be true, that I am a great borrower ; however, I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challenged me for it : and those who say it are such, whose writings no man ever borrowed from, so have the least reason to complain ; and whose works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. Another has been pleased to declare, that my verses are corrected by other men : I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any man : but indeed if mine have not, it was not my fault ; I have endeavoured my utmost that they should. But these things are only whispered, and I will not encroach upon Bays's province and *pen whippers* ; so hasten to conclude.

Your, &c.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. Pope to General Anthony Hamilton.*

Upon his having translated into French verse
the *Essay on Criticism*.

Oct. 10, 1713.

IF I could as well express, or (if you will allow me to say it) translate the sentiments of my heart, as you have done those of my head, in your excellent version of my *Essay*,—I should not only appear the best writer in the world, but, what I much more desire to be thought, the most your servant of any man living. It is an advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great honour and a great improvement. This, Sir, you have afforded me, having at the same time made others take my sense, and taught me to understand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly yours. Your verses are no more a translation of mine, than Virgil's are of Homer's; but are, like his, the justest imitation, and the noblest commentary.

In putting me into a French dress, you have not only adorned my outside, but mended my shape; and, if I am now a good figure, I must consider you have naturalized me into a country which is famous for making every man a fine gentleman. It is by your means that (contrary to most young travellers) I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wish we had a bill of commerce for translation established the next parliament; we could not fail of being gainers by that, nor of making ourselves amends for any thing we have lost by the war. Nay, though we should insist upon the demolishing of Boileau's works, the French, as long as they have writers of your form, might have as good an equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our ministers ought to be, of the terms I have gained from abroad; and I design, like them, to publish speedily to the world the benefits accruing from them; for I cannot resist the temptation of

* Author of the *Memoirs of the Count de Grammont*, *Contas*, and other pieces of note in French.

printing your admirable translation heret; to which if you will be so obliging to give me leave to prefix your name, it will be the only addition you can make to the honour already done me. I am your, &c.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele.

June 18, 1712.

YOU have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed state which wise men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks the moralists and philosophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending entirely either solitude or public life. In the former, men for the most part, grow useless by too much rest; and in the latter, are destroyed by too much precipitation; as waters, lying still, putrify, and are good for nothing; and running violently on, do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those indeed who can be useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely valleys and forests, amidst the flocks and the shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them. But there are another sort of people who seem designed for solitude; such, I mean, as have more to hide than to show. As for my own part, I am one of those whom Seneca says, "*Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse, quicquid in luce est.*" Some men, like some pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and, I believe, such as have a natural bent to solitude (to carry on the former similitude) are like waters, which may be forced into fountains, and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noise; but after all, they would run more smoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural

* This was never done; for the two printed French versions are neither of this hand. The one was done by Monsieur Roboton, private secretary to King George the First, printed in quarto at Amsterdam, and at London 1717. The other by the Abbe Resnel, in octavo, with a large preface and notes, at Paris, 1730.

course upon the ground. The consideration of this would make me very well contented with the possession only of that quiet which Cowley calls the Companion of Obscurity. But whoever has the Muses too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, Sir, you see, I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch just now told me, that it is in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wish for the highest cast; but, if his chance be otherwise, he is 'e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it. I am your, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

From the same to the same.

July 15, 1712.

You formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him sick and well: thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views; and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lies in new light through chinks that time has made.

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength, and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advan-

tage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this empty tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, What care I for the house! I am only a lodger. I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its own course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul," &c. I am your, &c.

LETTER XLVII.

From the same to the same.

Nov. 7, 1712.

I was the other day in company with five or six men of some learning; where, chancing to mention the famous verses which the emperor Adrian spoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that it was a piece of gaily unworthy of

that prince in those circumstances. I could not but differ from this opinion; methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very serious soliloquy to his soul at the point of his departure; in which sense I naturally took the verses at my first reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

*Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque, corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut soles) dubis joca!*

“Alas, my soul! thou pleasing companion of this body, thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it! whither art thou flying? to what unknown scene? all trembling, fearful, and pensive! what now is become of thy former wit and humour? thou shalt jest and be gay no more.”

I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this; it is the most natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man: and if we consider the emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future state of his soul will seem so far from being the effect of want of thought, that it was scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is a plain confession included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula blandula*, and the rest, appear not to me as expressions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern; such as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *Heptasyllabi* after him, where they are used to express the utmost love and tenderness for their mistresses.—If you think me right in my notion of the last words of Adrian, be pleased to insert it in the *Spectator*; if not, to suppress it. I am, &c.

ADRIANI morientis ad ANIMAM,
TRANSLATED.

Ah fleeting spirit! wand'ring fire,
Thou long hast warm'd my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire?
No more a pleasing cheerful guest?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying?
To what dark undiscover'd shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,
And wit and humour are no more!

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. Steele to Mr. Pope.

Nov 12, 1712.

I HAVE read over your *Temple of Fame* twice, and cannot find any thing amiss, of weight enough to call a fault; but see in it a thousand thousand beauties. Mr. Addison shall see it to-morrow: after his perusal of it I will let you know his thoughts. I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not? I have a design which I shall open a month or two hence, with the assistance of the few like yourself. If your thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain myself further. I am your, &c.

LETTER XLIX.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele.

Nov. 16, 1712.

YOU oblige me by the indulgence you have shewn to the poem I sent you; but will oblige me much more by the kind severity I hope from you. No errors are so trivial but they deserve to be mended. But since you say you see nothing that may be called a fault, can you but think it so, that I have confined the attendance of the guardian spirits* to Heaven's favourites only? I could point you to several; but it is my business to be informed of those faults I do not know; and as for those I do, not to talk of them, but to correct them. You speak of that poem in a style I neither merit nor expect; but, I assure you, if you freely mark or dash out, I shall look upon your blots to be its greatest beauties; I mean, if Mr. Addison and yourself should like it in the whole; otherwise the trouble of correction is what I would not like, for I really was so diffident of it as to let it lie by me these two years †, just as you now see it. I am afraid of nothing so much as to impose any thing on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance.

As to the last period of your letter, I shall be very ready and glad to contri-

* This is not now to be found in the *Temple of Fame*, which is the poem here spoken of.

† Hence it appears this poem was writ when the author was twenty-two years old.

bute to any design that tends to the advantage of mankind, which, I am sure, all yours do. I wish I had but as much capacity as leisure, for I am perfectly idle (a sign I have not much capacity).

If you will entertain the best opinion of me, be pleased to think me your friend. Assure Mr. Addison of my most faithful service; of every one's esteem he must be assured already. I am your, &c.

LETTER L.

From the same to the same.

Nov. 29, 1712.

I AM sorry you published that notion about Adrian's verses as mine: had I imagined you would use my name, I should have expressed my sentiments with more modesty and diffidence. I only sent it to have your opinion, and not to publish my own, which I distrusted. But I think the supposition you draw from the notion of Adrian's being addicted to magic, is a little uncharitable ("that he might fear no sort of deity, good or bad") since in the third verse he plainly testifies his apprehension of a future state, by being solicitous whither his soul was going. As to what you mention of his using gay and ludicrous expressions, I have owned my opinion to be, that the expressions are not so, but that diminutives are as often, in the Latin tongue, used as marks of tenderness and concern.

Anima is no more than my soul, *animula* has the force of my dear soul. To say *virgo bella* is not half so endearing as *virguicula bellula*; and had Augustus only called Horace *lepidum hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleasant fellow: it was the *homunculum* that expressed the love and tenderness that great emperor had for him. And perhaps I should myself be much better pleased, if I were told you called me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great genius, or an eminent hand, as Jacob does all his authors. I am your, &c.

LETTER LI.

Mr. Steele to Mr. Pope.

Dec. 4, 1712.

THIS is to desire of you that you would please to make an ode as of a cheerful dying spirit; that is to say, the em-

peror Adrian's *animula vagula* put into two or three stanzas for music. If you comply with this, and send me word so, you will very particularly oblige your, &c.

LETTER LII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele.

I do not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desired of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning; yet, you will see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, &c.

The Dying Christian to his SOUL.

O D E.

I.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

LETTER LIII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Addison.

July 20, 1713.

I AM more joyed at your return than I should be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season; but it is his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night-birds was John Dennis, whom, I think, you are best revenged upon, as the sun was in the fable, upon these bats and beastly birds above-mentioned, only by *shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon hav-

ing your share in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncensured and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that it was never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a critic, but only in some little railery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him*. But indeed your opinion, that it is entirely to be neglected, would have been my own, had it been my own case: but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself (though indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry). He has written against every thing the world has approved these many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited upon his disapprobation.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. Gay, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the critic that he deserves. I think, in these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them looked upon no better than themselves. I am your, &c.

LETTER LIV.

Mr. Addison to Mr. Pope.

O^a. 20, 1713.

I was extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The work† you mention will, I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself when your name appears with the proposals: and if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very

proud of shewing it by this or any other instance. I question not but your translation will enrich our tongue, and do honour to our country; for I conclude of it already from these performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal of time, and, unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at least I know none of this age that is equal to it beside yourself.

I am at present wholly immersed in country business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here some time; and will not despair of it when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement. I am your, &c.

LETTER LV.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Addison.

O^a. 10, 1714.

I HAVE been acquainted by one of my friends, who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleased to speak of me in a manner which nothing but the real respect I have for you can deserve. May I hope that some late malevolencies have lost their effect? Indeed it is neither for me nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has so little interest in pretending to be so? Methinks no man should question the real friendship of one who desires no real service. I am only to get as much from the whigs as I got from the Tories, that is to say, civility, being neither so proud as to be insensible of any good office, nor so humble as not to dare heartily to despise any man who does me an injustice.

I will not value myself upon having ever guarded all the degrees of respect for you; for (to say the truth) all the world speaks well of you, and I should be under a necessity of doing the same, whether I cared for you or not.

As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the author of *Cato* can speak one thing and think another,

* This relates to the paper occasioned by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, called "Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis."

† The translation of the *Iliad*.

other. As a proof that I account you sincere, I beg a favour of you : it is, that you would look over the two first books of my translation of Homer, which are in the hands of my Lord Hallifax. I am sensible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it : it is therefore some evidence of the trust I repose in your good-will, when I give you this opportunity of speaking ill of me with justice ; and yet expect you will tell me your truest thoughts, at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones.

I have a farther request, which I must press with earnestness. My bookseller is reprinting the Essay on Criticism, to which you have done too much honour in your Spectator of No. 253. The period in that paper, where you say, "I have admitted some strokes of ill-nature into that Essay," is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written ; but I would not desire it should be so, unless I had the merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point out those strokes to me, and you may be assured they shall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of sincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion) give me leave to name another passage in the same Spectator, which I wish you would alter. It is where you mention an observation upon Homer's verses of Sisyphus's Stone, as never having been made before by any of the critics. I happened to find the same in Dionysius of Halicarnassus's treatise, *Περὶ τῶν θύλων ἱστοριῶν*, who treats very largely upon these verses. I know you will think fit to soften your expression when you see the passage, which you must needs have read, though it be since slipped out of your memory. I am, with the utmost esteem, your, &c.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. Pope to the Honourable ———.

June 8, 1714.

THE question you ask in relation to Mr. Addison and Philips, I shall answer in a few words. Mr. Philips did express himself with much indignation against me one evening at Burton's coffee-house

(as I was told) saying, that I was entered into a cabal with Dean Swift and others to write against the whig-interest, and in particular to undermine his own reputation, and that of his friends Steele and Addison : but Mr. Philips never opened his lips to my face, on this or any like occasion, though I was almost every night in the same room with him, nor ever offered me any indecorum. Mr. Addison came to me a night or two after Philips had talked in this idle manner, and assured me of his disbelief of what had been said, of the friendship we should always maintain, and desired I would say nothing further of it. My Lord Hallifax did me the honour to stir in this matter, by speaking to several people to obviate a false aspersion, which might have done me no small prejudice with one party. However, Philips did all he could secretly to continue the report with the Hanover Club, and kept in his hands the subscriptions paid for me to him, as secretary to that club. The heads of it have since given him to understand that they take it ill ; but (upon the terms I ought to be with such a man) I could not ask him for this money, but commissioned one of the players, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole matter : but as to the secret grounds of this malignity, they will make a very pleasant history when we meet. Mr. Congreve and some others have been much diverted with it ; and most of the gentlemen of the Hanover Club have made it the subject of their ridicule on their secretary. It is to the management of Philips, that the world owes Mr. Gay's Pastorals. The ingenious author is extremely your servant, and would have complied with your kind invitation, but that he is just now appointed secretary to my Lord Clarendon, in his embassy to Hanover.

I am sensible of the zeal and friendship with which, I am sure, you will always defend your friend in his absence, from all those little tales and calumnies which a man of any genius or merit is born to. I shall never complain, while I am happy in such noble defenders and in such contemptible opponents. May their envy and ill-nature ever increase, to the glory and pleasure of those they would injure ! may they represent me what they will, as long as you think me what I am, your, &c.

LETTER LVII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Jervas.

Aug. 16, 1714.

I THANK you for your good offices, which are numberless. Homer advances so fast, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in, like a modish modern author;

Picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't.

I have the greatest proof in nature at present of the amusing power of poetry, for it takes me up so entirely, that I scarce see what passes under my nose, and hear nothing that is said about me. To follow poetry as one ought, one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My reverie has been so deep, that I have scarce had an interval to think myself uneasy in the want of your company. I now and then just miss you as I step into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to see you, the next I shall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briseis.

I fancy no friendship is so likely to prove lasting as ours, because, I am pretty sure, there never was a friendship of so easy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what vanity we have, expects its gratification from other people. It is not I that am to tell you what an artist you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a poet I am! but it is from the world abroad we hope (piously hope) to hear these things. At home we follow our business, when we have any; and think and talk most of each other when we have none. It is not unlike the happy friendship of a stayed man and his wife, who are seldom so fond as to hinder the business of the house from going on all day, or so indolent as not to find consolation in each other every evening. Thus, well-meaning couples hold in amity to the last, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantic friendships, like violent loves, begin with disquiets, proceed to jealousies, and conclude in animosities. I have lived to see the fierce advancement, the sudden turn, and the abrupt period of three or four of these enormous friendships, and am perfectly convinced of the truth of a maxim we once agreed in, that nothing

hinders the constant agreement of people who live together, but merely vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity of merit, and an inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard, as answers to their own extravagant false scale; and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell exactly to what pitch it amounts. I am, &c.

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. Jervas to Mr. Pope.

Aug. 20, 1714.

I HAVE a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I could keep you in suspense for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addison and I have had a conversation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainscot or behind some half-length picture, to have heard. He assured me, that he would make use not only of his interest but of his art, to do you some service; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations were spread, that he did not care you should prosper too much as a poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault, if there is not the best intelligence in the world, and the most hearty friendship, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy during the heat of the animosity; but now all is safe, and you are escaped even in his opinion. I promised in your name, like a good godfather, not that you should renounce the Devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend, merely for his own sake; therefore prepare yourself for some civilities.

I have done Homer's head, shadowed and heightened carefully; and I enclose the outline of the same size, that you may determine whether you would have it so large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the square of the busto. Perhaps there is something more solemn in the image itself, if I can get it well performed.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addison together with all sincerity, I value myself upon it as an acceptable piece of service to such a one as I know you to be. Your, &c.

LETTER LIX.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Jervas.

Aug. 27, 1714.

I AM just arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertained there. Every one is much concerned for the Queen's death. No panegyrics ready yet for the King.

I admire your whig-principles of resistance exceedingly, in the spirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your wish for them. Mr. Addison's verses on Liberty, in this letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion, *O Liberty! thou Goddess heavenly bright, &c.*

What you mention of the friendly office you endeavoured to do betwixt Mr. Addison and me, deserves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propensity to testify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous meanness of that proceeding which was used by Philips, to make a man I so highly value suspect my dispositions towards him. But as, after all, Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and has seemed to be no very just one to me, so, I must own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship. As for any offices of real kindness or service which it is in his power to do me, I should be ashamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my morals than to think me a party-man; nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to shew him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who misinformed him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addison is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that passed betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reserve) of our correspondence. The engagements I had to him were such as the actual services he had done me, in relation to the subscription for Homer, obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be ever so obnoxious to any party: nor did the tory-party ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the whig-party than the same liberty. — A curse on the word Party, which I have been forced to use so often in this period! I wish the present reign may put an end to the distinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of honest and knave, fool and man of sense; these two sorts must always be enemies; but for the rest, may all people do as you and I, believe what they please, and be friends. I am, &c.

LETTER LX.

Mr. Pope to the Earl of Halifax.

Dec. 1, 1714.

My Lord,

I AM obliged to you, both for the favours you have done me, and for those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good; and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you, to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours; but if I may have leave to add, if it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much (as I sincerely am) yours, &c.

LETTER LXI.*

Dr. Parnelle to Mr. Pope.

I AM writing you a long letter; but all the tediousness I feel in it is, that it makes me during the time think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy if I were with you, I could remove some of the uneasiness which you may have felt from the opposition of the world, and which you should be ashamed to feel, since it is but the testimony which one part of it gives you that your merit is unquestionable. What would you have otherwise, from ignorance, envy, or those tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exasperated too, at the vanity of its labours: then we speak ill of happier studies, and, sighing, condemn the excellence which we find above our reach.

My *Zoilus*†, which you used to write about, I finished last spring, and left in town. I waited till I came up to send it you; but not arriving here before your book was out, imagined it a lost piece of labour. If you will still have it, you need only write me word.

I have here seen the first book of *Homer*‡, which came out at a time when it could not but appear as a kind of setting up against you. My opinion is, that you may, if you please, give them thanks who writ it. Neither the numbers nor the spirit have an equal mastery with yours; but what surprizes me more is, that a scholar being concerned, there should happen to be some mistakes in the author's sense; such as putting the light of *Pallas's* eyes into the eyes of *Achilles*, making the taunt of *Achilles* to *Agamemnon* (that he should have spoils when *Troy* should be taken) to be a cool and serious proposal: the translating what you call *abluion* by the word *effals*, and so leaving water out of the rite of lustration, &c.: but you must have taken notice of all this before. I write

* This and the three extracts concerning the translation of the first *Iliad*, set on foot by Mr. Addison, Mr. Pope omitted in his first edition.

† Printed for B. Lintot, 1715, 8vo, and afterwards added to the last edition of his poems.

‡ Written by Mr. Addison, and published in the name of Mr. Tickell.

not to inform you, but to shew I always have you at heart. I am, &c.

Extract of a Letter of the Reverend Dr. Berkley, Dean of Londonderry.

July 7, 1715.

SOME days ago, three or four gentlemen and myself, exerting that right which all readers pretend to over authors, sat in judgment upon the two new translations of the first *Iliad*. Without partiality to my countrymen, I assure you, they all gave the preference where it was due; being unanimously of opinion, that yours was equally just to the sense with Mr. —'s, and without comparison more easy, more poetical, and more sublime. But I will say no more on such a thread-bare subject as your late performance is at this time. I am, &c.

Extract from a Letter of Mr. Gay to Mr. Pope.

July 8, 1715.

I HAVE just set down Sir Samuel Garth at the opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleased with your translation but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addison said the other translation was the best that ever was in any language†. He treated me with extreme civility; and out of kindness gave me a squeeze by the fore-finger. — I am informed, that at Button's your character is made very free with as to morals, &c. and Mr. Addison says that your translation and Tickell's are both very well done; but that the latter has more of *Homer*. I am, &c.

Extract from a Letter of Dr. Arbuthnot to Mr. Pope.

July 9, 1715.

I CONGRATULATE you upon Mr. T—'s first book. It does not indeed want its merit; but I was strangely dis-

† Sir Richard Steele afterwards, in his preface to an edition of the *Drummer*, a comedy by Mr. Addison, shews it to be his opinion, that "Mr. Addison himself was the person who translated this book."

appointed

appointed in my expectation of a translation nicely true to the original, whereas in those parts where the greatest exactness seems to be demanded, he has been the least careful; I mean the history of ancient ceremonies and rites, &c. in which you have with great judgment been exact. I am, &c.

LETTER LXII.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. James Craggs, Esq.

July 15, 1715.

I LAY hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of Shrewsbury, to assure you of the continuance of that esteem and affection I have long borne you, and the memory of so many agreeable conversations as we have passed together. I wish it were a compliment to say, Such conversations are not to be found on this side of the water: for the spirit of dissention is gone forth among us: nor is it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's, when Old England is no longer Old England, that region of hospitality, society, and good humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, though they gain as little by politics as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine sense, refined sense, and exalted sense; but for use and happiness, give me a little common sense. I say this in regard to some gentlemen, professed wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make poetry of consequence at this time of day, in the midst of this raging fit of politics. For they tell me, the busy part of the nation are not more divided about whig and Tories, than these idle fellows of the feather about Mr. T—'s and my translation. I (like the Tories) have the town in general, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is usual with the smaller party to make up in industry what they want in number, and that is the case with the little senate of Cato. However, if our principles be well considered, I must appear a brave whig, and Mr. T— a rank Tory; I translated Homer for the public in general; he to gratify the inordinate desires of one man only. We have, it seems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a set of noddors, winkers, and whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new translator of Homer is

the humblest slave he has, that is to say, his first minister; let him receive the honours he gives me, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his absolute Lord, I appeal to the people, as my rightful judges and masters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceeding from the small court faction at Button's. But after all I have said of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged: and I, for my part, treat with him as we do with the grand monarch, who has too many great qualities not to be respected, though we know he watches any occasion to oppress us.

When I talk of Homer, I must not forget the early present you made me of *Monsieur de la Motte's* book; and I cannot conclude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news, which affects our very entrails, L— is dead. and soupés are no more! you see I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the minister, but to the friend*." However, it is some mark of uncommon regard to the minister, that I steal an expression from a Secretary of State. I am, &c.

LETTER LXIII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Congreve.

Jan. 16, 1714-15.

METHINKS when I write to you, I am making a confession; I have got (I cannot tell how) such a custom of throwing myself out upon paper without reserve. You were not mistaken in what you judged of my temper of mind when I writ last. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no dispraise to me that they will not: the cleanness and purity of one's mind is never better proved than in discovering its own fault at first view: as when a stream shews the dirt at its bottom, it shews also the transparency of the water.

My spleen was not occasioned, however, by any thing an abusive angry critic could write of me. I take very kindly your heroic manner of congratulation upon this scandal; for I think nothing

* Alluding to St. John's letter to Prior, published in the Report of the Secret Committee.
more

more honourable, than to be involved in the same fate with all the great and the good that ever lived; that is, to be envied and censured by bad writers.

You do more than answer my expectations of you, in declaring how well you take my freedom, in sometimes neglecting, as I do, to reply to your letters so soon as I ought. Those who have a right taste of the substantial part of friendship, can wave the ceremonial: a friend is the only one that will bear the omission; and one may find who is not so, by the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my *Homer*, the care is over with me: the world must be the judge, and I shall be the first to consent to the justice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not so arrant an author as even to desire, that if I am in the wrong, all mankind should be so.

I am mightily pleased with a saying of Monsieur Tourreil:—"When a man writes, he ought to animate himself with the thoughts of pleasing all the world: but he is to renounce that desire or hope the very moment the book goes out of his hands."

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yesterday, having passed a few days in my way with my Lord Bolingbroke; I go to London in three days time, and will not fail to pay a visit to Mr. M——, whom I saw not long since at my Lord Halifax's. I hoped from thence he had some hopes of advantage from the present administration: for few people (I think) but I pay respects to great men without any prospects. I am in the fairest way in the world of being not worth a groat, being born both a papist and a poet. This puts me in mind of re-acknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me. But, I can tell you, it is to no purpose, for without the *opes, æquum mi animum ipse parabo.*

LETTER LXIV.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Congreve.

March 19, 1714-15.

THE farce of the *What-d'ye-call it**, has occasioned many different speculations in the town. Some looked upon it as a mere jest upon the tragic poets; others as a satire upon the late war. Mr.

* Written by Gay.

Cromwell hearing none of the words, and seeing the action to be tragical, was much astonished to find the audience laugh: and says the prince and princess must doubtless be under no less amazement on the same account. Several Templars, and others of the more vociferous kind of critics, went with a resolution to hiss, and confessed they were forced to laugh so much, that they forgot the design they came with. The court in general has, in a very particular manner, come into the jest, and the three first nights (notwithstanding two of them were court nights) were distinguished by very full audiences of the first quality. The common people of the pit and gallery received it at first with great gravity and sedateness, some few with tears; but after the third day they also took the hint, and have ever since been very loud in their claps.—There are still some sober men, who cannot be of the general opinion; but the laughers are so much the majority, that one or two critics seem determined to undeceive the town at their proper cost, by writing grave dissertations against it: to encourage them in which laudable design, it is resolved a preface should be prefixed to the farce, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yesterday Mr. Steele's affair was decided. I am sorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been punished by others, but suffered much even from his own party in the point of character, nor, I believe, received any amends in that of interest, as yet, whatever may be his prospects for the future.

This gentleman, among a thousand others, is a great instance of the fate of all who are carried away by party spirit, of any side. I wish all violence may succeed as ill: but am really amazed that so much of that sour and pernicious quality should be joined with so much natural good humour as, I think, Mr. Steele is possessed of. I am, &c.

LETTER LXV.

From the same to the same.

April 7, 1715.

MR. Pope is going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. Addison is sitting for his picture; in the mean time, amidst clouds of tobacco

tobacco at a coffee-house I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at Wills's; Morrice has quitted for a coffee-house in the city, and Titcomb is restored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loss for a person to converse with upon the fathers and church-history; the knowledge I gain from him is entirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his skill in astronomy to him and Mr. Whiston, so celebrated of late for the discovery of the longitude in an extraordinary copy of verses*. Mr. Rowe's Jane Gray is to be played in Easter week, when Mrs. Oldfield is to personate a character directly opposite to female nature: for what woman ever despised sovereignty? You know, Chaucer has a tale where a knight saves his head by discovering it was the thing which all women most coveted. Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which causes the sheets to be long a drying: this gives Mr. Lintot great uneasiness, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the curate of his parish to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on. There is a sixpenny criticism lately published upon the tragedy of *What-d'ye-call-it*, wherein he with much judgment and learning, calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave. His grand charge is against the *Pilgrim's Progress* being read, which he says, is directly levelled at Cato's reading Plato; to back this censure, he goes on to tell you, that the *Pilgrim's Progress* being mentioned to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evident, the tragedy of Cato having just eight times (as he quaintly expresses it) visited the press. He has also endeavoured to show, that every particular passage of the play alludes to some fine part of tragedy, which he says I have injudiciously and profanely abused†. Sir Samuel Garth's poem upon my Lord Clare's house, I believe, will be published in the Easter-week.

Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter forestalled all the subjects of diversion; unless it should be one to you to say, that I sit up till 2 o'clock over burgundy and champagne; and am become so much a rake, that I shall be ashamed in

* Called, *An Ode on the Longitude*, in *Swift and Pope's Miscellanies*.

† This curious piece was entitled, *A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call-it*, written by one Griffin, a player, assisted by Lewis Theobald.

a short time to be thought to do any sort of business. I fear I must get the gout by drinking; purely for a fashionable pretence to sit still long enough to translate four books of Homer. I hope you'll by that time be up again, and I may succeed to the bed and couch of my predecessor: pray cause the stuffing to be repaired, and the crutches shortened for me. The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to say, all that know you, must share in; we desire you in your turn to condole with us, who are under a persecution, and much afflicted with a distemper which proves mortal to many poets, a criticism. We have indeed some relieving intervals of laughter, as you know there are in some diseases; and it is the opinion of divers good guessers, that the last fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for poets assailed by critics, are like men bitten by tarantulas, they dance on so much the faster.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath played the precursor to the coming of Homer, in a treatise called *Homerides*. He has since risen very much in his criticisms, and, after assaulting Homer, made a daring attack upon the *What-d'ye-call-it*. Yet there is not a proclamation issued for the burning of Homer and the Pope by the common hangman; nor is the *What-d'ye-call-it* yet silenced by the Lord Chamberlain. Your, &c.

LETTER LXVI.

Mr. Congreve to Mr. Pope.

May 6.

I HAVE the pleasure of your very kind letter. I have always been obliged to you for your friendship and concern for me, and am more affected with it than I will take upon me to express in this letter. I do assure you there is no return wanting on my part, and am very sorry I had not the good luck to see the Dean before I left the town: it is a great pleasure to me, and not a little vanity, to think that he misses me. As to my health, which you are so kind as to inquire after, it is not worse than in London: I am almost afraid yet to say that it is better, for I cannot reasonably expect much effect from these waters in so short a time; but in the main they seem to agree with me.

‡ In one of his papers called *The Grumbler*, Here

Here is not one creature that I knew, which, next to the few I would chuse, contributes very much to my satisfaction. At the same time that I regret the want of your conversation, I please myself with thinking that you are where you first ought to be, and engaged where you cannot do too much. Pray give my humble service and best wishes to your good mother. I am sorry you do not tell me how Mr. Gay does in his health; I should have been glad to have heard he was better. My young amanuensis, as you call him, I am afraid, will prove but a wooden one; and you know *ex quo vis ligno*, &c. You will pardon Mrs. R—'s pedantry, and believe me to be your, &c.

P.S. By the enclosed you will see I am like to be impressed, and enrolled in the list of Mr. Curll's authors; but, I thank God! I shall have your company. I believe it high time you should think of administering another emetic.

LETTER LXVII.

The Rev. Dean Berkley to Mr. Pope.

Leghorn, May, 1714.

As I take ingratitude to be a greater crime than impertinence, I chuse rather to run the risque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you just now gave me. I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock here, having never seen it before. Style, painting, judgment, spirit, I had already admired in other of your writings; but in this I am charmed with the magic of your invention, with all those images, allusions, and inexplicable beauties, which you raise so surprizingly, and at the same time so naturally, out of a trifle. And yet I cannot say that I was more pleased with the reading of it than I am with the pretext it gives me to renew in your thoughts the remembrance of one who values no happiness beyond the friendship of men of wit, learning, and good-nature.

I remember to have heard you mention some half-formed design of coming to Italy. What might we not expect from a muse that sings so well in the bleak climate of England, if she felt the same warm sun, and breathed the same air with Virgil and Horace!

There are here an incredible number

of poets, that have all the inclination but want the genius, or perhaps the art of the antients. Some among them, who understand English, begin to relish our authors; and I am informed that at Florence they have translated Milton into Italian verse. If one who knows so well how to write like the old Latin poets came among them, it would probably be a means to retrieve them from their cold trivial conceits, to an imitation of their predecessors.

As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleasure, &c. have all different views in travelling; I know not whether it might not be worth a poet's while to travel, in order to store his mind with strong images of nature.

Green fields and groves, flowery meadows and purling streams, are nowhere in such perfection as in England; but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy: and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps.

You will easily perceive that it is self-interest makes me so fond of giving advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into these parts I should fly to see you. I am here (by the favour of my good friend the Dean of St. Patrick's) in quality of chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough; who about three months since left the greatest part of his family in this town. God knows how long we shall stay here. I am yours, &c.

LETTER LXVI.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Jervas in Ireland.

July 9, 1716.

THOUGH, as you rightly remark, I pay my tax but once in a half-year, yet you shall see by this letter upon the neck of my last, that I pay a double tax, as we non-jurors ought to do. Your acquaintance on this side of the sea are under terrible apprehensions from your long stay in Ireland, that you may grow too polite for them; for we think (since the great success of such a play as the Non-juror) that politeness is gone over the water. But others are of opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much about the same time with frogs, and with equal success. Poor Poetry! the little that is left of it here, longs

longs to cross the sea, and leave Eusden in full and peaceable possession of the British laurel : and we begin to wish you had the singing of our poets, as well as the croaking of our frogs, to yourselves, *in sæcula sæculorum*. It would be well in exchange, if Parnelle, and two or three more of your swans, would come hither; especially that swan who, like a true modern one, does not sing at all, Dr. Swift. I am (like the rest of the world) a sufferer by his idleness. Indeed I hate that any man should be idle, whilst I must translate and comment; and I may the moresincerely wish for good poetry from others, because I am become a person out of the question; for a translator is no more a poet than a tailor is a man.

You are, doubtless, persuaded of the validity of that famous verse,

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;

but why would you make your friends fonder of you than they are? There is no manner of need of it. We begin to expect you no more than Anti-christ; a man that hath absented himself so long from his friends, ought to be put in the Gazette.

Every body here has great need of you. Many faces have died for want of your pencil, and blooming ladies have withered in expecting your return. Even Frank and Betty (that constant pair) cannot console themselves for your absence; I fancy they will be forced to make their own picture in a pretty babe, before you come home: it will be a noble subject for a family-picce. Come then; and having peopled Ireland with a world of beautiful shadows, come to us, and see with what eye (which, like the eye of the world, creates beauties by looking on them) see, I say, how England has altered the airs of all its heads in your absence: and with what sneaking city attitudes our most celebrated personages appear in the mere mortal works of our painters.

Mr. Fortescue is much yours; Gay commemorates you; and lastly (to climb by just steps and degrees) my Lord Burlington desires you may be put in mind of him. His gardens flourish, his structures rise, his pictures arrive, and (what is far more valuable than all) his own good qualities daily extend themselves to all about him; of whom I the meanest

next to some Italian fiddlers and English bricklayers) am a living instance. — Adieu.

LETTER LXIX.

From the same to the same.

Nov. 14, 1716.

IF I had not done my utmost to lead my life so pleasantly as to forget all misfortunes, I should tell you I reckoned your absence no small one; but I hope you have also had many good and pleasant reasons to forget your friends on this side of the world. If a wish could transport me to you and your present companions, I could do the same. Dr. Swift, I believe, is a very good landlord, and a cheerful host at his own table. I suppose he has perfectly learnt himself, what he has taught so many others, *rusta non insanit lægema*, else he would not make a proper host for your humble servant, who (you know) though he drinks a glass as seldom as any man, contrives to break one as often. But it is a consolation to me that I can do this, and many other enormities, under my own roof.

But that you and I are upon equal terms in all friendly laziness, and have taken an inviolable oath to each other, always to do what we will,—I should reproach you for so long a silence. The best amends you can make for saying nothing to me, is by saying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and esteem the Dean and Dr. Parnelle.

Gay is yours and theirs. His spirit is awakened very much in the cause of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous couplet or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore; he has printed it with his name to it, and bravely assigns no other reason, than that the said Sir Richard has abused Dr. Swift. I have also suffered in the like cause, and shall suffer more: unless Parnelle sends me his Zoilus and Book-worm (which the Bishop of Clogher, I hear, greatly extols) it will be shortly *concurrere bellum atque virum*. I love you all, as much as I despise most wits in this dull country, Ireland has turned the tables upon England; and if I have no poetical friend in my own nation, I will be as proud as Scipio, and say (since I am reduced to skin and bone) *Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habeat*.

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LETTER LXX.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Jerwas in Ireland.

Nov. 29, 1716.

THAT you have not heard from me of late, ascribe not to the usual laziness of your correspondent, but to a ramble to Oxford, where your name is mentioned with honour, even in a land flowing with tories. I had the good fortune there to be often in the conversation of Doctor Clarke: he entertained me with several drawings, and particularly with the original designs of Inigo Jones's Whitehall. I there saw and revered some of your first pieces; which future painters are to look upon as we poets do on the Culex of Virgil and Batrachom of Homer.

Having named this latter piece, give me leave to ask what is become of Dr. Parnelle and his frogs*? *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*, might be Horace's wish, but will never be mine, while I have such *meorums* as Dr. Parnelle and Dr. Swift. I hope the spring will restore you to us, and wish you all the beauties and colours of nature. Not but I congratulate you on the pleasure you must take in being admired in your own country, which so seldom happens to prophets and poets: but in this you have the advantage of poets; you are master of an art that must prosper and grow rich as long as people love, or are proud of themselves, or their own persons. However, you have staid long enough, methinks, to have painted all the numberless histories of old Ogygia. If you have begun to be historical, I recommend to your hand the story which every pious Irishman ought to begin with, that of St. Patrick, to the end you may be obliged (as Dr. P. was when he translated the *Batrachomnomachia*) to come into England, to copy the frogs and such other vermin, as were never seen in that land since the time of that confessor.

I long to see you a history-painter. You have already done enough for the private, do something for the public; and be not confined, like the rest, to draw only such silly stories as our own faces tell of us. The antients too expect you should do them right: those

statues from which you learned your beautiful and noble ideas, demand it as a piece of gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their characters. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that design.

As to your inquiry about your house; when I come within the walls, they put me in mind of those of Carthage, where your friend, like the wandering Trojan,

Animum pictura poscit inani.

For the spacious mansion, like a Turkish caravanserah, entertains the vagabonds with only bare lodging. I rule the family very ill, keep bad hours, and lend out your pictures about the town. See what it is to have a poet in your house! Frank, indeed, does all he can in such a circumstance; for, considering he has a wild beast in it, he constantly keeps the door chained: every time it is opened the links rattle, the rusty hinges roar. The house seems so sensible that you are its support, that it is ready to drop in your absence; but I still trust myself under its roof, as depending that Providence will preserve so many Raphaels, Titians, and Guidos, as are lodged in your cabinet. Surely the sins of one poet can hardly be so heavy as to bring an old house over the heads of so many painters. In a word, your house is falling; but what of that? I am only a lodger &c.

LETTER LXXI.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Fenton.

Sir,

May 5.

I HAD not omitted answering yours of the 18th of last month, but out of a desire to give you some certain and satisfactory account which way, and at what time, you might take your journey. I am now commissioned to tell you, that Mr. Craggs will expect you on the rising of the parliament, which will be as soon as he can receive you in the manner he would receive a man *de Belles Lettres*, that is, in tranquillity and full leisure. I dare say your way of life (which, in my taste, will be the best in the world, and with one of the best men in the world) must prove highly to your contentment. And, I must add, it will be still the more

* He translated the *Batrachom* of Homer; which is printed among his poems,

† Alluding to the story of the Irishman.

a joy to me, as I shall reap a particular advantage from the good I shall have done in bringing you together, by seeing it in my own neighbourhood. Mr. Craggs has taken a house close by mine, whether he proposes to come in three weeks; in the mean time I heartily invite you to live with me: where a frugal and philosophical diet, for a time, may give you a higher relish of that elegant way of life you will enter into after. I desire to know by the first post how soon I may hope for you.

I am a little scandalized at your complaint that your time lies heavy on your hands, when the muses have put so many good materials into your head to employ them. As to your question, What I am doing? I answer, just what I have been doing some years, my duty; secondly, Relieving myself with necessary amusements, or exercises which shall serve me instead of physic as long as they can; thirdly, Reading till I am tired; and lastly, Writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friend to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the easier, if not the better, for my cares; and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the consciousness of doing my best. My next felicity is, in retaining the good opinion of honest men, who think me not quite undeserving of it; and in finding no injuries from others hurt me, as long as I know myself. I will add the sincerity with which I act towards ingenuous and undesigning men, and which makes me always (even by a natural bond) their friend; therefore believe me very affectionately your, &c.

LETTER LXXII.

*Rev. Dean Berkley * to Mr. Pope.*

Naples, Oct. 22, N. S. 1717.

I HAVE long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is such an exhausted subject, that, I dare say, you would easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the imagination of a poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy mat-

* Afterwards Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, author of the *Dialogues of Nylas and Philibous*, the *Miscute Philosopher*.

ter to find out images capable of giving pleasure to one of the few who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheless lately returned from an island, where I passed three or four months; which, were it set out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The island Iuarine is an epitome of the whole earth, containing within the compass of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is in the hottest season constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn; but are mostly covered with vineyards, intermixed with fruit-trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie everywhere open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chesnut-groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. The fields in the northern side are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren spots and naked rocks. But that which crowns the scene is a large mountain rising out of the middle of the island (once a terrible volcano, by the antients called Mons Epomeus); its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits; the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep; and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus: the greater part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil, as making a considerable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The islands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miseno, the habitations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Læstrigones, the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagna Felice, make but a part of this noble landscape; which would de-

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mand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing, as your own, to describe it. The inhabitants of this delicious isle, as they are without riches and honours, so they are without the vices and follies that attend them; and were they but as much strangers to revenge as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happiness, an ill habit of murdering one another on slight offences. We had an instance of this the second night after our arrival, — a youth of eighteen being shot dead by our door: and yet by the sole secret of minding our own business, we found a means of living securely among those dangerous people. Would you know how we pass the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours: besides the gaiety of their churches (where folks go to see what they call *una bella devotione*, i. e. a sort of religious opera) they make fire-works almost every week, out of devotion; the streets are often hung with arras, out of devotion; and (what is still more strange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houses, and treat them with music and sweetmeats, out of devotion: in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it beside the air and situation. Learning is in no very thriving state here, as indeed nowhere else in Italy; however, among many pretenders, some men of taste are to be met with. A friend of mine told me not long since, that being to visit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: he liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the version, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our language. I wish you health to go on with that noble work; and when you have that, I need not wish you success. You will do me the justice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is sincerely wished by your, &c.

LETTER LXXIII.

Mr. Pope to * * *.

Dec. 12, 1718.

THE old project of a window in the bosom, to render the soul of man visible, is what every honest friend has ma-

nifold reason to wish for; yet even that would not do in our case, while you are so far separated from me, and so long. I begin to fear you will die in Ireland; and that denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris*. I should be apt to think you in Sancho's case; some duke has made you governor of an island, or wet place, and you are administering laws to the wild Irish. But I must own, when you talk of building and planting, you touch my string; and I am as apt to pardon you as the fellow that thought himself Jupiter would have pardoned the other madman, who called himself his brother Neptune. Alas, Sir, do you know whom you talk to? One that has been a poet, was degraded to a translator, and at last, through mere dulness, is turned an architect. You know Martial's censure, *Præconem facio vel architectum*. However, I have one way left; to plan, to elevate, and to surprize, as Bays says. The next news you may expect to hear is, that I am in debt.

The history of my transplantation and settlement, which you desire, would require a volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, vicissitudes, and various fates, attending that important part of my life: much more, should I describe the many draughts, elevations, profiles, perspectives, &c. of every palace and garden proposed, intended, and happily raised, by the strength of that faculty wherein all great geniuses excel, imagination. At last, the gods and fate have fixed me on the borders of the Thames, in the districts of Richmond and Twickenham: it is here I have passed an entire year of my life, without any fixed abode in London, or more than casting a transitory glance (for a day or two at most in a month) on the pomps of the town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, returned from eternizing the Ireland of this age. For you my structures rise; for you my colonades extend their wings; for you my groves aspire, and roses bloom. And, to say truth, I hope posterity (which, no doubt, will be made acquainted with all these things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my architecture, that it was a mansion prepared to receive you, against your own should fall to dust, which is destined to be the tomb of poor Frank and Betty, and the immortal monument

ment of the fidelity of two such servants, who have excelled in constancy the very rats of your family.

What more can I tell you of myself? so much, and yet all put together so little, that I scarce care or know how to do it. But the very reasons that are against putting it upon paper, are as strong for telling it you in person; and I am uneasy to be so long denied the satisfaction of it.

At present I consider you bound in by the Irish sea, like the ghosts in Virgil,

Tristi pules inamabilis unda

Alligat, et novies Styx circumfusa coerces!

and I cannot express how I long to renew our old intercourse and conversation, our morning conferences in bed in the same room, our evening walks in the park, our amusing voyages on the water, our philosophical suppers, our lectures, our dissertations, our gravities, our reveries, our fooleries, our what not? This awakens the memory of some of those who have made a part in all these. Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rowe! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the death of the last: Parnelle was too much in my mind, to whose memory I am erecting the best monument I can. What he gave me to publish was but a small part of what he left behind him; but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it. I would fain know if he be buried at Chester or Dublin; and what care has been, or is to be taken for his monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe: I am writing this very day his epitaph for Westminster Abbey. After these, the best-natured of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or a philosopher famous. But ill tongues and worse hearts have branded even his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth. Your, &c.

LETTER LXXIV.

*Mr. Pope to * * * **

Sept. 17.

THE gaiety of your letter proves you not so studious of wealth as many of your profession are, since you can derive

matter of mirth from want of business. You are none of those lawyers who deserve the motto of the devil, *Circuit quærens quem deoret*. But your *Circuit* will at least procure you one of the greatest of temporal blessings, health. What an advantageous circumstance is it, for one that loves rambling so well, to be a grave and reputable Rambler! while (like your fellow circuiter, the sun) you travel the round of the earth, and behold all the iniquities under the heavens. You are much a superior genius to me in rambling; you, like a pigeon (to which I would sooner compare a lawyer than to a hawk) can fly some hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot: my little excursions are like those of a shop-keeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while. Your letter of the cause lately before you, I could not but communicate to some ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion, if you continued a correspondence of the same sort during a whole circuit, it could not fail to please the sex better than half the novels they read; there would be in them what they love above all things, a most happy union of truth and scandal. I assure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it: it is, on the contrary, full of *grave and sad* men, Mr. Baron S. Lord Chief Justice A. Judge P. and Counsellor B, who has a large pimple on the tip of his nose; but thinks it inconsistent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwithstanding the precedent of an eminent judge. I am, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXXV.

Mr. Pope to the Earl of Burlington.

My Lord,

IF your mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which, since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse (no disagreeable companion to your lordship's mare) overtook me in Windsor-forest. He said, he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the Muses, and would, as my book-

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seller,

seller, by all means accompany me thither.

I asked him where he got his horse? He answered, he got it of his publisher: "For that rogne my printer (said he) disappointed me: I hoped to put him into good humour by a treat at the tavern, of a brown fricassee of rabbits, which cost two shillings, with two quarts of wine, beside my conversation. I thought myself coxsure of his horse, which he readily promised me; but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. —; and if Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy.

"So, in short, I borrowed this stone-horse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me too the pretty boy you see after me: he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours to wash the ink off his face; but the devil is a fair conditioned devil, and very forward in his catechise: if you have any more bags, he shall carry them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts, and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner: "Now damn them! what if they should put it into the news-paper how you and I went together to Oxford; what would I care? If I should go down into Sussex, they would say I was gone to the Speaker. But what of that? If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by G—d, I would keep as good company as old Jacob."

Hereupon I inquired of his son. The lad (says he) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you are—I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray do not you think Westminster to be the best school in England? most of the late ministry came out of it, so did many of this ministry: I hope the boy will make his fortune."

Do not you design to let him pass a year at Oxford? "To what purpose?" (said he) "the universities do but make

"pedants; and I intend to breed him a man of business."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude: "Nothing," says he, "I can bear it well enough: but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest a while under the woods." When we were alighted:—"See here what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket! what if you amused yourself in turning an ode, till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever miscellany might you make at leisure hours?" Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy, a round trot very much awakens my spirits: then jog on apace, and I will think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugged the reins, stopped short, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone?" I answered Seven miles.—"Zounds, Sir (said Lintot) I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbleton-hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. I will say that for Oldsworth (though I lost by his Timothy's) he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak: and there's Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet Ditch and St. Giles's Pound, shall make you half a job."

Pray Mr. Lintot (said I) now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir (replied he) those are the saddest pack of rogues in the world: in a hungry fit, they will swear they understand all the languages in the universe. I have known one of them to take down a Greek book, upon my counter, and cry, Ay, this is Hebrew, I must read it from the latter end. By G—d I can never be sure in these fellows, for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way; I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso, that I will have their doings corrected by whom I please; so by one or other they are led at last to the true sense of an author; my judgment giving a negative to all my
"translators."

“ translators.” But how are you secure those correctors may not impose upon you? “ Why, I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman) that comes into my shop, to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my first translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not.

“ I will tell you what happened to me last month: I bargained with S— for a new version of Lucretius, to publish against Tonson’s; agreeing to pay the author so many shillings at his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech’s translation, and found it the same, word for word, all but the first page. Now, what do you think I did? I arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I stopt the corrector’s pay too, upon this proof that he had made use of Creech instead of the original.”

Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics? “ Sir (said he), nothing more easy, I can silence the most formidable of them: the rich ones for a sheet a-piece of the blotted manuscript, which costs me nothing; they will go about with it to their acquaintance, and pretend they had it from the author, who submitted to their correction: this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with, and dedicated to as the top critics of the town. As for the poor critics, I will give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess at the rest. A lean man that looked like a very good scholar, came to me the other day; he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged up his shoulders, and pished at every line of it: one would wonder (says he) at the strange presumption of some men; Homer is no such easy task, that every stripling, every versifier— He was going on, when my wife called to dinner. Sir, said I, will you please to eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. Lintot, said he, I am sorry you should be at the expence of this great book, I am really concerned on your account— Sir, I am much obliged to you, if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with

“ a slice of pudding— Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with men of learning— Sir, the pudding is upon the table if you please to go in.— My critic complies, he comes to a taste of your poetry, and tells me in the same breath, that the book is commendable, and the pudding excellent.

“ Now, Sir (concluded Mr. Lintot) in return to the frankness I have shewn, pray tell me, is it the opinion of your friends at court, that my Lord Lansdown will be brought to the bar or not?” I told him, I heard he would not, and I hoped it. my Lord being one I owed particular obligations to. “ That may be (replied Mr. Lintot); but by G—d, if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good trial.”

These, my Lord, are a few traits, by which you may discern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropt him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carleton at Middleton.

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to be equalled when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few days to cast myself from your horse at your feet. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXVI.

Mr. Pope to the Duke of Buckingham.

[In answer to a letter, in which he inclosed the description of Buckingham-house, written by him to the D. of Sh.]

PLINY was one of those few authors who had a warm house over his head, nay two houses, as appears by two of his epistles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durst have informed the public where they lodged, we should have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited as those of Fleet-street; but it is dangerous to let creditors into such a secret, therefore we may presume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their book-sellers.

It seems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all: he first introduced himself to Augustus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit toto*—an observation which probably he had not

made, unless he had lain all night in the street.

Where Juvenal lived we cannot affirm; but in one of his satires he complains of the excessive price of lodgings; neither do I believe he would have talked so feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the ostentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houses for your Grace's one: which is a country-house in the summer, and a town-house in the winter, and must be owned to be the properest habitation for a wise man, who sees all the world change every season, without ever changing himself.

I have been reading the description of Pliny's house, with an eye to yours; but finding they will bear no comparison, will try if it can be matched by the large country-seat I inhabit at present, and see what figure it may make by the help of a florid description.

You must expect nothing regular in my description, any more than in the house; the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and the several parts of it so detached one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages, having taken a country dance together, had been all out, and stood stone still with amazement ever since.

You must excuse me, if I say nothing of the front; indeed I do not know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed, who endeavoured to get into the house the right way. One would reasonably expect after the entry through the porch to be let into the hall: alas, nothing less! you find yourself in the house of office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the antients, continually smoking, but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flanked on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals,

about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbusses, and a rusty match-lock musquet or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars.—Here is one vast arched window beautifully darkened with divers escutcheons of painted glass: one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a knight whose iron armour is long since perished with rust, and whose alabaster nose is mouldered from his monument. The face of Dame Eleanor, in another piece, owes more to that single pane, than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty or glory! and yet I cannot but sigh to think that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a stone. In former days there have dined in this hall gartered knights, and courtly dames, attended by ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but last night that an owl flew hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threshold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from Hell with all their brimstone about them; these are carefully set at the farther corner, for the windows being everywhere broken, made it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-seed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and the other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study: then follow a brew-house, a little green-and-gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy: a little farther on the right the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions, which has a lattice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the same time as she prayed, she might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor, in all, twenty-six apartments, among which I must not forget a chamber which

has in it a large quantity of timber, that seems to have been either a bedstead, or a cyder-press.

The kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house; where one aperture serves to let out the smoke, and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country people, that they believe the witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the devil treats them with infernal venison, a roasted tyger stuffed with ten-penny nails.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms: you never pass out of one into another but by the ascent or descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say, those which Arachne spins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flawed ceilings, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decayed, that, after a favourable shower, we may expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as those to the cabins of packet-boats. These rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this seat; for the very rats of this venerable house are grey. Since these have not yet quitted it, we hope, at least, that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never seen half what I have described, but for a starched grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family-picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we passed from room to room with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when he came to the cellar: he informed us where stood the

triple row of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts in a morning; he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong-beer: then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture; "This" (says he, with tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once master of all this drink. "He had two sons, poor young masters, who never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very room, and never went out on their own legs." He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece to shew us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another. One of these was nailed up; and our guide whispered to us, as a secret, the occasion of it: It seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring prior; ever since which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery Chamber. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk there; and some prying maids of the family report that they have seen a lady in fardingale through the key-hole; but this matter is hushed up, and the servants are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you by this long description: but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preserve the memory of that which itself must soon fall into dust; nay, perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us dare not stay under our roof! Any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your Grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavour to converse with the best of them, and shall therefore, as soon as possible, tell you in person how much I am, &c.

LETTER LXXVII.

The Duke of Buckingham to Mr. Pope.

YOU desire my opinion as to the late dispute in France concerning Homer: and I think it excusable (at an age, alas! of not much pleasure) to amuse myself a little in taking notice of a controversy, than which nothing is at present more remarkable (even in a nation who value themselves so much upon the *Belles Lettres*) both on account of the illustrious subject of it, and of the two persons engaged in the quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the lyric kind of poetry, even in the opinion of his very adversary. The other, a lady (and of more value for being so) not only of great learning, but with a genius admirably turned to that sort of it which most becomes her sex, for softness, gentleness, and promoting of virtue; and such (as one would think) is not so liable as other parts of scholarship to rough disputes or violent animosity.

Yet it has so happened, that no writers, even about divinity itself, have been more outrageous or uncharitable than these two polite authors, by suffering their judgments to be a little warped (if I may use that expression) by the heat of their eager inclinations to attack or defend so great an author under debate. I wish for the sake of the public, which is now so well entertained by their quarrel, it may not end at last in their agreeing to blame a third man who is not so presumptuous as to censure both, if they should chance to hear it.

To begin with matter of fact: M. D'Acier has well judged, that the best of all poets certainly deserved a better translation, at least into French prose, because to see it done in verse was despaired of: I believe, indeed, from a defect in that language, incapable of mounting to any degree of excellence suitable to so very great an undertaking.

She has not only performed this task as well as prose can do it (which is indeed but as the wrong side of tapestry is able to represent the right) but she has added to it also many learned and useful annotations. With all which she most obligingly delighted not only her own sex, but most of ours, ignorant of the Greek, and consequently her adversary

himself, who frankly acknowledges that ignorance.

It is no wonder, therefore, if in doing this she is grown so enamoured of that unspeakable charming author, as to have a kind of horror at the least mention of a man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he being already deservedly famous for all sorts of lyric poetry, was so far introduced by her into those beauties of the epic kind (though but in that way of translation) as not to resist the pleasure and hope of reputation, by attempting that in verse which had been applauded so much for the difficulty of doing it even in prose: knowing how this, well executed, must extremely transcend the other.

But, as great poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient right of being excused for vanity on all occasions, he was not content to outdo M. D'Acier, but endeavoured to outdo Homer himself, and all that ever in any age or nation went before him in the same enterprize; by leaving out, altering, or adding whatever he thought best.

Against this presumptuous attempt, Homer has been in all time so well defended, as not to need my small assistance; yet I must needs say, his excellencies are such, that for their sakes he deserves a much gentler touch for his seeming errors. These if M. de la Motte had translated as well as the rest, with an apology for having retained them only out of mere veneration, his judgment, in my opinion, would have appeared much greater than by the best of his alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in wondering at some odd things in Homer, but it is chiefly because of his sublime ones: I was about to say his divine ones, which almost surprize me at finding him anywhere in the fallible condition of human nature.

And now we are wondering, I am in a difficulty to guess what can be the reason of these exceptions against Homer, from one who has himself translated him, contrary to the general custom of translators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean to be singular, in getting above the title of a translator, though sufficiently honourable in this case. For such an ambition nobody has less occasion than one who is so fine a poet in other kinds; and who must have too much wit

to believe any alteration of another can entitle him to the denomination of an epic poet himself: though no man in this age seems more capable of being a good one, if the French tongue would bear it. Yet in his translation he has done too well to leave any doubt (with all his faults) that hers can be ever paralleled with it.

Besides, he could not be ignorant that finding faults is the most easy and vulgar part of a critic; whereas nothing shews so much skill and taste both, as the being thoroughly sensible of the sublimest excellencies.

What can we say in excuse of all this? *Humanum est errare*: since as good a poet as I believe the French language is capable of, and as sharp a critic as any nation can produce, has by too much censuring Homer, subjected a translation to censure, that would have otherwise stood the test of the severest adversary.

But since he would needs choose that wrong way of criticism, I wonder he missed a stone so easy to be thrown against Homer, not for his filling the *Iliad* with so much slaughter (for that is to be excused, since a war is not capable of being described without it) but with so many various particulars of wounds and horror, as shew the writer (I am afraid) so delighted that way himself, as not the least to doubt his reader being so also:—like Spanioletta, whose dismal pictures are the more disagreeable, for being always so very movingly painted. Even Hector's last parting from his son and Andromache, hardly makes us amend for his body being dragged thrice round the town. M. de la Motte, in his strongest objections about that dismal combat, has sufficient cause to blame his enraged adversary; who here gives an instance that it is impossible to be violent without committing some mistake; her passion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very grossest of his failings. By which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, though in a dispute about that very poet for whom I have the greatest veneration.

M. D'Acier might have considered a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to so bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am sure she thinks shines securely even after the vain attempts of Plato himself against

it: caused only perhaps by a like reason with that of Madam D'Acier's anger against M. de la Motte, namely, the finding that in his prose his genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the sublime heights of poetry, which therefore he banished out of his commonwealth.

Nor were these objections to Homer any more lessening of her merit in translating him, as well as that way is capable of, viz. fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the most admirable verses can be any disparagement to as excellent prose.

The best excuse for all this violence is, its being in a cause which gives a kind of reputation even to suffering, notwithstanding ever so ill a management of it.

The worst of defending even Homer in such a passionate manner, is, its being more a proof of her weakness, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuse Homer any more than Hector, for flying at the first sight of Achilles? whose terrible aspect sure needed not such an inexcusable fright to set it off; and methinks all that account of Minerva's restoring his dart to Achilles, comes a little too late for excusing Hector's so terrible apprehension at the very first.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Mr. Pope to the Duke of Buckingham.

Sept. 1, 1718.

I AM much honoured by your Grace's compliance with my request, in giving me your opinion of the French dispute concerning Homer; and I shall keep my word, in fairly telling wherein I disagree from you. It is but in two or three very small points, not so much of the dispute as of the parties concerned in it. I cannot think quite so highly of the lady's learning, though I respect it very much. It is great complaisance in that polite nation, to allow her to be a critic of equal rank with her husband. To instance no further, his remarks on Horace shew more good sense, penetration, and a better taste of his author, and those upon Aristotle's *Art of Poetry* more skill and science, than any of hers on any author whatever. In truth, they are much more slight, dwell more in generals, and are, besides, for the most part, less her own; of which her remarks upon Homer are an example, where Eustathius is transcribed

ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more depth of learning in those upon Terence, Plautus, or (where they were most wanted) upon Aristophanes; only the Greek scholia upon the latter are some of the best extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not search to find defects in a lady; my employment upon the *Iliad* forced me to see them; yet I have had so much of the French complaisance as to conceal her thefts; for wherever I have found her notes to be wholly another's (which is the case in some hundreds) I have barely quoted the true proprietor, without observing upon it. If Madam D'Acier has ever seen my observations, she will be sensible of this conduct; but what effect it may have upon a lady, I will not answer for.

In the next place, as to M. de la Motte, I think your Grace hardly does him right, in supposing he could have no idea of the beauty of Homer's epic poetry but what he learned from Madam D'Acier's prose translation. There had been a very elegant prose translation before, that of Monsieur de la Valterie; so elegant, that the style of it was evidently the original and model of the famous *Telemaque*. Your Grace very justly animadvertes against the too great disposition of finding faults in the one, and of confessing none in the other. But doubtless, as to violence, the lady has infinitely the better of the gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, dispassionate, or sensible, than M. de la Motte's manner of managing the dispute: and so much as I see your Grace admires the beauty of his verse (in which you have the suffrage too of the archbishop of Cambray) I will venture to say, his prose is full as good. I think therefore when you say, No disputants, even in divinity, could be more outrageous and uncharitable than these two authors, you are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt as little of the zeal of commentators as of the zeal of divines, and am as ready to believe of the passions and pride of mankind in general, that (did but the same interest go along with them) they would carry the learned world to as violent extremes, animosities, and even persecutions, about variety of opinions in criticism, as ever they did about religion: and that, in defect of scripture to quarrel upon, we should have the

French, Italian, and Dutch commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence, and Horace.

I do not wonder your Grace is shocked at the sight of Hector upon the first appearance of Achilles, in the twenty-second *Iliad*. However (to shew myself a true commentator, if not a true critic) I will endeavour to excuse, if not to defend it, in my notes on that book: and to save myself what trouble I can, instead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the substance of what I have to say for it in a separate paper, which I'll shew your Grace when we next meet. I will only desire you to allow me, that Hector was in an absolute certainty of death, and depressed over and above with the conscience of being in an ill cause. If your heart be so great, as not to grant the first of these will sink the spirit of a hero, you will at least be so good as to allow the second may. But I can tell your Grace, no less a hero than my Lord Peterborough, when a person complimented him for never being afraid, made this answer: "Sir, shew me a danger that I think an imminent and real one, and I promise you I will be as much afraid as any of you." I am your Grace's, &c.

LETTER LXXIX.

Dr. Arbuthnot to Mr. Pope.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I AM extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old distressed courtier, commonly the most despicable thing in the world. This blow has so roused Scriblerus, that he has recovered his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicsome and gay, he is turned grave and morose. His lucubrations lie neglected among old newspapers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been among the papers of a noble lord sealed up. Then might Scriblerus have passed for the Pretender, and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work for the Flying Post, or some such author, to have allegorized all his adventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover-street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnelle, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret. It

is with some pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work for him. I have seen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit, and though, like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste, only that I will never forgive you if you do not use my aforesaid house in Dover-street with the same freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, so I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckoned amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

LETTER LXXX.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot.

Sept. 10,

I AM glad your travels delighted you; improve you I am sure they could not; you are not so much a youth as that, though you run about with a king of sixteen, and (what makes him still more a child) a king of Frenchmen. My own time has been more melancholy, spent in an attendance upon death, which has seized one of our family: my mother is something better, though at her advanced age, every day is a climacteric. There was joined to this an indisposition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a slight one compared with my mother's, because my life is not of half the consequence to any body that hers is to me. All these incidents have hindered my more speedy reply to your obliging letter.

The article you inquire of, is of as little concern to me as you desire it should; namely, the railing papers about the *Odyssey*. If the book has merit, it will extinguish all such nasty scandal; as the Sun puts an end to stinks, merely by coming out.

I wish I had nothing to trouble me more; an honest mind is not in the power of any dishonest one. To break its peace, there must be some guilt or consciousness, which is inconsistent with its own principles. Not but malice and injustice have their day, like some poor short-lived vermin that die in shooting their own stings. Falsehood is folly (says Homer); and liars and calumniators at last hurt none but themselves, even in

this world: in the next, it is charity to say, God have mercy on them! they were the devil's vicegerents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and, I fear, has a right to dispose of his children.

I have had an occasion to make these reflections of late more justly than from any thing that concerns my writings; for it is one that concerns my morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good character of another very innocent person, who I am sure shares your friendship no less than I do. No creature has better natural dispositions, or could act more rightly or reasonably in every duty, did she act by herself, or from herself; but you know it is the misfortune of that family to be governed like a ship, I mean the head guided by the tail, and that by every wind that blows in it.

LETTER LXXXI.

Mr. Pope to the Earl of Oxford.

My Lord,

Oct. 21, 1721.

YOUR Lordship may be surprized at the liberty I take in writing to you: though you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with some others who better deserved it. I hope you will not wonder I am still desirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful servant; but, I own, I have an ambition yet farther, to have others think me so, which is the occasion I give your Lordship the trouble of this. Poor Parnelle, before he died, left me the charge of publishing these few remains of his: I have a strong desire to make them, their author, and their publisher, more considerable, by addressing and dedicating them all to you. There is a pleasure in bearing testimony to truth, and a vanity, perhaps, which, at least, is as excusable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my Lord, to allow me to gratify it in prefixing this paper of honest verses to the book. I send the book itself, which, I dare say, you will receive more satisfaction in perusing, than you can from any thing written upon the subject of yourself. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for such an addition to it. All I say for it is, that it is the only dedication I ever writ, and shall be the only one, whether you accept

accept of it or not : for I will not bow the knee to a less man than my Lord Oxford; and I expect to see no greater in my time.

After all, if your Lordship will tell my Lord Harley that I must not do this, you may depend upon a suppression of these verses (the only copy whereof I send you); but you never shall suppress that great, sincere, and entire respect, with which I am always, my Lord, your, &c.

LETTER LXXXII.

The Earl of Oxford to Mr. Pope.

Sir, Brampton Castle, Nov. 6, 1721.

I RECEIVED your packet, which could not but give me great pleasure, to see you preserve an old friend in your memory; for it must needs be very agreeable to be remembered by those we highly value. But then how much shame did it cause me, when I read your very fine verses inclosed! My mind reproached me how far short I came of what your great friendship and delicate pen would partially describe me. You ask my consent to publish it : to what straits doth this reduce me! I look back indeed to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnelle, Dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I should be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendship; and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the verses, that I may keep the original, as a testimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very speedily to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship wherewith I am your, &c.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.

August 27, 1714.

WHATEVER studies on the one hand, or amusements on the other, it shall be my fortune to fall into, I shall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of them. The task I undertook, though of weight enough in itself, has had a voluntary increase by the enlarging

my design of the Notes; and the necessity of consulting a number of books has carried me to Oxford; but I fear, through my Lord Harcourt and Dr. Clark's means, I shall be more conversant with the pleasures and company of the place, than with the books and manuscripts of it.

I find still more reason to complain of the negligence of the geographers in their maps of old Greece, since I looked upon two or three more noted names in the public libraries here. But with all the care I am capable of, I have some cause to fear the engraver will prejudice me in a few situations. I have been forced to write to him in so high a style, that were my epistle intercepted, it would raise no small admiration in an ordinary man. There is scarce an order in it of less importance than to remove such and such mountains, alter the course of such and such rivers, place a large city on such a coast, and raise another in another country. I have set bounds to the sea, and said to the land, Thus far shalt thou advance, and no farther*. In the mean time, I, who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of losing my horse; and stand in some fear of a country justice†. To disarm me indeed may be but prudential, considering what armies I have at present on foot, and in my service : — an hundred thousand Grecians are no contemptible body; for all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thousand priests; and they seem proper forces to send against those in Barcelona. That siege deserves as fine a poem as the Iliad, and the machining part of poetry would be the juster in it, as they say the inhabitants expect angels from Heaven to their assistance. May I venture to say, who am a papist, and say to you who are a papist, that nothing is more astonishing to me than that people, so greatly warmed with a sense of liberty, should be capable of harbouring such weak superstition, and that so much folly can inhabit the same breasts!

I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queen, moved by the common curiosity of mankind, who

* This relates to the map of ancient Greece, laid down by our author in his observations on the second Iliad.

† Some of the laws were, at this time, put in force against the papists.

leave their own business to be looking upon that of other men. I thank God that, as for myself, I am below all the accidents of state-changes by my circumstances, and above them by my philosophy. Common charity of man to man, and universal good-will to all, are the points I have most at heart; and I am sure, those are not to be broken for the sake of any governors or government. I am willing to hope the best; and what I more wish than my own or any particular man's advancement is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the divisions of whig and tory; that the parties may love each other as well as I love them both, or at least hurt each other as little as I would either: and that our own people may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs; that is to say, that want of power itself in us may not be a surer prevention of harm, than want of will in them. I am sure, if all whigs and all tories had the spirit of one Roman Catholic that I know, it would be well for all Roman Catholics; and if all Roman Catholics had always had that spirit, it had been well for all others; and we had never been charged with so wicked a spirit as that of persecution.

I agree with you in my sentiments of the state of our nation since this change: I find myself just in the same situation of mind you describe as your own; heartily wishing the good, that is, the quiet of my country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy divisions of mankind by party-spirit, which at best is but the madness of many for the gain of a few. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Edward Blount, Esquire, to Mr. Pope.

IT is with a great deal of pleasure I see your letter, dear Sir, written in a style that shews you full of health, and in the midst of diversions; I think those two things necessary to a man who has such undertakings in hand as yours. All lovers of Homer are indebted to you for taking so much pains about the situation of his hero's kingdoms: it will not only be of great use with regard to his works, but to all that read any of the Greek historians; who generally are ill understood through the difference of the maps as to the places they treat of, which makes one think one author contradicts

another. You are going to set us right; and it is an advantage every body will gladly see you engross the glory of.

You can draw rules to be free and easy from formal pedants; and teach men to be short and pertinent from tedious commentators. However, I congratulate your happy deliverance from such authors as you (with all your humanity) cannot wish alive again to converse with. Critics will quarrel with you, if you dare to please without their leave; and zealots will shrug up their shoulders at a man that pretends to go to Heaven out of their form, dress, and diet. I would no more make a judgment of an author's genius from a damning critic, than I would of a man's religion from an unsaving zealot.

I could take great delight in affording you the new glory of making a *Barceloniad* (if I may venture to coin such a word): I fancy you would find a juster parallel than it seems at first sight: for the Trojans too had a great mixture of folly with their bravery; and I am out of countenance for them, when I read the wise result of their council, where, after a warm debate between Antenor and Paris, about restoring Helen, Priam sagely determines that they shall go to supper. And as for the Greeks, what can equal their superstition in sacrificing an innocent lady!

Tantum religio potuit, &c.

I have a good opinion of my politics, since they agree with a man who always thinks so justly as you. I wish it were in our power to persuade all the nation into as calm and steady a disposition of mind.

We have received the late melancholy news, with the usual ceremony, of condoling in one breath for the loss of a gracious queen, and in another rejoicing for an illustrious king. My views carry me no farther than to wish the peace and welfare of my country; and my morals and politics teach me to leave all that to be adjusted by our representatives above, and to Divine Providence. It is much at one to you and me who sit at the helm, provided they will permit us to sail quietly in the great ship. Ambition is a vice that is timely mortified in us poor papists; we ought in recompense to cultivate as many virtues in ourselves as we can, that we may be truly great. Among my ambitions, that of being a sincere friend

is one of the chief: yet I will confess that I have a secret pleasure to have some of my descendants know that their ancestor was great with Mr. Pope. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXV.

Edward Blount, Esq. to Mr. Pope.

Nov. 15, 1715.

IT is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you should do with my letters just as you pleased, and answer them at your leisure; and that is as soon as I shall think you ought. I have so true a taste of the substantial part of your friendship, that I wave all ceremonials; and am sure to make you as many visits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you please, assuring you they shall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turned to preserve peace and quiet among us. What a dismal scene has there been opened in the north! what ruin have those unfortunate rash gentlemen drawn upon themselves and their miserable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers! however, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in distress. I do not remember you and I ever used to trouble ourselves about politics; but when any matter happened to fall into our discourse, we used to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the disturbing the peace and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatsoever to violate the laws of charity. How many lives have there been lost in hot blood! and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold! If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me, and though we are farmers, you know Eumenius made his friends welcome. You shall here worship the echo at your ease; indeed we are forced to do so, because we cannot hear the first report, and therefore are obliged to listen to the second; which, for security's sake, I do not always believe neither.

It is a great many years since I fell in love with the character of Pomponius

Atticus: I longed to imitate him a little, and have contrived hitherto to be, like him, engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to some in both. I find myself very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which, I am persuaded, brings a man more content than all the perquisites of wild ambition. I with pleasure join with you in wishing, nay I am not ashamed to say in praying, for the welfare, temporal and eternal, of all mankind. How much more affectionately then shall I do so for you, since I am in a most particular manner, and with all sincerity, your, &c.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.

Jan. 21, 1715-16.

I know of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present, as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of. Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony; and joined together those two sacraments which, wise men say, should be the last we receive; for if you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfied in the conscience of having by this one act paid his just debts, obliged a woman who (he was told) had merit, and shewn an heroic resentment of the ill usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the lady discharged those debts; a jointure of four hundred a year made her a recompence; and the nephew he left to comfort himself as well as he could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedside, and earnestly intreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her, "My dear, it is only this, that you will
" never

"never marry an old man again." I cannot help remarking, that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call Humour: Mr. Wycherley shewed this, even in this last compliment; though I think his request a little hard; for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms?

So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeased myself to know such trifles, when they concern or characterize any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments; at least, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in; and Horace's rule for a play may as well be applied to him as a playwright:

*Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab inceptu processerit et sibi constet.*

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From the same to the same.

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

I AM just returned from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and passed a week in the Forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I must acquaint you, there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which makes it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures. I have been just taking a solitary walk by moonshine, full of reflections on the transitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a loose in the contemplation of those satisfactions which probably we may hereafter taste in the company of separate spirits, when we shall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vast a distance as we now do on those worlds. The pleasures we are to enjoy in that conversation must undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the discoveries each shall communicate to another, of God and of Nature; for the happiness of minds can surely be nothing but knowledge.

The highest gratification we receive here from company is mirth, which, at the best, is but a fluttering unquiet motion, that beats about the breast for a few moments, and after, leaves it void and

empty. Keeping good company, even the best, is but a less shameful art of losing time. What we here call Science and Study are little better: the greater number of arts to which we apply ourselves are mere groping in the dark; and even the search of our most important concerns in a future being, is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain haste to be knowing, sooner than we can, what, without all this solicitude, we shall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the case of futurity. It is not our business to be guessing what the state of souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own state happy: we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high science, Divinity, you will be so civil as to imagine I lay no mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other use, than horses of the bells that jingle about their ears (though now and then they toss their heads as if they were proud of them) only to jog on a little more merrily.

Your observations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendship, confirm me in what I was so fortunate as, at my first knowledge of you to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much decent pride and dignity upon me as to tell you, that but for opinions like these which I discovered in your mind, I had never made the trial I have done, which has succeeded so much to mine, and, I believe, not less to your satisfaction; for, if I know you right, your pleasure is greater in obliging me than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, that the variety of opinions, in politics or religion, is often rather a gratification than an objection, to people who have sense enough to consider the beautiful order of Nature in her variations, makes me think you have not construed Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verse which precedes that which you quote: *bone nota fides*, as I take it, does no way signify the Roman Catholic religion, though Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flowed from an exalted mind, that it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worshipping him, which divided the whole world. I am pretty sure you and I should no more make good inquisitors to the
modera

modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualified for Lictors to Procrustes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what, I think, I have formerly said,—That I as little fear God will damn a man who has charity, as I hope that any priest can save him without it. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

M. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.

March 20, 1715-16.

I FIND that a real concern is not only a hindrance to speaking, but to writing too: the more time we give ourselves to think over one's own or a friend's unhappiness, the more unable we grow to express the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter at such a season as this, as to retard a melancholy visit to a person one cannot relieve. One is ashamed in that circumstance to pretend to entertain people with trifling, insignificant affectations of sorrow on the one hand, or unseasonable and forced gaieties on the other. It is a kind of profanation of things sacred, to treat so solemn a matter as a generous voluntary suffering with compliments, or heroic gallantries. Such a mind as yours has no need of being spirited up into honour, or, like a weak woman, praised into an opinion of its own virtue. It is enough to do and suffer what we ought; and men should know, that the noble power of suffering bravely is as far above that of enterprizing greatly, as an unblemished conscience and inflexible resolution are above an accidental flow of spirits, or a sudden tide of blood. If the whole religious business of mankind be included in resignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow-creatures, there are now some people who give us as good an opportunity of practising the one, as themselves have given an instance of the violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this comfort when he is oppressed,—That he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him: for the greatest power on earth can no sooner do him that injury, but the brave man can make himself greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to seek for alleviating consolations in a calamity of so much glory, one might say that to be ruined,

thus in the gross with the whole people, is but like perishing in the general conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Metinks, the most heroic thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's load, and (oppressed as we are) to succour such as are yet more oppressed. If there are too many who cannot be assisted but by what we cannot give, our money,—there are yet others who may be relieved by our counsel, by our countenance, and even by our cheerfulness. The misfortunes of private families, the misunderstandings of people whom distresses make suspicious, the coldness of relations whom change of religion may disunite, or the necessities of half-ruined estates render unkind to each other: these at least may be softened, in some degree, by a general well-managed humanity among ourselves,—if all those who have your principles or belief, had also your sense and conduct. But indeed most of them have given lamentable proofs of the contrary; and it is to be apprehended that they who want sense, are only religious through weakness, and good-natured through shame. These are narrow-minded creatures that never deal in essentials, their faith never looks beyond ceremonials, nor their charity beyond relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any distressed, conscientious French refugee at this instant: what must my concern then be, when I perceive so many anxieties now tearing those hearts which I have desired a place in, and clouds of melancholy rising on those faces which I have long looked upon with affection! I begin already to feel both what some apprehend, and what others are yet too stupid to apprehend. I grieve with the old, for so many additional inconveniences and chagrins, more than their small remain of life seemed destined to undergo; and with the young, for so many of those gaieties and pleasures (the portion of youth) which they will by this means be deprived of. This brings into my mind one or other of those I love best, and among them the widow and fatherless, late of ——. As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer sense of others' misfortunes, or a more generous resignation as to what might be their own, so I earnestly wish that whatever part they must bear, may be

be rendered as supportable to them as is in the power of any friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this thought, as you always will in any thing that is good or generous. I find by a letter of your Lady's (which I have seen) that their ease and tranquillity is part of your care. I believe there is some fatality in it, that you should always, from time to time, be doing those particular things that make me enamoured of you.

I write this from Windsor Forest, of which I am come to take my last look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hanged do their fellow prisoners, who are condemned to follow them a few weeks after. I parted from honest Mr. D— with tenderness; and from old Sir William Trumbull, as from a venerable prophet, foretelling, with lifted hands, the miseries to come, from which he is just going to be removed himself.

Perhaps, now I have learnt so far as

Nos dulcia linquimus arva,

my next lesson may be

Nos patriam fugimus.

Let that, and all else, be as Heaven pleases! I have provided just enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I shall never be ashamed of each other. I know I wish my country well; and, if it undoes me, it shall not make me wish it otherwise.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Edward Blount, Esq. to Mr. Pope.

March 24, 1715-16.

YOUR letters give me a gleam of satisfaction, in the midst of a very dark and cloudy situation of thoughts, which it would be more than human to be exempt from at this time, when our homes must either be left, or be made too narrow for us to turn in. Poetically speaking, I should lament the loss Windsor-Forest and you sustain of each other, but that, methinks, one cannot say you are parted, because you will live by and in one another, while verse is verse. This consideration hardens me in my opinion rather to congratulate you, since you have the pleasure of the prospect whenever you take it from your shelf, and at the same time the solid cash you sold it

for, of which Virgil, in his exile, knew nothing in those days, and which will make every place easy to you. I, for my part, am not so happy; my *parva rura* are fastened to me, so that I cannot exchange them, as you have, for more portable means of subsistence; and yet I hope to gather enough to make the *patriam fugimus* supportable to me; it is what I am resolved on, with my *penate*. If therefore you ask me to whom you shall complain? I will exhort you to leave laziness and the elms of St. James's Park, and choose to join the other two proposals in one, safety and friendship (the least of which is a good motive for most things, as the other is for almost every thing) and go with me where war will not reach us, nor paltry constables summon us to vestries.

The future epistle you flatter me with, will find me still here, and I think I may be here a month longer. Whenever I go from hence, one of the few reasons to make me regret my home will be, that I shall not have the pleasure of saying to you,

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere noctem;

which would have rendered this place more agreeable than ever it else could be to me; for I protest, it is with the utmost sincerity that I assure you I am entirely, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER XC.

Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.

Sept. 8, 1717.

I THINK your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world, with the blessed conscience of having acted well in it; and I hope you have received your reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the religious country you inhabit, you will be better pleased to find I consider you in this light, than if I compared you to those Greeks and Romans, whose constancy in suffering pain, and whose resolution in pursuit of a generous end, you would rather imitate than boast of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made you undergo on this side the water. I beg, if your health be restored to you, not to deny me the joy of knowing it. Your endeavours of service and good advice to the poor pa-

pists, put me in mind of Noah's preaching forty years to those folks that were to be drowned at last. At the worst, I heartily wish your ark may find an Ararat, and the wife and family (the hopes of the good patriarch) land safely after the deluge, upon the shore of Totness.

If I durst mix profane with sacred history, I would cheer you with the old tale of Brutus, the wandering Trojan, who found on that very coast the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have very lately read Jeffery of Monmouth (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden) in the translation of a clergyman in my neighbourhood. The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an historian; and told me, he was perfectly astonished we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his giants, while we believe those of our saints. I am forced to make a fair composition with him; and, by crediting some of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of St. Christopher's carrying Christ, and the resuscitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chicken. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more to be compared to Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines are to the Mohocks of ever dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aside Homer for a week, and, when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate, with belief and reverence, the speech of Achilles's horse.

You will excuse all this trifling, or any thing else which prevents a sheet full of compliments; and believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in Jeffery is false) than that I have a constant affection for you, and am, &c.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks, in the zeal you bear to the Christian interest, though your cousin of Oxford (with whom I dined yesterday) says, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Christians, than whether the Emperor shall first declare war against Spain, or Spain declare it against the Emperor.

LETTER XCI.

Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.

Nov. 27, 1717.

THE question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit man in the world to answer, by my loss of one of the best of fathers.

He had lived in such a course of temperance as was enough to make the longest life agreeable to him, and in such a course of piety as sufficed to make the most sudden death so also. Sudden, indeed, it was: however, I heartily beg of God to give me such a one, provided I can lead such a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave; *Si qua est ea cura, &c.*

He has left me to the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal. My mother is in that dispirited state of resignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of such an humane turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desirable to us. I feel your absence more than ever, at the same time I can less express my regards to you than ever; and shall make this, which is the most sincere letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest, perhaps, of any you have received. It is enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any person when one's mind is taken up with a sensible sorrow, is a great degree of friendship. I can say no more, but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wish it may be very long before any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

LETTER XCII.

From the same to the same.

Renscomb in Gloucestershire, Oct. 3, 1721.

YOUR kind letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this country ever since your departure. I am well pleased to date this from a place so well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by her ancestors, whose faces are all upon me. I fear none so much as Sir Christopher Guise, who, being in his shirt, seems

seems as ready to combat me as her own Sir John was to demolish Duke Lancaster. — I dare say your Lady will recollect his figure. I looked upon the mansion, walls, and terraces; the plantations and slopes which Nature has made to command a variety of vallies and rising woods, with a veneration mixed with a pleasure, that represented her to me in those puerile amusements, which engaged her so many years ago in this place. I fancied I saw her sober over a sampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare say she did one thing more, even in those early times; — “remembered her Creator in the days of her youth.”

You describe so well your hermitical state of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you for a cave in a rock, with a fine spring, or any of the accommodations that besit a solitary. Only I do not remember to have read that any of those venerable and holy personages took with them a lady, and begat sons and daughters. You must modestly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I should rather rank you with Sir Amadis, and his fellows. If piety be so romantic, I shall turn hermit in good earnest; for, I see, one may go so far as to be poetical, and hope to save one's soul at the same time. I really wish myself something more, — that is, a prophet; for I wish I were, as Habakkuk, to be taken by the hair of his head, and visit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging in saying I have now a whole family upon my hands; to whom to discharge the part of a friend, I assure you, I like them all so well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and, consequently, them mine. I still see them walking on my green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the instructions they gave me how to slide down and trip up the steepest slopes of my mount.

Pray think of me sometimes, as I shall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is, your, &c.

LETTER XCIII.

From the same to the same.

Oct. 21, 1721.

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of inquiring after me, among the first concerns of life, at your resuscitation, should have been sooner answered and acknowledged. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illness which gave me less pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply afflicted in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne's, published by P. Coste, giving an account of the last words of an intimate friend of his: “Adieu, my friend! the pain I feel will soon be over; but I grieve for that you are to feel, which is to last you for life.”

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man somewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoun said one day to me: “Alas, I have nothing to do but to die! — I am a poor individual; no creature to wish or to fear for my life or death: it is the only reason I have to repent being a single man: now I grow old, I am like a tree without a prop, and without young trees to grow round me, for company and defence.”

I hope the gout will soon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards, except the gout. Pray come, and never stir from us again. Do away your dirty acres; cast them to dirty people, such as, in the scripture-phrase, possess the land. Shake off your earth, like the noble animal in Milton: —

The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, he springs as broke from
hounds,
And, rampant, shakes his brinded mane: the
ounce,

The lizard, and the tyger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks!

But, I believe, Milton never thought these fine verses of his should be applied to a man selling a parcel of dirty acres; though in the main, I think, it may have some resemblance. For, God knows!

this little space of ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did those creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our affections and desires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you; let Mrs. Blount know that she is in the list of my *Memento Domine, famulorum famularumque*, &c. My poor mother is far from well,—declining; and I am watching over her as we watch an expiring taper, that even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole air of this letter) not in the gayest nor easiest humour, but always with sincerity your, &c.

LETTER XCIV.

Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.

Jane 27, 1723.

YOU may truly do me the justice to think no man is more your sincere wellwisher than myself, or more the sincere wellwisher of your whole family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another so well, and for enjoying the sweets of that life which can only be tasted by people of good-will.—

They from all shades the darkness can exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.

Torbay is a paradise; and a storm is but an amusement to such people. If you drink tea upon a promontory that overhangs the sea, it is preferable to an assembly; and the whistling of the wind better music to contented and loving minds, than the opera to the spleenful, ambitious, diseased, distasted, and distracted souls which this world affords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they who are banished from us! but happier they who can banish themselves, or, more properly, banish the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very sublime, and to include more than an hundred sentences that might be writ to express distraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual business of having no business to do. You'll wonder I reckon translating the *Odyssey* as nothing. But whenever I think seriously (and of late I have met with so many occasions of thinking seriously, that I begin never to think otherwise) I cannot but think these things

very idle; as idle as if a beast of burden should go on jingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever serving his master.

Life's vain amusements, amidst which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or understood, by the grim god of hell!

said a heathen poet; as he is translated by a Christian bishop, who has, first by his exhortations, and since by his example, taught me to think as becomes a reasonable creature—but he is gone!

I remember I promised to write to you, as soon as I should hear you were got home. You must look on this as the first day I have been myself, and pass over the mad interval unimputed to me. How punctual a correspondent I shall henceforward be able or not able to be, God knows: but he knows I shall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wishes of such an one will ever attend you.

LETTER XCV.

From the same to the same.

Twickenham, June 2, 1723.

YOU shew yourself a just man and a friend in those guesses and suppositions you make at the possible reasons of my silence: every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulness of you, or yours, I assure you, the promiscuous conversations of the town serve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a corner of the world (undisturbed, innocent, serene, and sensible) with such as you. Let no access of any distrust make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the most sunny weather. Let the young ladies be assured I make nothing new in my gardens without wishing to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of them. I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto: I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner; and from that distance, under the temple you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective

spective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a *camera obscura*; on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene; it is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which, when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto, by a narrower passage, two porches; one towards the river, of smooth stones full of light, and open; the other toward the garden, shadowed with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron ore. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of.

*Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis ;
Dormio, dum blanda sentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora
somnia
Rumpere; si bibas, sive lavare, tace.*

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in silence, or in silence lave!

You will think I have been very poetical in this description; but it is pretty near the truth. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it. I am, &c.

LETTER XCVI.

From the same to the same.

Sept. 13, 1725.

I SHOULD be ashamed to own the receipt of a very kind letter from you, two whole months from the date of this, if I were not more ashamed to tell a lie, or to make an excuse, which is worse than a lie (for being built upon some probable circumstance, it makes use of a degree of truth to falsify with, and is

a lie guarded). Your letter has been in my pocket in constant wearing, till that, and the pocket, and the suit, are worn out; by which means I have read it forty times, and I find by so doing that I have not enough considered and reflected upon many others you have obliged me with; for true friendship, as they say of good writing, will bear reviewing a thousand times, and still discover new beauties.

I have had a fever, a short one, but a violent: I am now well; so it shall take up no more of this paper.

I begin now to expect you in town to make the winter to come more tolerable to us both. The summer is a kind of heaven, when we wander in a paradisaical scene among groves and gardens; but at this season, we are, like our poor first parents, turned out of that agreeable though solitary life, and forced to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer houses, and to live together in cities.

I hope you are long since perfectly restored, and risen from your gout, happy in the delights of a contented family, smiling at storms, laughing at greatness, merry over a Christmas fire, and exercising all the functions of an old patriarch in charity and hospitality. I will not tell Mrs. B— what I think she is doing; for I conclude it is her opinion, That he only ought to know it for whom it is done; and she will allow herself to be far enough advanced above a fine lady not to desire to shine before men.

Your daughters, perhaps, may have some other thoughts, which even their mother must excuse them for, because she is a mother. I will not, however, suppose those thoughts get the better of their devotions, but rather excite them and assist the warmth of them; while their prayer may be, that they may raise up and breed as irreproachable a young family as their parents have done. In a word, I fancy you all well, easy, and happy, just as I wish you: and next to that, I wish you all with me.

Next to God, is a good man: next in dignity, and next in value. *Munuscula cum paullo minus ab angelis.* If, therefore, I wish well to the good and the deserving, and desire they only should be my companions and correspondents, I must very soon and very much think of you. I want your company and your example. Pray make haste to town, so as not again

to leave us; discharge the load of earth that lies on you, like one of the mountains under which, the poets say, the giants (the men of the earth) are whelm'd: leave earth to the sons of the earth, your conversation is in Heaven; which, that it may be accomplished in us all, is the prayer of him who maketh this short sermon; value (to you) three-pence. Adieu.

LETTER XCVII.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. Robert Digby.

June 2, 1717.

I HAD pleased myself sooner in writing to you, but that I have been your successor in a fit of sickness, and am not yet so much recovered, but that I have thoughts of using your physicians*. They are as grave persons as any of the faculty, and (like the antients) carry their own medicaments about with them. But indeed the moderns are such lovers of raillery that nothing is grave enough to escape them. Let them laugh, but people will still have their opinions: as they think our doctors asses to them, we will think them asses to our doctors.

I am glad you are so much in a better state of health as to allow me to jest about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was so very serious, that I almost take it ill that Dr. Evans should tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more such people were to leave the world, I would not give six-pence to stay in it.

I am not so much concerned as to the point whether you are to live fat or lean: most men of wit or honesty are usually decreed to live very lean; so I am inclined to the opinion that it is decreed you shall; however, be comforted, and reflect that you will make the better busto for it.

It is something particular in you not to be satisfied with sending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolick. Mr. Wharton forced me to take Gorboduc, which has since done me great credit with several people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham some kindness, in shewing there is as much difference between their Gorboduc and this, as between Queen Anne and King George. It is truly a scandal, that men should write with contempt of a piece which they never once saw, as

* Asses.

those two poets did, who were ignorant even of the sex, as well as sense, of Gorboduc.

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute, you took up all my mind; the next, I shall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briseis. I shall be Achilles's humble servant these two months (with the good leave of all my friends). I have no ambition so strong at present as that noble one of Sir Nathaniel Lovel, recorder of London, to furnish out a decent and plentiful execution of Greeks and Trojans. It is not to be expressed how heartily I wish the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preserve me in the day of battle, which is just approaching! Join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always your, &c.

LETTER XCVIII.

From the same to the same.

London, March 31, 1718.

TO convince you how little pain I give myself in corresponding with men of good nature and good understanding, you see I omit to answer your letters till a time when another man would be ashamed to own he had received them. If therefore you are ever moved on my account by that spirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian ague, I mean the spirit of goodness, pray never stint it, in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare trust you, Sir, not only with my folly when I write, but with negligence when I do not; and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you thro' the rest of this paper, it should be spotted and diversified with conceits all over; you should be put out of breath with laughter at each sentence, and pause at each period, to look back over how much wit you have passed; but I have found by experience, that people now-a-days regard writing as little as they do preaching: the most we can hope is to be heard just with decency and patience, once a week, by folks in the country. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we whistle at a sermon. The stage is the only place we seem alive at; there indeed we stare, and roar, and clap hands for King George and the government. As for all other virtues but this

this loyalty, they are an obsolete train, so ill dressed, that men, women, and children hiss them out of all good company. Humility knocks so sneakingly at the door, that every footman outraps it, and makes it give way to the free entrance of pride, prodigality, and vain-glory.

My Lady Scudamore, from having rusticated in your company too long, really behaves herself scandalously among us: she pretends to open her eyes for the sake of seeing the Sun, and to sleep because it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have said her prayers before: talks, without any manner of shame, of good books, and has not seen Cibber's play of the Nonjuror. I rejoiced the other day to see a libel on her toilette, which gives me some hope that you have, at least, a taste of scandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wish you well; but as I cannot entirely desire the ruin of all the joys of this city, so all that remains is to wish you would keep your happiness to yourselves, that the happiest here may not die with envy at a bliss which they cannot attain to. I am, &c.

LETTER XCIX.

Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.

Colleshill, April 1718.

I HAVE read your letter over and over with delight. By your description of the town I imagine it to lie under some great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining, since you do not fly those horrible monsters rapine, dissimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you, and you cannot escape. We are here in the country in quite another world, surrounded with blessings and pleasures, without any occasion of exercising our irascible faculties; indeed we cannot boast of good breeding and the art of life, but yet we do not live unpleasantly in primitive simplicity and good humour. The fashions of the town affect us but just like a raree-show; we have a curiosity to peep at them, and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vain-glory, we cannot find in pomp and splendour at this distance; it appears to us a fine glittering scene, which, if we

do not envy you, we think you happier than we are, in your enjoying it. Whatever you may think to persuade us of the humility of Virtue, and her appearing in rags among you, we can never believe: our uninformed minds represent her so noble to us, that we necessarily annex splendour to her: and we could as soon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I cannot forbear telling you we indeed read the Spoils of Rapine as boys do the English Rogue, and hug ourselves full as much over it; yet our roses are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleasure of hearing (when you are at leisure) how soon I may expect to see the next volume of Homer. I am, &c.

LETTER C.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.

May 1, 1720.

YOU will think me very full of myself, when after long silence (which, however, to say truth, has rather been employed to contemplate of you than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finishing a book as in concluding a session of parliament, one always thinks it will be very soon, and finds it very late. There are many unlooked-for incidents to retard the clearing any public account; and so I see it is in mine. I have plagued myself like great ministers, with undertaking too much for one man; and, with a desire of doing more than was expected from me, have done less than I ought.

For having designed four very laborious and uncommon sort of indexes to Homer, I am forced, for want of time, to publish two only, the design of which you will own to be pretty, though far from being fully executed. I have also been obliged to leave unfinished in my desk the heads of two Essays, one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they must wait for future editions, or perish; and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem*. I think of you every day, I assure you, even without such good memorials of you as your sisters, with whom I sometimes talk of you, and find it one of the most agreeable of all subjects to them. My Lord Digby must be

perpetually remembered by all who ever knew him, or knew his children. There needs no more than an acquaintance with your family, to make all elder sons wish they had fathers to their lives end.

I cannot touch upon the subject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a sincere, hearty, old-fashioned respect for you, and constantly blames her son for not having writ to you oftener to tell you so.

I very much wish (but what signifies my wishing? — my Lady Scudamore wishes, your sisters wish) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contrast this season affords us, of the town and the country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your friend Mr. Johnson of Twickenham is) in this warmer season. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of showers; our gardens are offering their first nosegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour; the birds are paying their thanksgiving songs for the new habitations I have made them; my building rises high enough to attract the eye and curiosity of the passenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he enquires what house is falling, or what church is rising? So little taste have our common tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their streams, by Tuscan porticos or Ionic pilasters.

But (to descend from all this pomp of style) the best account of what I am building is, that it will afford me a few pleasant rooms for such a friend as yourself, or a cool situation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when she will do me the honour (at this public house on the road) to drink her own cyder.

The moment I am writing this, I am surprized with the account of the death of a friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a mere jest! building, gardens, writings, pleasures, works of whatever stuff man can raise! none of them (Gods knows) capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of satisfying a soul that is immortal! Dear Sir, I am, &c.

LETTER CI.

Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.

May 21, 1725.

YOUR letter, which I had two posts ago, was very medicinal to me: and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was sick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any testimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as constantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troublesome ill to me, till, after reading your letter, I found it was a most idle weak imagination, to think I could so offend you. Of all the impressions you have made upon me, I never received any with greater joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be assured of some share of your affections.

I had many other pleasures from your letter; that your mother remembers me is a very sincere joy to me. I cannot but reflect how alike you are: from the time you do any one a favour, you think yourselves obliged as those that have received one. This is indeed an old-fashioned respect, hardly to be found out of your house. I have great hopes, however, to see many old-fashioned virtues revive, since you have made our age in love with Homer; I heartily wish you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of seeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I should congratulate your having finished Homer, while the two Essays you mention are not completed: but if you expect no great trouble from finishing these, I heartily rejoice with you.

I have some faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here see round me. The verdure of showers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning, the hedge's breath is beyond all perfume, and the songs of birds we hear as well as you; but though I hear and see all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you was here. I found the want of these at Twickenham while I was there with you, by which I guess what an increase of charms it must now have. How kind is it in you to wish me there, and how unfortunate are my circumstances that allow me not to visit you! If I see you, I must

must leave my father alone; and this uneasy thought would disappoint all my proposed pleasures; the same circumstance will prevent my prospect of many happy hours with you in Lord Bathurst's wood, and I fear of seeing you till winter, unless Lady Scudamore comes to Sherborne, in which case I shall press you to see Dorsetshire as you proposed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite portico. Your, &c.

LETTER CII.

From the same to the same.

Sherborne, July 9, 1720.

THE London language and conversation is, I find, quite changed since I left it, though it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever astonished a philosopher so much as this does me. I hope this will calm all party rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in conversation. All scandal will sure be laid aside, for there can be no such disease any more as spleen in this new golden age. I am pleased with the thoughts of seeing nothing but a general good humour when I come up to town; I rejoice in the universal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me you was soon content; and that you cared not for such an increase as others wished you. By this account I judge you the richest man in the South-sea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wish you only an increase of health; for of riches and fame you have enough. Your, &c.

LETTER CIII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.

July 20, 1720.

YOUR kind desire to know the state of my health had not been unsatisfied so long, had not that ill state been the impediment. Nor should I have seemed an unconcerned party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from Lady Scudamore, whose short eschantillon of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the short glimpse of a vision afforded to some devout hermit; for it includes (as those revelations do) a promise of a better life in the Elysian groves of Cirenæster, whither, I could say almost in the

style of a sermon, the Lord bring us all, &c. Thither may we tend, by various ways, to one blissful bower: thither may health, peace, and good humour wait upon us as associates: thither may whole cargoes of nectar (liquor of life and longevity!) by mortals called Spaw-water, be conveyed; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh garlands crown'd,
Quaff immortality and joy.

When I speak of garlands, I should not forget the green vestments and scarfs which your sisters promised to make for this purpose. I expect you too in green, with a hunting-horn by your side, and a green hat, the model of which you may take from Osborne's description of King James the First.

What words, what numbers, what oratory, or what poetry can suffice, to express how infinitely I esteem, value, love, and desire you all, above all the great ones of this part of the world; above all the Jews, jobbers, bubblers, subscribers, projectors, directors, governors, treasurers, &c. &c. &c. *in sæcula sæculorum.*

Turn your eyes and attention from this miserable mercenary period; and turn yourself in a just contempt of these sons of Mammon, to the contemplation of books, gardens, and marriage: in which I now leave you, and return (wretch that I am!) to water-gruel and palladio. I am, &c.

LETTER CIV.

Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.

Sherborne, July 30.

I CONGRATULATE you, dear Sir, on the return of the golden age, for sure this must be such, in which money is showered down in such abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral golden age to us. I have some omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the muses delight to be near a court, when I find you frequently with a first minister, I cannot but expect from such an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know you desire to bring them into honour, above the golden image which is set up and worshipped; and, if you cannot effect it, adieu to all such hopes.

You

You seem so intimate in yours another face of things from this inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour, would no more engage our passions in the pleasurable pursuit of them, though assisted by this increase: if so, and if monsters only, as various as those of Nile, arise from this abundance, who that has any spleen about him, will not haste to town to laugh? What will become of the play-house? who will go thither, while there is such entertainment in the streets? I hope we shall neither want good satire nor comedy; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of geniuses, for none has ever produced better subjects. Your, &c.

LETTER CV.

Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.

Colleshill, Nov. 12, 1720.

I FIND in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the public spirit so much admired in old Rome, of sacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the commonwealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have suffered in the South Sea, than for the public, which is said to be undone by it. But I hope the reason is, that I do not see so evidently the ruin of the public to be a consequence of it, as I do the loss of my friends. I fear there are few besides yourself that will be persuaded by old Hesiod, that *half is more than the whole*. I know not whether I do not rejoice in your sufferings: since they have shewn me your mind is principled with such a sentiment, I assure you I expect from it a performance greater still than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind:

Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus alumna!

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could shew you to my eye in so much splendour. I would not indulge this fit of philosophy so far as to be tedious to you, else I could prosecute it with pleasure.

I long to see you, your mother, and your villa; till then I will say nothing of Lord Bathurst's wood, which I saw in my return hither. Soon after Christmas I design for London, where I shall miss Lady Scudamore very much, who intends to stay in the country all winter. I am angry with her, as I am like to suffer

by this resolution; and would fain blame her, but cannot find a cause. The man is cursed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen; yet I can use it with pleasure to send my services to your good mother, and to write myself your, &c.

LETTER CVI.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.

Sept. 1, 1722.

DOCTOR Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will stay there a fortnight or more: perhaps you would be comforted to have a sight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. Mary Digby: she needed only to follow his hints to be in eternal business and amusement of mind, and even as active as she could desire. But indeed I fear she would outwalk him; for (as Dean Swift observed to me the very first time I saw the doctor) "He is a man that can do every thing but walk." His brother, who is lately come into England, goes also to the Bath; and is a more extraordinary man than he; worth your going thither on purpose to know him. The spirit of philanthropy, so long dead to our world, is revived in him; he is a philosopher all of fire; so warmly, nay so wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own vortex. He is a star that looks as if it were all fire; but it is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would serve a friend, yet he is the only one, I believe, that could make even an enemy serve a friend.

As all human life is chequered and mixed with acquisitions and losses (though the latter are more certain and irremediable than the former lasting or satisfactory) so at the time I have gained the acquaintance of our worthy man, I have lost another, a very easy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour, Mr. Stonor. It is certain, the loss of one of this character puts us naturally upon setting a greater value on the few that are left, though the degree of our esteem may be different. Nothing, says Seneca, is so melancholy a circumstance in human life, or

so soon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and prospect of one friend after another dropping round us ! Who would stand alone, the sole remaining ruin, the last tottering column of all the fabric of friendship ; once so large, seemingly so strong, and yet so suddenly sunk and buried ! I am, &c.

LETTER CVII.

From the same to the same.

I HAVE belief enough in the goodness of your whole family, to think you will all be pleased that I am arrived in safety at Twickenham ; though it is a sort of earnest that you will be troubled again with me at Sherborne or Coleshill ; for however I may like one of your places, it may be in that as in liking one of your family ; when one sees the rest, one likes them all. Pray make my services acceptable to them ; I wish them all the happiness they may want, and the continuance of all the happiness they have ; and I take the latter to comprise a great deal more than the former. I must separate Lady Scudamore from you, as, I fear, she will do herself before this letter reaches you ; so I wish her a good journey, and I hope one day to try if she lives as well as you do ; though I much question if she can live as quietly : I suspect the bells will be ringing at her arrival, and on her own and Miss Scudamore's birth-days, and that all the clergy in the country come to pay respects ; both the clergy and their bells expecting from her, and from the young lady, further business and further employment. Besides all this, there dwells on the one side of her the Lord Conningsby, and on the other Mr. W—. Yet I shall, when the days and the years come about, adventure upon all this for her sake.

I beg my Lord Digby to think me a better man than to content myself with thanking him in the common way. I am, in as sincere a sense of the word, his servant, as you are his son, or he your father.

I must in my turn insist upon hearing how my last fellow-travellers got home from Clarendon, and desire Mr. Philips to remember me in his cyder, and to tell Mr. W— that I am dead and buried.

I wish the young ladies, whom I almost robbed of their good name, a better

name in return (even that very name to each of them which they shall like best, for the sake of the man that bears it). Your, &c.

LETTER CVIII.

From the same to the same.

1722.

YOUR making a sort of apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be so ; and (what is the happiest knowledge in the world) I know you will forgive me ; for sure nothing is more satisfactory than to be certain of such a friend as will overlook one's failings, since every such instance is a conviction of his kindness.

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions and never to rise to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle disposition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myself, and fully purpose to make you a visit this summer at Sherborne. I am told you are all upon removal very speedily, and that Mrs. Mary Digby talks, in a letter to Lady Scudamore, of seeing my Lord Bathurst's wood in her way. How much I wish to be her guide through that enchanted forest, is not to be exprest : I look upon myself as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the recesses of those sacred shades. I could pass whole days in only describing to her the future, and as yet visionary beauties, that are to rise in those scenes : the palace that is to be built, the pavilions that are to glitter, the colonnades that are to adorn them : nay more, the meeting of the Thames and the Severn, which (when the noble owner has finer dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's embraces thro' secret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they rise and celebrate their marriage in the midst of an immense amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of posterity a hundred years hence. But till the destined time shall arrive that is to manifest these wonders, Mrs. Digby must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest wood in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are all turned followers of the camp in Hyde-park this year,

year, whither all the town resort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, &c. The Scythian ladies that dwell in the waggons of war, were not more closely attached to the luggage. The matrons, like those of Sparta, attend their sons to the field, to be witnesses of their glorious deeds; and the maidens, with all their charms displayed, provoke the spirit of the soldiers: tea and coffee supply the place of Lacedæmonian black broth. This camp seems crowned with perpetual victory, for every sun that rises in the thunder of cannon, sets in the music of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the constant presence of the princess, to represent the *mater exercitus*.

At Twickenham the world goes otherwise. There are certain old people who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other company. They were introduced here by a man of their own sort, who has made me perfectly rude to all contemporaries, and will not so much as suffer me to look upon them. The person I complain of is the bishop of Rochester. Yet he allows me (from something he has heard of your character, and that of your family, as if you were of the old sect of moralists) to write three or four sides of paper to you, and to tell you (what these sort of people never tell but with truth and religious sincerity) that I am, and ever will be, your, &c.

LETTER CIX.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.

THE same reason that hindered your writing, hindered mine; the pleasing expectation to see you in town. Indeed, since the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother (whom it is natural and reasonable I should rejoice with as well as grieve) I could the better bear your absence from London, for I could hardly have seen you there; and it would not have been quite reasonable to have drawn you to a sick room hither from the first embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, though not so much as yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the good-nature to look upon her. I may recommend to

you the room we sit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account, that it is the very warmest in the house; we and our fires will equally smile upon your face. There is a Persian proverb that says (I think very prettily) "The conversation of a friend brightens the eyes." This I take to be a splendour still more agreeable than the fires you so delightfully describe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-side in the metaphorical sense, that is, all those of your family who make it pleasing to sit and spend whole wintery months together (a far more rational delight, and better felt by an honest heart than all the glaring entertainments, numerous lights, and false splendours, of an assembly of empty heads, aching hearts, and false faces). This is my sincere wish to you and yours.

You say you propose much pleasure in seeing some new faces about town of my acquaintance. I guess you mean Mrs. Howard's and Mrs. Blount's. And I assure you, you ought to take as much pleasure in their hearts, if they are what they sometimes express with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all a very faithful servant.

LETTER CX.

Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.

Sherborne, Aug. 14, 1723.

I CANNOT return from so agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country, without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new agreeable idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very strongly impressed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often, and shall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained in your villa when absent from it. As you are possessed of all the pleasures of the country, and, as I think, of a right mind, what can I wish you but health to enjoy them? This I heartily do, that I should be even glad to hear your good old mother might lose all her present pleasures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing them it is unnecessary.

I am troubled, and shall be so, till I hear you have received this letter: for you

you gave me the greatest pleasure imaginable in yours; and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I anyways deserve that friendly warmth and affection with which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and esteem for you: so truly, that I should lose the greatest pleasure of my life if I lost your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the class of honest men; for though I am not troubled over much about the opinion most may have of me, yet, I own, it would grieve me not to be thought well of by you and some few others. I will not doubt my own strength; yet I have this further security to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your esteem with it.

Perpetual disorder and ill health have for some years so disguised me, that I sometimes fear I do not to my best friends enough appear what I really am. Sickness is a great oppressor; it does great injury to a zealous heart, stifling its warmth, and not suffering it to break out into action; but, I hope, I shall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that please me too, though not so well grounded; these are, that you may yet make a journey westward with Lord Bathurst; but of the probability of this I do not venture to reason, because I would not part with the pleasure of that belief. It grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord, whom I love! indeed I remember him, as one that has made sickness easy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the same manner that you have always done. I often too consider him in other lights, that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connection, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inseparable. I have, as you guess, many philosophical reveries in the shades of Sir Walter Raleigh, of which you are a great part. You generally enter there with me, and like a good genius, applaud and strengthen all my sentiments that have honour in them. This good office, which you have often done me unknowingly, I must acknowledge now, that my own breast may not reproach me with ingratitude, and disquiet me when I could muse again in that solemn scene. I have not room now left to ask you many questions I intended

about the Odyssey. I beg I may know how far you have carried Ulysses on his journey, and how you have been entertained with him on the way? I desire I may hear of your health, of Mrs. Pope's, and of every thing else that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden plants? how look the trees? how spring the broccoli and the fenocchio? hard names to spell! how did the poppies bloom?—and how is the great room approved? What parties have you had of pleasure? What in the grotto? What upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours pass, all you say, and all you do; of which I should question you yet farther; but my paper is full and spares you. My brother Ned is wholly yours, and so my father desires to be, and every soul here whose name is Digby. My sister will be yours in particular. What can I add more? I am, &c.

LETTER CXI.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.

October 10.

I WAS upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to Bermudas, even to that *undiscovered country, from whence bourn no traveller returns!*

A fever carried me on the high gallop towards it for six or seven days—but here you have me now, and that is all I shall say of it: since which time an impertinent lameness kept me at home twice as long; as if Fate should say (after the other dangerous illness) “You shall neither go into the other world, nor anywhere you like in this;” else who knows but I had been at Hom-lacy?

I conspire in your sentiments, emulate your pleasures, wish for your company. You are all of one heart and one soul, as was said of the primitive Christians; it is like the kingdom of the just upon earth; not a wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a set of tried experienced friends and fellow-comforters, who have seen evil men and evil days; and have by a superior rectitude of heart, set yourselves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end such a millenary year in London? transmigrate (if I may so call it) it into other creatures, in that scene of folly militant, when you may reign for ever at Hom-lacy

lacy in sense and reason triumphant? I appeal to a third lady in your family, whom I take to be the most innocent, and the least warped by idle fashion and custom of you all; I appeal to her, if you are not every soul of you better people, better companions, and happier where you are? I desire her opinion under her hand in your next letter, I mean Miss Scudamore's*. I am confident, if she would or durst speak her sense, and employ that reason which God has given her, to infuse more thoughtfulness into you all, those arguments could not fail to put you to the blush, and keep you out of town, like people sensible of your own felicities. I am not without hopes, if she can detain a parliament-man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with such irresistible arguments another year, as may carry you all with me to Bermudas†, the seat of all earthly happiness, and the new Jerusalem of the righteous.

Do not talk of the decay of the year, the season is good where the people are so: it is the best time of the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves, the prospects begin to open through the thinner woods, over the valleys; and through the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of Heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and scatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the frosts are fresh and wholesome: what would you have? the moon shines too, though not for lovers these cold nights, but for astronomers.

Have ye not reflecting telescopes‡, whereby ye may innocently magnify her spots and blemishes? Content yourselves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting telescopes, and where those of all others are equally such upon their neighbours. Stay you at least (for what I have said before relates only to the ladies; do not imagine I will write about any eyes but theirs); stay, I say, from that idle, busy-looking sanhedrim, where wisdom or

no wisdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

If, after all, you will despise good advice, and resolve to come to London, here you will find me, doing just the things I should not, living where I should not, and as worldly, as idle; in a word, as much an Anti-Bermudanist as any body. Dear Sir, make the ladies know I am their servant; you know I am yours, &c.

LETTER CXII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.

Aug. 12.

I HAVE been above a month strolling about in Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, from garden to garden, but still returning to Lord Cobham's with fresh satisfaction. I should be sorry to see my Lady Scudamore's till it has had the full advantage of Ld. B—'s improvements; and then I will expect something like the waters of Riskins, and the woods of Oakley together, which (without flattery) would be at least as good as any thing in our world; for as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the paradise of Cyrus, and the Sharawaggis of China, I have little or no ideas of them; but, I dare say, Lord B— has, because they were certainly both very great and very wild. I hope Mrs. Mary Digby is quite tired of his Lordship's *extravagante bergerie*: and that she is just now sitting, or rather inclining on a bank, fatigued with over-much dancing and singing at his unwearied request and instigation. I know your love of ease so well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet, and too philosophical to be a philosopher, were it not for the ferment Lord B— will put you into. One of his Lordship's maxims is, that a total abstinence from intemperance or business, is no more philosophy than a total consociation of the senses is repose; one must feel enough of its contrary to have a relish of either. But, after all, let your temper work, and be as sedate and contemplative as you will, I will engage you shall be fit for any of us when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the customs of the company here: nothing will be able to prevent your conversion to her but indisposition, which

* Afterwards Duchess of Beaufort: at this time very young.

† About this time the Rev. Dean Berkley conceived his project of erecting a settlement in Bermudas, for the propagation of the Christian faith and introduction of sciences into America.

‡ These instruments were just then brought to perfection.

which I hope will be far from you. I am telling the worst that can come of you; for as to vice, you are safe; but folly is many an honest man's, nay every good-humoured man's lot; nay, it is the seasoning of life; and fools (in one sense) are the salt of the earth: a little is excellent, though indeed a whole mouthful is justly called the Devil.

So much for your diversions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at present than I shall then: for if there be on earth an image of Paradise, it is in such perfect union and society as you all possess. I would have my innocent envies and wishes of your state known to you all; which is far better than making you compliments, for it is inward approbation and esteem. My Lord Digby has in me a sincere servant, or would have, were there any occasion for me to manifest it.

LETTER CXIII.

From the same to the same.

Dec. 28, 1724.

IT is now the season to wish you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another; but both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a life as you have been long accustomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not; the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish to bear the mention of what are become either too old-fashioned or too private to constitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the present age. However, it were to be wished people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in case any of them should by chance come into fashion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hooped petticoats (which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of sins.)

They tell me, that at Colleshill certain antiquated charities and obsolete devotions are yet subsisting; that a thing called christian cheerfulness (not incompatible with Christmas pies and plum-broth) whereof frequent is the mention in old sermons and almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice; that feeding the hungry and giving alms to the poor,

do yet make a part of good house-keeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourscore miles; and, lastly, that prayers and roast-beef actually make some people as happy as a whore and a bottle. But here in town, I assure you, men, women, and children have done with these things. Charity not only begins but ends at home. Instead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones; who have cunning for prudence, rapine for justice, time-serving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a state of ignorance, and see nothing but quiet, religion, and good humour, the case is just as I tell you where people understand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wish that Heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them sensible which of these is right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country way? or you to leave prayers, and almsgiving, and reading, and exercise, and come into our measures? I wish (I say) that this matter were as clear to all men as it is to your affectionate, &c.

LETTER CXIV.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir,

April 21, 1726.

I HAVE a great inclination to write to you, though I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words, express what part I bear in your sufferings. Nature and esteem in you are joined to aggravate your affliction; the latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tie of friendship approaches near to the tenderness of nature; yet, God knows, no man living is less fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply sensible than myself of the greatness of the loss. That very virtue which secures his present state from all the sorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandize our sensation of its being removed from our sight, from our affection, and from our imitation: for the friendship and society of good men does not only make us happier, but it makes us better. Their death does but complete their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arrived to that degree of

per-

perfection which may merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was so, I take his very removal to be a proof; Providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world that so much wants them, as long as in its justice to them it could spare them to us. May my soul be with those who have meant well, and have acted well to that meaning! and, I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I shall be with him. Let us preserve his memory in the way he would best like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been, in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each just as we think he would have done; so we shall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and (what is more) in our lives and manners. I hope, when we shall meet him next, we shall be more of a piece with him, and consequently not to be evermore separated from him. I will add but one word that relates to what remains of yourself and me, since so valued a part of us is gone; it is to beg you to accept, as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart which (while he could fill it with such hopes, wishes, and affections for him as suited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his; and shall (I assure you in the sincerity of sorrow for my own loss) be faithfully at your service while I continue to love his memory, that is, while I continue to be myself.

LETTER CXV.

*The Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Atterbury)
to Mr. Pope.*

Dec. 1716.

I RETURN your preface *, which I have read twice with pleasure. The modesty and good sense there is in it, must please every one that reads it: and since there is nothing that can offend, I see not why you should balance a moment about printing it, always provided that there is nothing said there which you may have occasion to unsay hereafter: of which you yourself are the best and the only judge. This is my sincere opinion, which I give because you ask it; and which I would not give, though asked,

* The general preface to Mr. Pope's poems, first printed in 1717, the year after the date of this letter.

but to a man I value as much as I do you; being sensible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpose in things of this nature; which I never understood well, and now understand somewhat less than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing: especially since you have had the goodness often and patiently to hear what I have said against rhyme, and in behalf of blank verse; with little discretion perhaps, but, I am sure, without the least prejudice; being myself equally incapable of writing well in either of those ways, and leaning, therefore, to neither side of the question, but as the appearance of reason inclines me. Forgive me this error, if it be one; an error of above thirty years standing, and which, therefore, I shall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I shall seldom differ from you; or, if I do, shall, I hope, have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am as much as I ought to be, that is, as much as any man can be, your, &c.

LETTER CXVI.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

Sep. 23, 1720.

I HOPE you have some time ago received the sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as instances (how small ones soever) that I wish you both health and diversion. What I now send for your perusal, I shall say nothing of; not to forestall by a single word what you promised to say upon that subject. Your Lordship may criticise from Virgil to these Tales; as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyssop. I have some cause, since I last waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wise enough to go thither to consult you: the fate of the South-Sea scheme has, much sooner than I expected, verified what you told me. Most people thought the time would come, but no man prepared for it; no man considered it would come *like a thief in the night*, exactly as it happens in the case of our death. Methinks God has punished the avaricious, as he often punishes sinners, in their own way, in the very sin itself; the thirst of gain was their crime, that thirst continued, became their punishment and ruin.

As

As for the few who have the good fortune to remain with half of what they imagined they had (among whom is your humble servant) I would have them sensible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Hesiod's maxim, who, after half his estate was swallowed by the Directors of those days, resolved that half to be more than the whole.

Does not the fate of these people put you in mind of two passages, one in Job, the other from the Psalmist?

Men shall groan out of the city, and hiss them out of their place.

They have dreamed out their dream, and awakening have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed the universal poverty, which is the consequence of universal avarice, and which will fall hardest upon the guiltless and industrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The universal deluge of the South Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few unrighteous men: but it is some comfort to me that I am not one of them, even though I were to survive and rule the world by it. I am much pleased with the thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's; he says, the government and South Sea company have only locked up the money of the people, upon conviction of their lunacy (as is usual in the case of lunatics) and intend to restore them as much as may be fit for such people, as fast as they shall see them return to their senses.

The latter part of your letter does me so much honour, and shews me so much kindness, that I must both be proud and pleased in a great degree; but I assure you, my Lord, much more the last than the first. For I certainly know, and feel, from my own heart, which truly respects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality one way; but I find not the least symptoms in my head of any foundation for the other. In a word, the best reason I know for my being pleased, is, that you continue your favour towards me; the best I know for being proud, would be, that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be such a physician as does not only repair but improve. I am, with the sincerest esteem, and most grateful acknowledgments, your, &c.

LETTER CXVII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

THE Arabian Tales, and Mr. Gay's books, I received not till Monday night, together with your letter; for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever since I returned hither from Westminster on Saturday night last: it has found its way into my hands as well as legs, so that I have been utterly incapable of writing. This is the first letter that I have ventured upon; which will be written, I fear, *vacillanti-bus literis*, as Tully says Tyro's letters were after his recovery from an illness. What I said to you in mine about the Monument, was intended only to quicken, not alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it: but when I see you, you shall. I hope you may be at the Deanery towards the end of October; by which time I think of settling there for the winter. What do you think of some such short inscription as this in Latin, which may, in a few words, say all that is to be said of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deserves?

JOHANNI DRYDENO,

CVI POESIS ANGLICANA

VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;

ET SIQUA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR

LAVDE,

EST ADHVC DEBITVRA:

HONORIS ERGO P. &c.

To shew you that I am as much in earnest in the affair as yourself, something I will send you too of this kind in English. If your design holds, of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his Busto above—may not lines like these be graved just under the name?

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's ashes just,
Here fix'd his Name, and there his laurel'd Bust.

What else the Muse in marble might express,
Is known already; praise would make him less.

Or thus—

More needs not; where acknowledg'd merits reign,
Praise is impertinent; and censure vain.

This you will take as a proof of my zeal at least, though it be none of my talent in poetry. When you have read it over, I will forgive you if you should not once in your life-time again think of it.

And now, Sir, for your Arabian Tales. Ill as I have been almost ever since they came to hand, I have read as much of them as ever I shall read while I live. Indeed they do not please my taste: they are writ with so romantic an air, and, allowing for the difference of eastern manners, are yet, upon any supposition that can be made, of so wild and absurd a contrivance (at least to my northern understanding) that I have not only no pleasure, but no patience in perusing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian screens, which at first glance may surprize and please a little; but when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear so extravagant, disproportioned, and monstrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him seek for relief from some other object.

They may furnish the mind with some new images; but I think the purchase is made at too great an expence: for to read those two volumes through, liking them little as I do, would be a terrible penance; and to read them with pleasure would be dangerous on the other side, because of the infection. I will never believe that you have any keen relish of them, till I find you write worse than you do; which, I dare say, I never shall. Who that *Petit de la Croix* is, the pretended author of them, I cannot tell: but observing how full they are in the descriptions of dress, furniture, &c. I cannot help thinking them the product of some woman's imagination: and believe me, I would do any thing but break with you, rather than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am sorry that I was so true a prophet in respect to the South Sea; sorry, I mean, as far as your loss is concerned; for in the general I ever was and still am of opinion, that had that project taken root and flourished, it would by degrees have overturned our constitution. Three or four hundred millions was such a weight, that whichsoever way it had leaned, must have borne down all before it—But of the dead we must speak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden says somewhere, Peace be to its manes!

Let me add one reflection, to make you easy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have lost beyond what you ventured, consider that your superfluous gains would have sprung from the ruin of several families that now want neces-

saries: a thought, under which a good and good-natured man that grew rich by such means, could not, I persuade myself, be perfectly easy. Adieu, and believe me ever your, &c,

LETTER CXVIII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

March 26, 1721.

YOU are not yourself gladder you are well than I am; especially since I can please myself with the thought that when you had lost your health elsewhere, you recovered it here. May these lodgings never treat you worse, nor you at any time have less reason to be fond of them!

I thank you for the sight of your verses*; and with the freedom of an honest, tho' perhaps injudicious friend, must tell you, that though I could like some of them, if they were any body's else but yours, yet as they are yours, and to be owned as such, I can scarce like any of them. Not but that the four first lines are good, especially the second couplet; and might, if followed by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a less established fame; but from you I expect something of a more perfect kind, and which the oftener it is read, the more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourself: it is your misfortune now to write without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be more careless than you would otherwise be in your compositures.

Thus much I could not forbear saying, though I have a motion of consequence in the House of Lords to-day, and must prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worse, having no other at hand. I wish you the continuance of your health most heartily; and am ever your, &c.

I have sent Dr. Arbuthnot the Latin MS.† which I could not find when you

* Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt.

† Written by Huetius Bishop of Avranches. He was a mean reasoner; as may be seen by a vast collection of fanciful and extravagant conjectures, which he called a demonstration, mixed up with much reading, which his friends called learning, and delivered (by the allowance of all) in good Latin. This not being received for what he would give it, he composed a treatise of the weakness of the human understanding: a poor system of scepticism: indeed little other than an abstract from Sextus Empiricus. WARBURTON.

left me; and I am so angry at the writer for his design, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear sending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief reasoner of that philosophic farce is a *Gallo Ligor*, as he is called—what that means in English or French, I cannot say—but all he says is in so loose, and slippery, and ticklish a way of reasoning, that I could not forbear applying the passage of Virgil to him,

*Vane Ligor, frustra que animis elate superbis!
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes—*

To be serious, I hate to see a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which says nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of distrusting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of truth and falsehood can in any case be distinguished from each other. Could that blessed point be made out (as it is a contradiction in terms to say it can) we should then be in the most uncomfortable and wretched state in the world; and I would in that case be glad to exchange my reason, with a dog for his instinct to-morrow.

LETTER CXIX.

Lord Chancellor Harcourt to Mr. Pope.

December 6, 1722.

I CANNOT but suspect myself of being very unreasonable in begging you once more to review the inclosed. Your friendship draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that my tenderness makes me exceeding hard to be satisfied with any thing which can be said on such an unhappy subject. I caused the Latin Epitaph to be as often altered before I could approve of it.

When once your Epitaph is set up, there can be no alteration of it, it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendship; and, I assure myself, you will so settle it, that it shall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word *deny'd*, in the third line, will justly admit of that construction, which it ought to bear (*viz.*) renounced, deserted, &c. *deny'd* is capable, in my opinion, of having an ill sense put upon it, as too great uneasiness, or more good-nature than a wise man ought to have. I very well remember you told me, you could scarce mend those two

lines, and therefore I can scarce expect your forgiveness for my desiring you to reconsider them.

Harcourt stands dumb, and Pope is forc'd to speak.

I cannot perfectly, at least without further discoursing you, reconcile myself to the first part of that line; and the word *forc'd* (which was my own, and, I persuade myself, for that reason only submitted to by you) seems to carry too doubtful a construction for an Epitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought as easily to be understood as read. I shall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your best leisure you will peruse the inclosed, and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended, and let me see you any morning next week. I am, &c.

LETTER CXX.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

Sept. 27, 1721.

I AM now confined to my bed-chamber, and to the matted room, wherein I am writing, seldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner, unless when company, to whom I cannot excuse myself, comes, which I am not ill pleased to find is now very seldom. This is my case in the sunny part of the year:—what must I expect when

inversum contristat Aquarius annum?

“If these things be done in the green
“tree, what shall be done in the dry?”
Excuse me for employing a sentence of scripture on this occasion; I apply it very seriously. One thing relieves me a little, under the ill prospect I have of spending my time at the Deanry this winter; that I shall have the opportunity of seeing you oftener; though, I am afraid, you will have little pleasure in seeing me there. So much for my ill state of health, which I had not touched on, had not your friendly letter been so full of it. One civil thing, that you say in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller; and, possessed of that image at the end of his copy, *a la malade*, had you not bestowed it on one who has no right to the least part of the character. If you have not read the *versus* lately, I am sure you remember them, because you forget nothing.

With such a grace you entertain,

And look with such contempt on pain, &c.

C c 2

I mention

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows : which ends with the very same rhymes and words (*appear* and *clear*) that the couplet but one after that does ;—and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the first of these couplets ; for there it runs thus :

So lightnings in a stormy air
Scorch more than when the sky is fair.

You will say that I am not very much in pain, nor very busy, when I can relish these amusements, and you will say true : for at present I am in both these respects very easy.

I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, else I would have done it, to have shewed his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried, as he desired, at the feet of Spencer ; and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living ; particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own Epitaph ; which, while we were in good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster.

I am pleased to find you have so much pleasure, and (which is the foundation of it) so much health at Lord Bathurst's : may both continue till I see you ! may my Lord have as much satisfaction in building the house in the wood, and using it when built, as you have in designing it ! I cannot send a wish after him that means him more happiness ; and yet, I am sure, I wish him as much as he wishes himself. I am, &c.

LETTER CXXI.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.

NOTWITHSTANDING I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning ; yet, I foresee, it will not reach you till Wednesday morning ; and before set of sun that day I hope to reach my winter quarters at the Deanery. I hope, did I say ? I recal that word, for it implies desire ; and, God knows, that is far from being the case ; for I never part with this place but with regret, though I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worst of company in the world, my own ; and see either none beside, or what is worse than

none, some of the *Arrii* or *Sebosi* of my neighbourhood : characters which Tully paints so well in one of his Epistles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent, interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named those gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and, by pointing it out to you, give you the pleasure of perusing the Epistle, which is a very agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am surprized to find that my Lord Bathurst and you are parted so soon ; he has been sick, I know, of some late transactions ; but should that sickness continue still in some measure, I prophecy it will be quite off by the beginning of November : a letter or two from his London friends, and a surfeit of solitude, will soon make him change his resolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleasure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London Journal, or some such trifling paper affords me, did not the duty of my place require, absolutely require, my attendance at Westminster ; where, I hope, the Prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candlestick. In short, I long to see you, and hope you will come, if not a day, yet at least an hour sooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that satisfaction. I am now, I thank God ! as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk scarce at all without crutches : and I would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worse ; but that is a vain thought. I expect a new attack long before Christmas. Let me see you, therefore, while I am in a condition to relish you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I shall (and must) say, I have no pleasure in them.

I will bring your small volume of Pastorals along with me, that you may not be discouraged from lending me books, when you find me so punctual in returning them. Shakspear shall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, though you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text ; I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing standing just as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleasure you have given.

given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I shall scarce repeat that pleasure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of, but none that will interfere with the offices of friendship; in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I hope to live and die your, &c.

P. S. Addison's works came to my hands yesterday. I cannot but think it a very odd set of incidents, that the book should be dedicated by a dead man * to a dead man†; and even that the new patron‡, to whom Tickell chose to inscribe his verses, should be dead also before they were published. Had I been in the Editor's place, I should have been a little apprehensive for myself, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You see, when I am conversing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admonishes me once more to bid you adieu!

LETTER CXXII.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

My Lord,

Feb. 8, 1721-2.

It is so long since I had the pleasure of an hour with your Lordship, that I should begin to think myself no longer *Amicus omnium horarum*, but for finding myself so in my constant thoughts of you. In those I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wish and hope one day to see you really) in my garden at Twitnam. When I went last to town and was on wing for the Deanery, I heard your Lordship was gone the day before to Bromley; and there you continued till after my return hither. I sincerely wish you whatever you wish yourself, and all you wish your friends or family. All I mean by this word or two, is just to tell you so, till in person I find you as I desire, that is, find you well: easy, resigned, and happy, you will make yourself, and (I believe) every body that converses with you; if I may judge of your power over other men's minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over those of your, &c.

* Mr. Addison.

+ Mr. Craggs.

‡ Lord Warwick.

LETTER CXXIII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

PERMIT me, dear Sir, to break into your retirement, and to desire of you a complete copy of those verses on Mr. Addison; send me also your last resolution, which shall punctually be observed in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again solicited by another lord, to whom I have given the same answer as formerly. No small piece of your writing has been ever sought after so much: it has pleased every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed. For my part, I should be so glad to see you finish something of that kind, that I could be content to be a little sneered at in a line or so, for the sake of the pleasure I should have in reading the rest. I have talked my sense of this matter to you once or twice, and now I put it under my hand, that you may see it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you I cannot say; but it pleases me to have an opportunity of shewing you how well I wish you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I desire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing to which you shall please to turn your pen. Not but that I have some little interest in the proposal, as I shall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in such different manners, and did such honour to his country and language; and yet was not displeased sometimes to read what was written by his humble servant.

LETTER CXXIV.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

March 14, 1721-2.

I WAS disappointed (much more than those who commonly use that phrase on such occasions) in missing you at the Deanery, where I lay solitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you, and I wish every thing may succeed as you desire in your

† An imperfect copy was got out, very much to the author's surprise, who never would give any.

own family, and in that which, I think, you no less account your own, and is no less your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true friends of it, and to your power its protector.— Though the noise and daily bustle for the public be now over, I dare say, a good man is still tendering its welfare; as the sun in the winter, when seeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better season. No man wishes your Lordship more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you should understand the value of it; but I do not wish you a jot less concerned or less active than you are, in all sincere, and therefore warm, desires of public good.

I beg the kindness (and it is for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as soon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper visit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your visitor, but your lodger; and I accuse myself of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no small satisfaction to me) but the best reason, the seeing a friend. As long, my Lord, as you will let me call you so (and I dare say you will, till I forfeit what, I think, I never shall, my veracity and integrity) I shall esteem myself fortunate, in spite of the South Sea, poetry, popery, and poverty.

I cannot tell you how sorry I am you should be troubled a-new by any sort of people. I heartily wish, *Quod superest ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the same; who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as foolishly as if I were a great man. I am, &c.

LETTER CXXV.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

March 16, 1721-2.

As a visitant, a lodger, a friend, (or under what other denomination soever) you are always welcome to me; and will be more so, I hope, every day that we live; for, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myself, best when we have both of us least business. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the stations in which I was placed; but God, that knows my

heart, knows I never loved it; and am still less in love with it than ever, as I find less temptation to act with any hope of success. If I am good for any thing, it is *in angulo cum libello*; and yet a good part of my time has been spent, and perhaps must be spent, far otherwise. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in my post, or in any respect, how little soever I may like my employment, and how hopelessly soever I may be in the discharge of it.

In the mean time, the judicious world is pleased to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to endergo, and aim at things which I from my heart despise; let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them could not use them to my satisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy manner*; and how long, or how little a while, it may be so taken up, God only knows; and to his will I implicitly resign myself in every thing. I am, &c.

LETTER CXXVI.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

My Lord,

March 19, 1721-2.

I AM extremely sensible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in absence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourself on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good-will, and of the warmth which is in you inseparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twickenham is a fresh instance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine season will set you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a mount, in a point of view to shew you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I shall be in danger to boast, like Nebuchadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turned to converse, not with the beasts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I shall take to be no great punish-

* In his lady's last illness,

ment: for indeed I heartily despise the ways of the world, and most of the great ones of it.

Oh, keep me innocent, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am strengthened in this opinion, when such as your Lordship bear testimony to its vanity and emptiness. *Tinnit, inane est*, with a picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the best thing I have the luck to remember in that great poet Quarles (not that I forget the devil at bowls; which I know to be your Lordship's favourite cut, as well as favourite diversion.)

The situation here is pleasant, and the view rural enough to humour the most retired; and agree with the most contemplative. Good air, solitary groves, and sparing diet, sufficient to make you fancy yourself (what you are in temperance, though elevated into a greater figure by your station) one of the fathers of the desert. Here you may think (to use an author's words, whom you so justly prefer to all his followers, that you will receive them kindly, though taken from his worst work *)

That in Elijah's banquet you partake,
Or sit a guest with Daniel, at his pulse.

I am sincerely free with you, as you desire I should; and approve of your not having your coach here; for if you would see Lord C—, or any body else, I have another chariot, besides that little one you laughed at when you compared me to Homer in a nut-shell. But if you would be entirely private, nobody shall know any thing of the matter. Believe me, my Lord, no man is with more perfect acquiescence, nay, with more willing acquiescence (not even any of your own sons of the church) your obedient, &c.

LETTER CXXVII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

April 6, 1722.

UNDER all the leisure in the world, I have no leisure, no stomach to write to you: the gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinced that it must be so; and yet make a shift to flatter myself sometimes with the

thought, that it may possibly be otherwise: and that very thought, though it is directly contrary to my reason, does for a few moments make me easy: however, not easy enough in good earnest to think of any thing but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not answer your kind letter: I shall answer it too soon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do so, no conveniences will be wanting; for I will see nobody but you and your mother, and the servants. Visits to statesmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) insipid things: let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they shall hear of me at their doors; when they want me, I shall be sure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will despise me so much, and I shall court them so little, that we shall both of us keep our distance.

When I come to you, it is in order to be with you only. A president of the council, or a star and garter, will make no more impression upon my mind at such a time, than the hearing of a bagpipe, or the sight of a puppet-show. I have said to Greatness some time ago, *Tuas tibi res habeto, egomet curabomeas*. The time is not far off when we shall all be upon the level: and I am resolved, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now; for he is so that neither seeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue and less pride; and then I will court them as much as any body; but till they resolve to distinguish themselves some way else than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and, I think, I have a right) to be as proud as they are: though, I trust in God, my pride is neither of so odious a nature as theirs, nor of so mischievous a consequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking:—when I sat down to write, I intended only to excuse myself for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer when I must dislodge: I am preparing for it; for I am at this moment building a vault in the abbey for me and mine. It was to be in the abbey, because of my relation to the place; but it is at the west door of it; as far from Kings and Cæsars as the space would admit of.

C c 4

I know

* The Paradise Regained.

I know not but I may step to town to-morrow to see how the work goes forward; but if I do I shall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter, but that they tell me it will cost you nothing; and that our privilege of franking (one of the most valuable we have left) is again allowed us. Your, &c.

LETTER CXXVIII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I HAD much ado to get hither last night, the water being so rough that the ferry-men were unwilling to venture. The first thing I saw this morning, after my eyes were open, was your letter; for the freedom and kindness of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aside between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wishes you all manner of happiness. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception; which has left a pleasing impression upon me, that will not soon be effaced.

Lord — has pressed me terribly to see him at —; and told me, in a manner betwixt kindness and resentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twickenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and must expect that ill health will render a good share of it useless; and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cherished, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the motto of my sun-dial, *Vivite, aut, fugio*. I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unnecessary avocations and amusements. There are those that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like: if they persist in their intentions, I must apply myself to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that shall not hinder me from employing myself also in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one day shall have their share of it another: that at last they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myself, with the few (the very few) friends I like; for that is the point,

the single point, I now aim at; tho' I know, the generality of the world, who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverse of this character belongs to me. I do not know how I have rambled into this account of myself: when I sat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been sure, without my telling you, that my right hand is at ease, else I should not have overflowed at this rate: and yet I have not done; for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I understood, because it seems to tend towards employing me in something that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourself, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earnest on such an occasion than I; for I love you, as well as esteem you.

All the while I have been writing, pain, and a fine thrush, have been severally endeavouring to call off my attention; but both in vain, nor should I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me resolve to break thro' a new temptation, before it has taken too fast hold on me. I am, &c.

LETTER CXXIX.

From the same to the same.

June 15, 1722.

YOU have generally written first, after our parting: I will now be beforehand with you in my inquiries, How you got home, and how you do, and whether you met with Lord —, and delivered my civil reproach to him, in the manner I desired? I suppose you did not, because I have heard nothing either from you or from him on that head; as, I suppose, I might have done, if you had found him.

I am sick of these men of quality; and the more so, the oftener I have any business to transact with them. They look upon it as one of their distinguishing privileges, not to be punctual in any business, of how great importance soever; nor to set other people at ease, with the loss of the least part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpose? or how can I alter it?

I long to see the original MS. of Milton:

ton; but do not know how to come at it, without your repeated assistance.

I hope you will not utterly forget what passed in the coach about Samson Agonistes. I shall not press you as to time; but some time or other I wish you would review and polish that piece. If upon a new perusal of it (which I desire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very spirit of the antients, it deserves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard of tragic poetry, — always allowing for its being a story taken out of the Bible; which is an objection that at this time of day, I know, is not to be got over. I am, &c,

LETTER CXXX.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, The Tower, April 10, 1723.

I THANK you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection as much as ever I did; and that no accident of life, no distance of time, or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, tho' sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things; but I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both; and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the Deanery, which

did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider.—You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

Some nat'ral tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon;

The world was all before him, where to chuse
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.

LETTER CXXXI.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

April 20, 1723.

IT is not possible to express what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some time past; and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey, to which, I had brought that person to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a tie which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more strong, than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, That I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can preclude, and no kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world, where you may be, where the very whisper, or even the wish, of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected: by this way I dare tell my esteem and affection of you to your enemies in the gates; and you, and they, and their sons, may hear of it.

You prove yourself, my Lord, to know me for the friend I am, in judging that the manner of your defence, and your reputation by it, is a point of the highest concern to me; and assuring me it shall be such, that none of your friends shall blush for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting justice: the instruments of your fame to posterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that Providence

dence has appointed you to some great and useful work, and calls you to it this severe way? You may more eminently and more effectually serve the public, even now, than in the stations you have so honourably filled. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon*: is it not the latter, the disgraced part of their lives, which you most envy, and which you would choose to have lived?

I am tenderly sensible of the wish you express, that no part of your misfortune may pursue me. But, God knows, I am every day less and less fond of my native country (so torn as it is by party-rage) and begin to consider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleasing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I shall think offener or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a state between both, in which you will have from me all the passions and warm wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect and tender sense of loss that we feel for the dead: and I shall ever depend upon your constant friendship, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to see or hear the effects of them; like the trust we have in benevolent spirits, who, though we never see or hear them, we think are constantly serving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me; and every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay, to be but faintly remembered) the honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me! In conversation, in study, I shall always want you, and wish for you: in my most lively, and in my most thoughtful hours, I shall equally bear about me the impressions of you; and perhaps it will not be in this life only that I shall have cause

to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester, I am, &c.

LETTER CXXXII.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

May, 1723.

ONCE more I write to you, as I promised; and this once, I fear, will be the last! the curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go! If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies: they will tend to the benefit of men, against whom you can have no complaint,—I mean of all posterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critic on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardy now more below you than those toys of our ripener and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of Avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with Earth long involved it; to shine abroad and to Heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember, it was at such a time that the greatest lights of antiquity

* Clarendon, indeed wrote his best works in his banishment: but the best of Bacon's were written before his disgrace; and the best of Tully's after his return from exile.

dazzled and blazed the most in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death; but why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great; and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished in the noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there; higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life *, as one just upon the edge of immortality; where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views and all mean retrospects. (Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you; but take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration. I am, with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame, as well as happiness, your, &c.

LETTER CXXXIII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

Paris, Nov. 23, 1731.

YOU will wonder to see me in print; but how could I avoid it? The dead and the living, my friends and my foes, at home and abroad, called upon me to say something; and the reputation of an History † which I and all the world value, must have suffered, had I continued silent. I have printed it here, in hopes that somebody may venture to reprint it in England, notwithstanding those two frightening words at the close of it ‡. Whether that happens or not, it is fit

* The Bishop of Rochester went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happened at Paris on the fifteenth day of February, in the year 1732.

† Earl of Clarendon's.

‡ The Bishop's name, set to his vindication of Bishop Smalridge, Dr. Aldrich, and himself, from the scandalous reflections of Oldmixon, relating to the publication of Lord Clarendon's History, Paris, 1721, 4to, since reprinted in England.

you should have a sight of it, who, I know, will read it with some degree of satisfaction, as it is mine, though it should have (as it really has) nothing else to recommend it. Such as it is, *extremum hoc munus morientis habeto*; for that may well be the case, considering that within a few months I am entering into my seventieth year; after which, even the healthy and the happy cannot much depend upon life, and will not, if they are wise, much desire it. Whenever I go, you will lose a friend who loves and values you extremely, if in my circumstances I can be said to be lost to any one when dead, more than I am already whilst living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morrice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himself in a fault for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiss that you forbore writing on a head wherein I promised more than I was able to perform. Disgraced men fancy sometimes that they preserve an influence, where, when they endeavour to exert it, they soon see their mistake. I did so, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You sounded the coast, and found out my error, it seems, before I was aware of it; but enough on this subject.

What are they doing in England to the honour of letters? and particularly what are you doing? *Ipsæ quid audeo? Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma?* Do you pursue the moral plan you marked out, and seemed sixteen months ago so intent upon? Am I to see it perfected ere I die; and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? Or do you rather chuse to leave the marks of your friendship, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by those who survive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I should hope to peep into the manuscript before it was finished; but alas! there is, and will ever probably be, a great deal of land and sea between us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I should be glad to peruse? Name them; the catalogue, I believe, will not cost you much trouble. They must be good ones indeed to challenge any part of my time, now I have so little of it left. I, who squandered whole days heretofore, now husband hours when the glass begins to run low, and care not to misspend them on trifles

trifles. At the end of the lottery of life, our last minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in their valuation; they are not of so much worth perhaps in themselves as those which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with reason. I do so, my dear friend, and yet think the most precious minutes of my life are well employed in reading what you write: but this is a satisfaction I cannot much hope for, and therefore must betake myself to others less entertaining. Adieu! dear Sir, and forgive me engaging with one whom you, I think, have reckoned among the heroes of the Dunciad. It was necessary for me either to accept his dirty challenge, or to have suffered in the esteem of the world by declining it.

My respects to your mother. I send one of these papers for Dean Swift, if you have an opportunity, and think it worth while to convey it. My country at this distance seems to me a strange sight; I know not how it appears to you, who are in the midst of the scene, and yourself a part of it; I wish you would tell me. You may write safely to Mr. Morrice, by the honest hand that conveys this, and will return into these parts before Christmas; sketch out a rough draught of it, that I may be able to judge whether a return to it be really eligible, or whether I should not, like the chemist in the bottle, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, desire to be corked up again.

After all, I do and must love my country, with all its faults and blemishes; even that part of the constitution which wounded me unjustly, and itself through my side, shall ever be dear to me. My last wish shall be like that of father Paul, *Esto perpetua!* and when I die at a distance from it, it will be in the same manner as Virgil describes the expiring Peloponnesian,

*Stervitur
et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.*

Do I still live in the memory of my friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your paper-quabbles about me, and I am glad to see such free concessions on that head, though made with no view of doing me a pleasure, but merely of loading another. I am, &c.

LETTER CXXXIV. *

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

Nov. 20, 1729.

YES, dear Sir, I have had all you designed for me; and have read all (as I read whatever you write) with esteem and pleasure; but your last letter, full of friendship and goodness, gave me such impressions of concern and tenderness, as neither I can express, nor you, perhaps, with all the force of your imagination, fully conceive.

I am not yet master enough of myself, after the late wound I have received, to open my very heart to you; and am not content with less than that, whenever I converse with you. My thoughts are at present vainly, but pleasingly, employed on what I have lost, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reason to call them off to other subjects; but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and suffering them to spend their force, I hope in some time to check and subdue them. *Malus fortunæ vulneribus percussus, huic uni me imparavi sensi, Et penè succubui.* This is weakness, not wisdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be trusted to the bosom of a friend, where I may safely lodge all my infirmities. As soon as my mind is in some measure corrected and calmed, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it towards something of use and moment, if I have still life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preserving. In the mean time, I shall be pleased to hear that you proceed in what you intend, without any such melancholy interruptions as I have met with. You outdo others on all occasions; my hope, and my opinion is, that on moral subjects, and in drawing characters, you will outdo yourself. Your mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill accidents; your knowledge and judgment are at the height: use them in writing something that may teach the present and future times: and, if not gain equally the applause of both, may yet raise the envy of the one, and secure the admiration of the other. Remember Virgil died at 52, and Horace at 58;

* An imperfect copy of this Letter is printed in Pope's Works, vol. viii. p. 138. — The variations are worth observing.

and as bad as both their constitutions were, yours is yet more delicate and tender. Employ not your precious moments and great talents on little men and little things, but chuse a subject every way worthy of you; and handle it, as you can, in a manner which nobody else can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any, are not what they were; and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

— “gelidus tardante senecta
“Sanguis hebet, frigentque effesto in corpore vires.”

However, I should be ungrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the South of France much more than I did at Paris, though even there I sensibly improved. What happened to me here last summer was merely the effect of my folly, in trusting too much to a physician, who kept me six weeks on a milk diet, without purging me, contrary to all the rules of the faculty. The milk threw me at last into a fever; and that fever soon produced the gout; which, finding my stomach weakened by a long disuse of meat, attacked it, and had like at once to have dispatched me. The excessive heats of this place concurred to heighten the symptoms; but in the midst of my distemper I took a sturdy resolution of retiring thirty miles into the mountains of the Cevennes; and there I soon found relief from the coolness of the air and the verdure of the climate, though not to such a degree as not still to feel some reliques of those pains in my stomach, which till lately I had never felt. Had I staid, as I intended, there till the end of October, I believe my cure had been perfected; but the earnest desire of meeting one I dearly loved called me abruptly to Montpellier; where, after continuing two months under the cruel torture of a sad and fruitless expectation, I was forced at last to take a long journey to Toulouse; and even there I had missed the person I sought, had she not, with great spirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to see me, which she above all things desired to do before she died. By that means she was brought where I was, between seven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterwards; which time was not lost on either side, but passed in such a manner as gave great satisfaction to both, and such as, on her

part, every way became her circumstances and character; for she had her senses to the very last gasp, and exerted them to give me in those few hours greater marks of duty and love than she had done in all her life-time, though she had never been wanting in either. The last words she said to me were the kindest of all; a reflection on the goodness of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, she laid herself on her pillow, in a sleeping posture,

“placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.”

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and still feel, on this occasion; and spare me the trouble of describing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs and supports? I can have none but those with which Reason and Religion furnish me; and on those I lay hold, and make use of, as well as I can; and hope that He who laid the burthen upon me (for wise and good purposes, no doubt) will enable me to bear it, in like manner as I have borne others, with some degree of fortitude and firmness.

You see how ready I am to relapse into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter. I shall probably again commit the same fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I stop short here; and with all sincerity, affection, and esteem, bid you adieu, till we meet, either in this world, if God pleases, or else in another.

A friend I have with me will convey this safely to your hands; though perhaps it may be some time before it reaches you: whenever it does, it will give you a true account of the posture of mind I was in when I wrote it, and which I hope may by that time be a little altered.

LETTER CXXXV.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

Binfield, Nov. 13, 1712.

You writ me a very kind letter some months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into Devonshire. That hindered my answering you; and I have since several times inquired of you, without any satisfaction;

faction: for so I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I passed two months in Sussex; and since my return, have been again very ill. I went to Lintot, in hopes of hearing of you; but had no answer to that point. Our friend Mr. Cromwell too has been silent all this year; I believe he has been displeased at some or other of my freedoms, which I very innocently take, and most with those I think most my friends; but this I know nothing of; perhaps he may have opened to you: and if I know you right, you are of a temper to cement friendships, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr. Cromwell, and have a true affection for yourself, which, if I had any interest in the world, or power with those who have, I should not be long without manifesting to you. I desire you will not, either out of modesty, or a vicious distrust of another's value for you (those two eternal foes to merit) imagine that your letters and conversation are not always welcome to me. There is no man more entirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myself; and I have seen too much of those qualities in you to be any thing less than your, &c.

LETTER CXXXVI.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

Aug. 23, 1713.

JUST as I received yours, I was set down to write to you, with some shame that I had so long deferred it; but I can hardly repent my neglect, when it gives me the knowledge how little you insist upon ceremony, and how much a greater share in your memory I have than I deserve. I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *Elegans formarum spectator*. I begin to discover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a nose or ear, the smallest degree of light or shade on a cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plausible as ridiculous for admiring a lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow (as the *Plain Dealer* has it) but am in some danger even from the ugly and disagreeable, since they may have their retired beauties in one trait or other about them. You may

guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, — and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgewaters, a Duchess of Montague, besides half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter. I have crucified Christ over again in effigy, and made a Madona as old as her mother St. Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivalled St. Luke himself in painting; and as it is said an angel came and finished his piece, so, you would swear a devil put the last hand to mine, it is so begrimed and smutted. However, I comfort myself with a Christian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment; for my pictures are not the likeness in any thing in Heaven above, or in Earth below, or in the water under the Earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the Indians should have a sight of them, who, they tell us, worship certain idols purely for their ugliness.

I am very much recreated and refreshed with the news of the advancement of the *Fan**, which, I doubt not, will delight the eye and sense of the fair as long as that agreeable machine shall play in the hands of posterity. I am glad your Fan is mounted so soon; but I would have you varnish and glaze it at your leisure, and polish the sticks as much as you can. You may then cause it to be borne in the hands of both sexes, no less in Britain than it is in China; where it is ordinary for a Mandarin to fan himself cool after a debate, and a Statesman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave lie. I am, &c.

LETTER CXXXVII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Mr. Gay, Sept. 23, 1714.

WELCOME to your native soil †! welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, blest with court-interest, the love and

* A Poem of Mr. Gay's, so entitled.

† In the beginning of this year Mr. Gay went over to Hanover with the Earl of Clarendon, who was sent thither by Queen Anne. On her death they returned to England; and it was on this occasion that Mr. Pope met him with this friendly welcome.

familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future. Whether returned a triumphant Whig or a desponding Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a Tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavour to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and, as I think, your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the side of liberty, I know you will be an honest man and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore, once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are, all hail!

One or two of your old friends complained they had heard nothing of you since the Queen's death; I told them no man living loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons to themselves to allege in your excuse; as men who really value one another will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late universal concern in public affairs, threw us all into a hurry of spirits; even I, who am more a philosopher than to expect any thing from any reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the Successor. During your journey I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this, the demand Homer had upon me to write fifty verses a day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend, that my labour is over: come and make merry with me in much feasting; we will feed among the lilies (by the lillies I mean the ladies). Are not the Rosalindas of Britain as charming as the Blousalindas of the Hague? or have the two great pastoral poets of our nation renounced love at the same time? for

Philips, immortal Philips, hath deserted, yea, and in a rustic manner, kicked his Rosalinda. Dr. Parnell and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of excences; Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you, directed to the Post-house in Bath. Poor Parnell is in an ill state of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write something on the King, or Prince, or Princess. On whatsoever footing you may be with the court, this can do no harm. I shall never know where to end; and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, though they all amount but to this, that I am entirely as ever, your, &c.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

From the same to the same.

London, Nov. 8, 1717.

I AM extremely glad to find by a letter of yours to Mr. Fortescue, that you have received one from me; and I beg you to keep, as the greatest of curiosities, that letter of mine which you received, and I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a short time, that I was upon the ramble most part of the summer, and have concluded the season in grief for the death of my poor father.

I shall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles, for two reasons: because I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and because they are not the concerns and troubles of any but myself. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend to be pleased to know he died easily, without a groan, or the sickness of two minutes; in a word, as silently and peacefully as he lived.

Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori!

I am not in the humour to say gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to entertain either Mr. Pulteney or you, as you have done both my Lord Burlington and me, by your letter to Mr. Lowndes*. I am

* A Poem intitled, *To my ingenious and worthy friend, W. Lowndes, Esq. Author of that celebrated treatise in Folio, called the LAND-TAX BILL.*

only sorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes, and wished you paid some hundreds a year to the land-tax. That gentleman is lately become an inoffensive person to me too; so that we may join heartily in our addresses to him, and (like true patriots) rejoice in all that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing ourselves.

I should not forget to acknowledge your letter sent from Aix; you told me then that writing was not good with the waters; and, I find since, you are of my opinion, that it is as bad without the waters. But, I fancy, it is not writing, but thinking, that is so bad with the waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you write like our brother poets of these days.

The Duchess, Lord Warwick, Lord Stanhope, Mrs. Bellenden, Mrs. Lepell, and I cannot tell who else, had your letters. Dr. Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated like friends. I would send my services to Mr. Pulteney, but that he is out of favour at court; and make some compliment to Mrs. Pulteney, if she were not a Whig. My Lord Burlington tells me she has as much outshined all the French ladies, as she did the English before; I am sorry for it, because it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if heretical women should eclipse those nuns and orthodox beauties, in whose eyes alone lie all the hopes we can have, of gaining such fine gentlemen as you to our church. Yours, &c.

I wish you joy of the birth of the young prince, because he is the only prince we have from whom you have had no expectations and no disappointments.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Mr. Gay to Mr. F.—

Stanton Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1713.

THE only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from Heaven; for I am quite out of the world; and there is scarce any thing can reach me, except the noise of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humbled vallies have escaped: the only thing that is proof against it is the laurel, which, however, I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors. But to let you see that the contrary to

this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe; which is in this neighbourhood, stand still undamaged, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished! for, unhappily, beneath this little shelter sat two much more constant lovers than ever were found in romance under the shade of a beach tree: John Hewet was a well-set man, of about five-and-twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed through the various labours of the year together, with the greatest satisfaction; if she milked, it was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand; it was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw hat; and the posie on her silver ring was of his chusing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirmed that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents; and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps, in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding-clothes; and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to chuse her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of July, between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of thunder and lightning ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if Heaven had split asunder: every one was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field: no answer being returned to those who called to our lovers, they stept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and then spied this faithful pair; John, with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the

the other held over her, as to skreen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast: her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in Stanton-Harcourt church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my request, has caused a stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furnished the epitaph, which is as follows:

When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire:
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound,
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

But my Lord is apprehensive the country people will not understand this and Mr. Pope says he'll make one with something of scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold *. Your, &c.

LETTER CXL.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

July 13, 1722.

I WAS very much pleased, not to say obliged, by your kind letter, which sufficiently warmed my heart to have answered it sooner, had I not been deceived (a way one often is deceived) by hearkening to women; who told me that both Lady Burlington and yourself were immediately to return from Tunbridge;

* The Epitaph was this:

Near this place lies the bodies of
JOHN HEWET and SARAH DREW,
an industrious young man
and virtuous maiden of this parish;
Who, being at harvest work
(with several others)
were in one instant killed by lightning,
the last day of July, 1718.
Think not by rigorous judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.
Live well and fear no sudden fate;
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The world furnishes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours; and, I assure you, none of them touch and grieve me so much as what relates to you. I think your sentiments upon it are the very same I should entertain: I wish those we call great men had the same notions, but they are really the most little creatures in the world; and the most interested, in all but one point: which is, that they want judgment to know their greatest interest, to encourage and chuse honest men for their friends.

I have not once seen the person you complain of, whom I have late thought to be, as the Apostle admonisheth, one flesh with his wife.

Play make my sincere compliments to Lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have a stronger bent of mind to be all that is good and honourable, than almost any one of his rank.

I have not forgot yours to Lord Bolingbroke, though I hope to have speedily a fuller opportunity, he returning for Flanders and France next month.

Mrs. Howard has writ you something or other in a letter, which, she says, she repents. She has as much good-nature as if she had never seen any ill-nature, and had been bred among lambs and turtle-doves, instead of princes and court-ladies.

By the end of this week, Mr. Fortescue will pass a few days with me: we shall remember you in our potations, and wish you a fisher with us, on my grass-plat. In the mean time we wish you success as a fisher of women at the Wells, a rejoicer of the comfortless and widow, and a play-fellow of the maiden. I am your, &c.

LETTER CXLI.

From the same to the same.

I FAITHFULLY assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in an hourly expectation almost of my mother's death, there was no circumstance that rendered it more insupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present escape from so imminent danger, I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor mother's can be; whose life at best can be but a short reprieve, or

D d

a longer

a longer dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will please to grant me; for, these two days past, her most dangerous symptoms are returned upon her; and, unless there be a sudden change, I must in a few days, if not in a few hours, be deprived of her. In the afflicting prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may increase!) of your recovery. In the sincerity of my heart, I am excessively concerned not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember, I owe you on a like sad occasion, when you was here comforting me in her last great illness. May your health augment as fast as I fear hers must decline! I believe that would be very fast. May the life that is added to you be past in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourself than from any expectation or trust in others! May you and I live together, without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than friendship can give and receive without obligations to greatness. God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my mother. Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live, and while I live) your, &c.

As I told you in my last letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount, give me daily accounts of you.

LETTER CXLII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

I AM glad to hear of the progress of your recovery; and the oftener I hear it the better, when it becomes easy to you to give it me. I so well remember the consolation you were to me in my mother's former illness, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I lost her, I would have been nowhere else but with you during your confinement. I have now past five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely stretch their kindness so far as ten miles. My Lord Belingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to visit me: the rest

(except Mrs. Blount once) were contented to send messages. I never passed so melancholy a time; and now Mr. Congreve's death touches me nearly. It was twenty years and more that I have known him: every year carries away something dear with it, till we outlive all tendernesses, and become wretched individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my birth-day; and this is my reflection upon it:

With added days, if life give nothing new,
But, like a sieve, let ev'ry pleasure thro';
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more!
Is this a Birth-day? — 'Tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year!

Your, &c.

LETTER CXLIII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir,

Oct. 6, 1727.

I HAVE many years ago magnified, in my own mind, and repeated to you a ninth Beatitude, added to the eight in the Scripture: "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed." I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy dismission from all court dependence: I dare say I shall find you the better and the honestest man for it, many years hence; very probably, the healthfuller and the cheerfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many cursed ceremonies, as well as of many ill and vicious habits, of which few or no men escape the infection, who are hackneyed and trammelled in the ways of a court. Princes, indeed, and peers (the lackies of princes) and ladies (the fools of peers) will smile on you the less; but men of worth and real friends will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which kings and queens cannot give you (for they have it not to give) liberty, and which is worth all they have; which, as yet, I thank God, Englishmen need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy that, and your own integrity, and the satisfactory consciousness of having *not* merited such graces from courts as are bestowed only on the mean, servile, flattering, interested, and undeserving. The only steps to the favour of the great are such complacencies, such compliances, such distant decorums, as exclude them in their vanities, to engage them

them in their passions. He is the greatest favourite who is the falsest; and when a man, by such vile gradations, arrives at the height of grandeur and power, he is then at best but in a circumstance to be hated, and in a condition to be hanged, for serving their ends: so many a minister has found it!

I believe you did not want advice, in the letter you sent by my Lord Grantham: I presume you writ it not without: and you could not have better, if I guess right at the person who agreed to your doing it, in respect to any decency you ought to observe; for I take that person to be a perfect judge of decencies and forms. I am not without fears even on that person's account: I think it a bad omen: but what have I to do with court omens? — Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain uncourtly speech: while you are no body's servant, you may be any one's friend; and as such I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a shilling you shall have sixpence; nay, eight-pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully your, &c.

LETTER CXLIV.

Mr. Pope to Mrs. B.

Cirencester.

It is a true saying, "That misfortunes alone prove one's friendships;" they shew us not only that of other people for us, but our own for them. We hardly know ourselves any otherwise. I feel my being forced to this Bath-journey as a misfortune; and to follow my own welfare preferably to those I love, is indeed a new thing to me: my health has not usually got the better of my tendernesses and affections. I set out with a heavy heart wishing I had done this thing the last season; for every day I defer it, the more I am in danger of that accident which I dread the most, my mother's death (especially should it happen while I am away). And another reflection pains me, that I have never, since I knew you, been so long separated from you as I now must be. Methinks we live to be more and more strangers; and every year teaches you to live without me: this absence may, I fear, make my return less welcome and less wanted to you than once it seemed, even after but a fortnight. Time ought not in reason to diminish

friendship, when it confirms the truth of it by experience.

The journey has a good deal disordered me, notwithstanding my resting-place at Lord Bathurst's. My Lord is too much for me, he walks, and is in spirits all day long: I rejoice to see him so. It is a right distinction, that I am happier in seeing my friends so many degrees above me, be it in fortune, health, or pleasures; than I can be in sharing either with them; for in these sort of enjoyments I cannot keep pace with them, any more than I can walk with a stronger man. I wonder to find I am a companion for none but old men, and forget that I am not a young fellow myself. The worst is, that reading and writing, which I have still the greatest relish for, are growing painful to my eyes. But if I can preserve the good opinion of one or two friends to such a degree as to have their indulgence to my weaknesses, I will not complain of life: and if I could live to see you consult your ease and quiet, by becoming independent on those who will never help you to either, I doubt not of finding the latter part of my life pleasanter than the former, or present. My uneasinesses of body I can bear; my chief uneasiness of mind is in your regard. You have a temper that would make you easy and beloved (which is all the happiness one needs to wish in this world) and content with moderate things. All your point is not to lose that temper by sacrificing yourself to others, out of a mistaken tenderness, which hurts you, and profits not them. And this you must do soon, or it will be too late: habit will make it as hard for you to live independent, as for L—— to live out of a court.

You must excuse me for observing what I think any defect in you: you grow too indolent, and give things up too easily: which would be otherwise, when you found and felt yourself your own: spirits would come in, as ill usage went out. While you live under a kind of perpetual dejection and oppression, nothing at all belongs to you, not your own humour, nor your own sense.

You cannot conceive how much you would find resolution rise, and cheerfulness grow upon you, if you would once try to live independent for two or three months. I never think tenderly of you but this comes across me; and therefore

excuse my repeating it; for whenever I do not, I dissemble half that I think of you. Adieu. Pray write, and be particular about your health.

LETTER CXLV.

Mr. Pope to Hugh Bethel, Esq.

July 12, 1725.

I ASSURE you unfeignedly, any memorial of your good-nature and friendliness is most welcome to me, who know those tenders of affection from you are not like the common traffic of compliments and professions which most people only give that they may receive; and is at best a commerce of vanity, if not of falsehood. I am happy in not immediately wanting the sort of good offices you offer: but if I did want them, I should not think myself unhappy in receiving them at your hands: this really is some compliment, for I would rather most men did me a small injury than a kindness. I know your humanity, and allow me to say, I love and value you for it: it is a much better ground of love and value than all the qualities I see the world so fond of: they generally admire in the wrong place, and generally most admire the things they do not comprehend, or the things they can never be the better for. Very few can receive pleasure or advantage from wit which they seldom taste, or learning which they seldom understand; much less from the quality, high birth, or shining circumstances of those to whom they profess esteem, and who will always remember how much they are their inferiors. But humanity and sociable virtues are what every creature wants every day, and still wants more the longer he lives, and most the very moment he dies. It is ill travelling either in a ditch or on a terrace; we should walk in the common way, where others are continually passing on the same level, to make the journey of life supportable by bearing one another company in the same circumstances.—Let me know how I may convey over the *Odysseys* for your amusement in your journey, that you may compare your own travels with those of *Ulysses*; I am sure yours are undertaken upon a more disinterested, and therefore a more heroic motive. Far be the omen from you, of returning, as he did, alone, without saving a friend.

There is lately printed a book* wherein all human virtue is reduced to one test, that of truth, and branched out in every instance of our duty to God and man. If you have not seen it, you must, and I will send it together with the *Odyssey*. The very women read it, and pretend to be charmed with that beauty which they generally think the least of. They make as much ado about truth since this book appeared, as they did about health when Dr. Cheney's came out; and will doubtless be as constant in the pursuit of one as of the other. Adieu.

LETTER CXLVI.

From the same to the same.

Aug. 9, 1726.

I NEVER am unmindful of those I think so well of as yourself; their number is not so great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing to me, upon an imagination that I am much employed by other people. For though my house is like the house of a Patriarch of old, standing by the high-way side and receiving all travellers, nevertheless, I seldom go to bed without the reflection, that one's chief business is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your opinion of company, amusements, and all the silly things which mankind would fain make pleasures of, when in truth they are labour and sorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your relation, the E. of C., as on the fate of a mortal man: esteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had; the latter was due to the infirmity of his last period, though the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his course. He certainly knew himself best at last, and knew best the little value of others, whose neglect of him, whom they so grossly followed and flattered in the former scene of his life, shewed him as worthless as they could imagine him to be, were he all that his worst enemies believed of him: for my own part, I am sorry for his death, and wish he had lived long enough to see so much of the faithlessness of the world, as to have been

* Mr. Wollaston's excellent book of the Religion of Nature delineated. The Queen was fond of it, and that made the reading, and the talking of it, fashionable.

above the mad ambition of governing such wretches as he must have found it to be composed of.

Though you could have no great value for this great man, yet acquaintance itself, the custom of seeing the face, or entering under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the common way of the world, is enough to create a wish at least for his being above ground, and a degree of uneasiness at his removal. It is the loss of an object familiar to us : I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child. And add to this the reflection (in the case of such as were not the best of their species) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more important motive for our concern and compassion. To say the truth, either in the case of death or life, almost every body and every thing is a cause or object for humanity, even prosperity itself, and health itself; so many weak pitiful incidents attend on them.

I am sorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you do not name the person. But I conclude it is one of those to whose houses you tell me you are going, for I know no invitation with you is so strong as when any one is in distress, or in want of your assistance: the strongest proof in the world of this, was your attendance on the late Earl.

I have been very melancholy for the loss of Mr. Blount. Whoever has any portion of good-nature will suffer on these occasions; but a good mind rewards its own sufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as possible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am of old Ennius's mind, *Nemo me decoret lachrymis*—I am but a lodger here: this is not an abiding city; I am only to stay out my lease: for what has perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? but I could be glad you would take up with an inn at Twickenham, as long as I am host of it: if not, I would take up freely with any inn of yours. — Adieu, dear Sir: let us while away this life; and (if we can) meet in another.

LETTER CXLVII.

From the same to the same.

June 17, 1728.

AFTER the publishing of my boyish letters to Mr. Cromwell, you will

not wonder if I should forswear writing a letter again while I live; since I do not correspond with a friend upon the terms of any other free subject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be silent, nor reserved; and, I am sure, my opinion of your heart is such, that I could open mine to you in no-manner which I could fear the whole world should know. I could publish my own heart too, I will venture to say, for any mischief or malice there is in it; but a little too much folly or weakness, might (I fear) appear to make such a spectacle either instructive or agreeable to others.

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to secure me from the like usage for the future, by returning me any letters of mine which they may have preserved; that I may not be hurt, after my death, by that which was the happiness of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of myself to tell you, only that I have had but indifferent health. I have not made a visit to London: curiosity and the love of dissipation die apace in me. I am not glad nor sorry for it; but am very sorry for those who have nothing else to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have small hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to please a world not very candid or deserving. If I can preserve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, considering how little good I can do even to them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are so willing to think well of another from whom they receive no benefit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the soft sensations, the greatest pleasure is to give and receive mutual trust. It is my belief and firm hope, that men are made happy in this life, as well as in the other. My confidence in your good opinion, and dependence upon that of one or two more, is the chief cordial drop I taste, amidst the insipid, the disagreeable, the cloying, or the dead-sweet, which are the common draughts of life. Some pleasures are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be relished long: and vivacity in some cases is worse than dulness. Therefore, indeed for many years, I have not chosen my companions for any of the qualities in fashion, but almost entirely for that which is the most out of fashion, sincerity. Be-
D d 3 fore

fore I am aware of it, I am making your panegyric, and perhaps my own too; for next to possessing the best qualities is the esteeming and distinguishing those who possess them. I truly love and value you; and so I stop short.

LETTER CXLVIII.

The Earl of Peterborough to Mr. Pope.

WHENEVER you apply as a good Pastor to your female mediatrix, you are sure of success; but there is not a full assurance of your entire submission to mother-church, and that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country letters, she will correspond from the hay-cock, and I will write to you upon the side of my wheelbarrow: surely such letters might escape examination.

Your idea of the golden age is, that every shepherd might pipe where he pleased. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wishes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleased.

Oh how I wish, to myself and my friends, a freedom which fate seldom allows, and which we often refuse ourselves! why is our shepherdess * in voluntary slavery? why must our Dean submit to the colour of his coat, and live absent from us? and why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I seldom venture to give accounts of my journeys before-hand, because I take resolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you, to be sprinkled with holy water before I enter the place of corruption. Your, &c.

LETTER CXLIX.

Dr. Swift to the Earl of Peterborough.

My Lord,

I NEVER knew or heard of any person so volatile, and so fixed as your lordship: you, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do of.

* Mrs. H.

fices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you; for being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me, in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of fortune in regard to your lordship. She hath forced courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims; to make you a general because you had courage and conduct; an ambassador, because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe, and an admiral, on account of your skill in maritime affairs; whereas, according to the usual method of court-proceedings, I should have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the Dean of St. Patrick.

The Archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath; I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me, for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head; and, I think, you have no house. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel country, of going about, and shewing my depending parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborough. I am, &c.

LETTER CL.

Mr. Pope to Mr. C——.

Sep. 2, 1732.

I ASSURE you I am glad of your letter; and have long wanted nothing but the permission you now give me, to be plain and unreserved upon this head. I wrote to you concerning it long since: but a friend

friend of yours and mine was of opinion, it was taking too much upon me, and more than I could be entitled to by the mere merit of a long acquaintance, and good-will. I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend, which I would not, in my own nature, declare to all mankind. The truth is what you guess; I could not esteem your conduct to an object of misery so near you as Mrs. —; and have often hinted it to yourself: the truth is, I cannot yet esteem it for any reason I am able to see. But this I promise, I acquit you as far as your own mind acquits you. I have now no further cause of complaint, for the unhappy lady gives me now no further pain: she is no longer an object either of yours or my compassion; the hardships done her are lodged in the hands of God; nor has any man more to do in them, except the persons concerned in occasioning them.

As for the interruption of our correspondence, I am sorry you seem to put the test of my friendship upon that, because it is what I am disqualified from toward my other acquaintance, with whom I cannot hold any frequent commerce. I will name you the obstacles which I cannot surmount: want of health, want of time, want of good eyes; and one yet stronger than them all, I write not upon the terms of other men. For however glad I might be of expressing my respect, opening my mind, or venting my concerns, to my private friends, I hardly dare while there are Curls in the world. If you please to reflect either on the impertinence of weak admirers, the malice of low enemies, the avarice of mercenary booksellers, or the silly curiosity of people in general, you will confess I have small reason to indulge correspondences; in which too I want materials, as I live altogether out of town, and have abstracted my mind (I hope) to better things than common news. I wish my friends would send me back those forfeitures of my discretion; commit to my justice what I trusted only to their indulgence, and return me at the year's end those trifling letters, which can be to them but a day's amusement, but to me may prove a discredit as lasting and extensive as the aforesaid weak admirers, mean enemies, mercenary scribblers, or curious simpletons, can make it.

I come now to a particular you com-

plain of, my not answering your question about some party-papers, and their authors. This indeed I could not tell you, because I never was nor will be privy to such papers: and if by accident, through my acquaintance with any of the writers, I had known a thing they concealed, — I should certainly never be the reporter of it.

For my waiting on you at your country-house, I have often wished it; it was my compliance to a superior duty that hindered me, and one which you are too good a Christian to wish I should have broken, having never ventured to leave my mother (at her great age) for more than a week, which is too little for such a journey.

Upon the whole, I must acquit myself of any act or thought in prejudice of the regard I owe you, as so long and obliging an acquaintance and correspondent. I am sure I have all the good wishes for yourself and your family that become a friend: there is no accident that can happen to your advantage, and no action that can redound to your credit, which I should not be ready to extol, or to rejoice in. And therefore I beg you to be assured I am in disposition and will, though not so much as I would be in testimonies or writing, your, &c.

LETTER CII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Richardson.

— Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

As I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead*. I thank God, her death was as easy as her life was innocent: and as it cost her not a groan, nor even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired that ever painting drew; and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow on a friend, if you would come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this evening as late as

* Mrs. Pope died the 7th of June 1733, aged 93.

you will, or to-morrow morn^g as early, before this winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all. — Adieu! May you die as happily! Your, &c.

LETTER CLII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Bethel.

Aug. 9, 1733.

YOU might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendship and sincere esteem were to be measured by common forms and compliments. The truth is, I could not write then, without saying something of my own condition, and of my loss of so old and so deserving a parent, which really would have troubled you; or I must have kept a silence upon that head, which would not have suited that freedom and sincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well; but my home is uneasy to me still, and I am therefore wandering about all this summer. I was but four days at Twickenham since the occasion that made it so melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Essex, and am now at Dawley (whose master is your servant) and going to Cirencester to Lord Bathurst. I shall also see Southampton with Lord Peterborow. The court and Twitnam I shall forsake together. I wish I did not leave our friend*, who deserves more quiet, and more health and happiness, than can be found in such a family. The rest of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town; and Mr. Cleland is as well in the park as if he were in Paradise. I heartily hope Yorkshire is the same to you; and that no evil, moral or physical, may come near you.

I have now but too much melancholy leisure, and no other care but to finish my Essay on Man: there will be in it one line that may offend you (I fear) and yet I will not alter or omit it, unless you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny myself the greatest pleasure I am capable of receiving, because another may have the mode to not to share it.

* Mrs. B.

It is all a poor poet can do, to bear testimony to the virtue he cannot reach: besides that, in this age, I see too few good examples not to lay hold on any I can find. You see what an interested man I am. Adieu.

LETTER CLIII.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot.

July 26, 1734.

I THANK you for your letter, which has all those genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever distinguished yours, and for which I have so long loved you. Our friendship has been constant, because it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any distrust, but by any vanity, much less any interest.

What you recommend to me with the solemnity of a last request, shall have its due weight with me. That disdain and indignation against vice, is (I thank God) the only disdain and indignation I have: it is sincere, and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just abhorrence of vice, without hating the vicious, as to bear a true love for virtue, without loving the good. To reform and not to chastise, I am afraid, is impossible; and that the best precepts, as well as the best laws, would prove of small use, if there were no examples to enforce them. To attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with shadows. General propositions are obscure, misty, and uncertain, compared with plain, full, and home examples: precepts only apply to our reason, which in most men is but weak: examples are pictures, and strike the senses, may raise the passions, and call in those (the strongest and most general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the case his own; and that is the only way by which such men can be affected, much less deterred; so that to chastise is to reform. The only sign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they raised the anger of bad men. And my greatest comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to see that those who have no shame, and no fear of any thing else, have appeared touched by my satires.

As to your kind concern for my safety, I can guess what occasions it at this time. Some characters * I have drawn are such, that if there be any who deserve them, it is evidently a service to mankind to point those men out; yet such as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themselves. But if they should, those of whom all the world think in such a manner, must be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanness to do mischiefs in the dark, have seldom the courage to justify them in the face of day; the talents that make a cheat or a whisperer, are not the same that qualify a man for an insulter; and as to private villany, it is not so safe to join in an assassination as in a libel. I will consult my safety so far as I think becomes a prudent man: but not so far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them: as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope, I shall not forfeit it: for that of the great, or those in power, I may wish I had it; but if through misrepresentations (too common about persons in that station) I have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer satirists than I, have enjoyed the encouragement and protection of the princes under whom they lived. Augustus and Mæcenas made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the side of Brutus; and allow me to remark, it was out of the suffering party too that they favoured and distinguished Virgil. You will not suspect me of comparing myself with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another court-favourite, Boileau. I have always been too modest to imagine my panegyrics were worthy of a court; and that, I hope will be thought the true reason why I have never offered any. I would only have observed, that it was under the greatest princes and best ministers, that moral satirists were most encouraged; and that then poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the follies, as historians did over the vices of men. It

may also be worth considering, whether Augustus himself makes the greater figure in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their false taste and affectation in Persius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the first of these reigns it was that Horace was protected and caressed; and in the latter that Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal banished.

I would not have said so much, but to shew you my whole heart on this subject; and to convince you I am deliberately bent to perform that request which you make your last to me, and to perform it with temper, justice, and resolution. As your approbation (being the testimony of a sound head and honest heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving of that approbation. But if it be the will of God (which, I know, will also be yours) that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy†.

LETTER CLIV.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

June 18, 1714.

WHATEVER apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has owned himself as splenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumstance I know by experience a letter is a very useful as well as an amusing thing: if you are too busied in state-affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidal, or twisting it into a serpentine form: or if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All these amusements I am no

* The character of Sporus in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

† This excelling person died Feb. 27, 1734-5.
stranger

stranger to in the country, and doubt not (by this time) you begin to relish them, in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man, who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country; but my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken; for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you upon this score. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat*: but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting epistle from you. My Lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went: but this perhaps may be only policy in him or you; and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit anything he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous state treatise from your retirement: and a wit, who affects to imitate Balsac, says, that the ministry now are like those Heathens of old, who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper, that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus. This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work; and I shall translate Homer by the by. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I cannot name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I shall ever owe you, on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would

* Sometime before the death of Queen Anne, when her ministers were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a friend's house in Berkshire, and never saw them after.

tell you, you are like the Sun; and while men imagine you to be retired or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which, I fear, you will think the most impertinent. I am, with the truest affection, yours, &c.

LETTER CLV.

Anthony Henley, Esq. to Dr. Swift.

Dear Doctor,

Nov. 2, 1708.

THOUGH you will not send me your broomstick †, I will send you as good a reflection upon death as even Adrian's himself, though the fellow was but an old farmer of mine that made it. He had been ill a good while; and when his friends saw him a going, they all came croaking about him as usual; and one of them asking him how he did? he replied, "In great pain. If I could but get this same breath out of my body, I would take care, by G—d, how I let it come in again." This, if it were put into fine Latin, I fancy, would make as good a sound as any I have met with. I am, &c.

LETTER CLVI.

Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.

I AM not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge: you will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous tribunals. You resemble perfectly the two alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time Burgomasters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare before-hand I will not stand to the award; my title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it; but annual acknow-

† Meditations on a Broomstick, written by Dr. Swift about this time.

ledgements

ledgements at least are necessary to preserve it : and I begin to suspect, by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity) was it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life and mine may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and less dissipated than when you knew me, and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter with such profusion among the female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly) and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves : those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buzz about me, while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the sake of the hermit ; a few philosophical friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place ; gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it ; and if the Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious philosopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his precursors among the Zabrians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I was ever of any party myself ; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman historians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus ; for I have vowed to read no history of our own country till that body of it which you promise to finish appears.

I am under no apprehension that a glut

of study and retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world ; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is that I fell so late into this course of life ; my philosophy grows confirmed by habit ; and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you : *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all : some have cured me of my fears, by shewing me how impotent the malice of the world is ; others have cured me of my hopes, by shewing how precarious popular friendships are ; all have cured me of surprize. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company ; and in stripping me of titles and rank, and estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it, any further than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it ; and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenour of my life : good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it ; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad. I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones ; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly : I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should methinks precede them ; my losses of this kind give me but little trouble ; I contributed not to them ; and a friend who breaks with me unjustly, is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this town (which will be in a few days) I shall fall back into that course of life which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me : I have an aversion to them both ; but in the ordinary course of life I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool. One must indeed with the former be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cutler's shop in

Germany; but even in these constrained postures the witty rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin: the fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teazes me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it. — Adieu, dear Swift; with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

LETTER CLVII.

Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1723.

RETURNING from a summer expedition of four months, on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends; and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shews a mighty difference betwixt friendship and love; for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here. — *Non sum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours; to which, if you add the dulness of the air and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in you pretenders to retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi et fuga seculi*, unless a poet grows weary of too much applause, as ministers do of too much weight of business.

Your happiness is greater than your merit, in chusing your favorites so indifferently among either party: this you owe partly to your education, and partly to your genius employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do; for I

suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the constitution of church and state than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both parties will approve your poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of friendship are new to me: I believe every man is born with his *quantum*; and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way; I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in penny-worths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome as that of fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius, and would fain have it done; they are seldom above three or four contemporaries; and if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus; but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and scribblers, I suppose you mean the fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I chuse companions out of those of least consequence and most compliance: I read the most trifling books I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, walking, and sleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago; and have several things to finish, which I put off to twenty years hence; *Hæc est vita Solutorum, &c.* I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country-house, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet,

yet, when he returns to London, I will engage you will find him as deep in the Court of Requests, the Park, the Operas, and the Coffee-house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay.—I think there are no more *codem tertios* between you and me, except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last whether you lodgewith Lord Peterborow, or he with you. I am ever, &c.

LETTER CLVIII.

Mr. Gay to Dr. Swift.

Nov. 17, 1726.

ABOUT ten days ago a book was published here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. It is generally said that you are the author; but I am told the bookseller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read; from the cabinet-council to the nursery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search of particular applications in every leaf; and it is highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord ——— is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it; she declares that she has now found out,

that her whole life hath been lost in caring the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes; and that if she knew Gulliver, though he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she would give up her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this, that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disoblged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among Lady-critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to Maids of Honour. Those of them who frequent the church, say, his design is impious; and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the Princess hath read it with great pleasure. As to other critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion of the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, it is agreed, that part was not writ by the same hand; though this hath its defenders too. It hath passed Lords and Commons *nemine contradicente*; and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland; if it hath not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*; which we modern naturalists pronounce, ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Geg, at farthest. But to us your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The

The Princess is clothed in Irish silk; pray give our service to the weavers. We are strangely surprized to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Honynhum) have treated him as a Yahoo, and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house; which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you; but you are mistaken; we envy those you are with; for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

LETTER CLIX.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

Oct. 2, 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you; and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I cannot tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life: that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than mine, though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I cannot explain my meaning, perhaps you know it: but the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your sud-

den departure: for the last time I saw you you assured me you would not leave us the whole winter, unless your health grew better; and I do not find it did. I never complained so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so entirely from you; nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised that, before you went, we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours: we are quite sorry for you,—I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe we shall have something better than even a friend there; but certainly here we have nothing so good. Adieu for this time; may you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled. Yours, &c.

LETTER CLX.

Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.

Dublin, Oct. 12, 1727.

I HAVE been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in; and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune hath made my home: I have there a large house, and servants and conveniences about me. I may be worse than I am; and I have nowhere to retire to, therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world; and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state: and if I were to write an Utopia for Heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making
my

my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unsociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely, besides all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it hath pleased God that you are not in a state of health to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me: you could not refuse to see any body, and here is a large house, where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither, which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs: to which however I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myself with accounts; so that I am very well qualified to be a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher said, "the day of judgment was 'nearer than ever it had been before.'"

Pray God send you health, *del salutum del opes; animam æquum tibi ipse parabis.* You see Horace wished for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the court till you do so too. Yours, &c.

LETTER CLXI.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

March 23, 1727-8.

I SEND you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New England;

wherein you will find a real person, a member of their parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick, to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author. But if you object, that no child so lately christened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament, I rely (to solve the riddle) that the person is an *Anabaptist*, and not christened till full age; which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's Opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pound: he will soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar—as Cato said; for ambitious, false, or flattering people to domineer in: nay, they would not, by their good-will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I despise the world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you; and the court more than all the rest of the world. As for those scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my dulness (which by the way, for the future, you are apt to call by a more pompous name, *The Dunciad*),—how much that nest of hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you when you read the *Treatise of the Bathos*.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and (as Tully calls it) in *consuetudine studiorum*. Would to God our persons could but as well, and as surely be inseparable! I find my other ties dropping from me; some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily: my greatest, both my duty, gratitude, and humanity, time is shaking every moment; and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long helped and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her: and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the less fit

fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay as well as my spirits; and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at sixty. I believe we shall be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable: your deafness would agree with my dulness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or say in this kind obliges me, nay, delights me, to see the justice you do me in thinking me concerned in all your concerns; so that though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier; next to that, it pleases me that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself),

That each bad author is as bad a friend.

This poem will rid me of those insects.

*Cedite, Romani Scriptores, cedite, Graii;
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.*

I mean that *my Iliad*; and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but however, if it silence these fellows *, it must be something greater than any *Iliad* in Christendom. Adieu.

LETTER CLXII.

Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.

Dublin, May 10, 1728.

I HAVE with great pleasure shewn the New-England news-paper, with the two names Jonathan Gulliver, and I re-

* It did, in a little time, effectually silence them.

member Mr. Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes of one Lemuel Gulliver who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for historians. Mr. Gay's Opera hath been acted here twenty times; and my Lord Lieutenant tells me it is very well performed; he hath seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a man, subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, casinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges: I mean a middle kind both for understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those that either you or I, or both, are acquainted with on your side; who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland (*Quamquam O!*); and for England I despair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible, whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly house-keeper, who hath been my *Wife* above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villas near this town: you have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence

sence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here; besides what arises from a silly spirit of liberty, which, as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad; but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora*—there is now a vacancy for fame; the Beggar's Opera hath done its task, *discedit uti convivæ satur*. Adieu.

LETTER CLXIII.

From the same to the same.

Dublin, Feb. 13, 1728.

I LIVE very easily in the country: Sir A. is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice, and my lady a better; she is perfectly well bred, and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong; with that, and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family-verses of mirth by way of libels on my lady; my time past very well and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants and my old Presbyterian house-keeper, denying myself to every body, till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord Lieutenant was only in a common news-paper, when I was in the country; and if it should have happened to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him, as the situation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who surely, besides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him, is bound in conscience to preserve his health for the sake of his friends, as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life, under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him; though I saw him so seldom, and possibly, if he had lived on, should never have seen him more. I do

not only wish, as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured physician, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends; entertains them often and liberally, they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and thèy him. He has twenty of these at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the rest, and is no more moved than at the loss of his cat; he offends nobody, is easy with every body—Is not this the true happy man? I was describing him to my lady A—, who knows him too; but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health: I would give half my fortune for the same temper, and yet I cannot say I love it, for I do not love my Lord—who is much of the doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's second Opera, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be advised, and reject your advice. Adieu.

LETTER CLXIV.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

Oct. 9. 1729.

IT pleases me that you received my books at last: but you have never once told me if you approve the whole; or disapprove not of some parts of the Commentary, &c. It was my principal aim in the entire work to perpetuate the friendship between us, and to shew that the friends or the enemies of the one were the friends or enemies of the other. If in any particular, any thing be stated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new editions now coming out here may have it rectified. You will find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with some addition to the Notes and Epigrams cast in, which I wish had been increased by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice in hearing that Draper's Hill is to emulate Parnassus; I fear the country about it is as much impoverished. I truly share in all that troubles you, and wish you removed from a scene of distress, which I know works your

compassionate temper too strongly; but if we are not to see you here, I believe I shall once in my life see you there. You think more for me, and about me, than any friend I have; and you think better for me. Perhaps you will not be contented, though I am, that the additional 100l. a year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: she will never be troublesome to me, if she be not so to herself: but a melancholy object it is, to observe the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a person to whom one is tied by the links of both. I cannot tell whether her death itself would be so afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs; I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away 100l. a year. Do not be angry: I will not live to be very old; I have revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it: I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr. Gay assures me his 3000 l. is kept entire and sacred; he seems to languish after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The Doctor is unalterable both in friendship and quadrille: his wife has been very near death last week: his two brothers buried their wives within these six weeks. Gay is sixty miles off, and has been so all this summer with the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury. He is the same man: so is every one here that you know: mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille qui minimus urgetur*. Poor Mrs. — is like the rest, she cries at the thorn in her foot, but will suffer nobody to pull it out. The Court Lady I have a good opinion of; yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, because you like to see the inside of a court, which I do not. I have seen her but twice. You have a desperate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and at the same time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you should draw mine, if I were conscious of any guilt: but if I were conscious only of folly, God send it! for as nobody can detect a great fault so

well as you, nobody would so well hide a small one: but after all, that Lady means to do good, and does no harm; which is a vast deal for a courtier. I can assure you that Lord Peterborow always speaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I must throw away my pen; it cannot, it never will, tell you what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum*.

LETTER CLXV.

Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.

Oct. 31, 1729.

YOU were so careful of sending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, Text and Comment: but am one abstracted from every body, in the happiness of being called your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeness, shall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it; for we have an octavo of our own, which has sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dulness the consequence of it.

I writ this post to Lord B. and tell him in my letter, that with a great deal of loss for a frolic, I will fly as soon as build; I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience, for such amusements. The frolic is gone off, and I am only 100 l. the poorer; but this kingdom is grown so excessively poor, that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thousand pounds in specie in the whole island; for we return thrice as much to our absentees as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print these ten years, to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit; and this is enough for Irish politics, which I only mention, because it so nearly touches myself. I must repeat what, I believe, I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend, hourly declining before your eyes, is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender disposition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satisfied that your additional 100 l. *per an-*

num is for your life, as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends: I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with Lord B—, about the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving. I am under the necessity of some little paltry figure in the station I am; but I make it as little as possible. As to the other part you are base, because I thought myself as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now even a secret from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue. Adieu.

LETTER CLXVI.

Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.

Nov. 19, 1729:

I FIND that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *cum zephyris, et hiundine prima*. I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age; sure I am that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago; I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception; or, to avoid an equivocal, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: whilst my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener, they busy me, they warm me more: it is that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another state (for *vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos*) begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought that soothes my mind like this; I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty* of the intellect comes boisterously in, and wakes me from so

pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on Oeconomics than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will say, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500l. a year, as well as with 5000l.; the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate. I do assure you, that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this last work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprize and anger you. However, I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity, so clearly, and so authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write to you; no matter, for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken; he will say as much to you in one page as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earnest; it is a fine one, and will be, in his hands, an original. His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness, it flatters my judgment, who always thought that (universal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace. Adieu.

LETTER CLXVII.

Lord B. to Dr. Swift.

March 29.

I HAVE delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set a-going, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have

* Viz. Reason.

|| Essay on Man.

had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates) we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy; for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. Passions (says Pope, our Divine, as you will see one time or other) are the *gales* of life: let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning: I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour, refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions in their force would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and Reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself; but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says, she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you was here, and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak: the slow fever works under, and mines the constitution; we keep it off sometimes, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life: Death is not to her the King of Terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer

from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself.—You shall not stay for my next so long as you have for this letter; and in every one, Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents, *munuscula*, that stoical fop Seneca used to send in every epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has spoken justly of his lady: why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birth-day, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers: this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for her continuing so long a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years those cares which are now as necessary to her as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made some strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend: perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet I am just now writing (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour.—And just now too, I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courtesy of England.—*Sic, sic juretur sub umbras*. While we do live, we must make the best of life.

Cantantes licet usque (minus via laedet) eamus,

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am yours

LETTER CLXVIII.

Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1732.

I WRIT to you a long letter about a fortnight past, concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated: nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimsbury so late in the year, at which season I take the country to be only a scene for those who have been ill-used by a court on account of their virtues; which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a Dukedom to lose favour in the manner their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret, since he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wish me ill; and I have told him often that I only hated him as Lieutenant: I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors; and, I confess, at the same time, that he had (six times) a regard to my recommendation, by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pultney's hands. I told you in my last that a continuance of giddiness (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary, where I can with the centurion say to my servant, Go, and he goeth; and Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command; and consequently a Duchess is at this time the hatefullest lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception; for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it; and, if you go on with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill-informed me, who says that Mr. Pope is at present the chief poetical favourite, yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a philosopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is, that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden in the laurel, the contention

being between Concannen or Theobald, or some other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking; but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and I wish the Duchess had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to shuit with my temper. I, therefore, sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding measures and ministers, by way of sauce to relish my meat: and I confess one point of conduct in my Lady Duchess's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my lady Duchess room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200l. to have left place for as many more.

To the Duchess.

Madam,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known and established rule above twenty years in England, that the first advances hath been constantly made me by all ladies who aspired to my acquaintance; and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakness, I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person sent me eleven messages before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me; I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have

not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will, out of fear and prudence, appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless: for Diogenes himself would be vain to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

LETTER CLIX.

Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay.

Dublin, April 13, 1730-1.

YOUR situation is an odd one: the Duchess is your treasurer; and Mr. Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do so and so, &c. like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighbouring 'squires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance, and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me: I prove that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, &c.—Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your shoe, unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilliput?—But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her Grace.

Madam, since Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection, I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your Grace shall have your own way in all places, except your own house and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine; so that you have all the world to reign in, lating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town and country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all human kind, except myself, and to be not in the wrong but when you differ from me. You shall have the water privilege; in the third place, I will, by asking your own mind; and I will allow you now

and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it) the presumptuous manner in which you begin had slipped out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England; and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty millions times more peevish, perverse, and morose; so that, under these disadvantages, I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty bars length. Pray, Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me sit at your left hand, at least within three of you? for of two bad ears, my right is the best. My groom tells me that he likes your park; but your house is too little. Can the parson of the parish play at backgammon and hold his tongue? Is any one of your women a good nurse, if I should fancy myself sick for four-and-twenty hours? How many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimsbury. For I protest that you are the first lady that ever I desired to see since the first of August 1714, and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some ladies here the month, the day, and the hour, when I began to endure their company: which, however, I think, was a sign of my ill-judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your Grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a chambermaid; for I would not

not pardon it in any of your waiting-women.—Pray God preserve your Grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage, and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

To Mr. GAY.

I have just got yours of February 21, with a postscript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him: I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after, added the rest. I see his weakness by his handwriting. How much does his philosophy exceed mine! I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

LETTER CLXX.

** Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.*

Dec. 5, 1732.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears): it is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensbury's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the most of all.

* On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death: Received December 13th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse, foreboding some misfortune." (This note is indorsed on the original letter in Dr. Swift's hand.)

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable nor so good! but that's a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than

A. POPE.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shewn, and continued attendance to this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and I believe, at last, a mortification of the bowels; it was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning.—I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years: I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness, being, with great affection and respect, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER CLXXI.

Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I RECEIVED yours with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. Gay; upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concerned that long-living hath not hardened me: for even in this kingdom, and in a few days past, two persons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends, as I do upon the loss of money; by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough

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left for my support ; but in the former case I find I have not, any more than in the other ; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion ; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left ; and I wish that, with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition under your inspection. Your poem on the Use of Riches hath been just printed here ; and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them ; and writ explanatory notes, which however would have been but few, for my long absence hath made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former upon Taste. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the same bulk to be inscribed to other friends ; one (for instance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and so on. — Doctor Delany presents you his most humble service : he behaves himself very commendably, converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table, walks the streets as usual by day-light, does many acts of charity and generosity, cultivates a country house two miles distant, and is one of those very few within my knowledge, on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change ; — and particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an agent ; he is a most worthy gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P —, which, I desire, may continue no longer than he shall deserve by his modesty : a virtue I never knew him to want ; but is hard for young men to keep without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the Duchess

of Queensbury, I desire you will present her my most humble service : I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a lady of excellent sense and spirit. I had often postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old ; nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing so much as being a domestic friend to such a lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly inquire about Mrs. Pope, who, I am told, is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you : she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her ; you cannot lengthen her days ; and I beg she may not shorten yours.

LETTER CLXXII.

Lady B — G — to Dr. Swift.

Feb. 23, 1730-1.

NOW were you in vast hopes you should hear no more from me, I being slow in my motions ; but do not flatter yourself ; you began the correspondence, set my pen a-going, and God knows when it will end ; for I had it by inheritance from my father, ever to please myself when I could ; and though I do not just take the turn my mother did of fasting and praying, yet to be sure that was her pleasure too, or else she would not have been so greedy of it. I do not care to deliver your message this great while to Lieutenant Head, he having been dead these two years ; — and though he had, as you say, a head, I loved him very well ; but, however, from my dame Wadgar's * first impression, I have ever had a natural antipathy to spirits.

I have not acquaintance enough with Mr. Pope, which I am sorry for, and expect you should come to England, in order to improve it. If it was the Queen, and not the Duke of Grafton, that picked

* The deaf housekeeper at Lord Berkeley's.
out

out such a laureat *, she deserves his poetry in her praise.

Your friend Mrs. Barber has been here. I find she has some request, but neither you nor she has yet let it out to me what it is; for certainly you cannot mean that by subscribing to her book; if so, I shall be mighty unhappy to have you call that a favour. For surely there is nothing so easy as what one can do one's self, nor any thing so heavy as what one must ask other people for; though I do not mean by this that I shall ever be unwilling when you require it; yet shall be much happier when it is in my own power to shew how sincerely I am my old friend's most faithful humble servant.

Mrs. Floyd is much yours; but dumber than ever, having a violent cold.

LETTER CLXXIII.

From the same to the same.

Nov. 4, 1731.

I BELIEVE in my conscience, that though you had answered mine before, the second was never the less welcome. So much for your topscript, not postscript; and in very sincere earnest I heartily thank you for remembering me so often. Since I came out of the country, my riding days are over; for I never was for your Hyde-Park courses, although my courage serves me very well at a hand-gallop in the country for six or seven miles, with one horseman and a ragged lad, a labourer's boy, that is to be clothed when he can run fast enough to keep up with my horse, who has yet only proved his dexterity by escaping from school. But my courage fails me for riding in town, where I should have the happiness to meet with plenty of your very pretty fellows, that manage their own horses to shew their art; or that think a postillion's cap, with a white frock, the most becoming dress. These and their grooms I am most bitterly afraid of; because, you must know, if my complaisant friend, your Presbyterian housekeeper †, can remember any thing like such days with me, that is a very good reason for me to remember that time is past; and your toupees would rejoice to see a horse throw an ancient gentlewoman.

* Colley Cibber.

Mrs. Brent.

I am sorry to hear you are no wiser in Ireland than we English; for our birth-day was as fine as hands could make us; but I question much whether we all paid ready money. I mightily approve of my Duchess being dressed in your manufacture ‡; if your Ladies will follow her example in all things, they cannot do amiss. And I dare say you will soon find that the more you know of them both, the better you will like them; or else Ireland has strangely depraved your taste, and that my own vanity will not let me believe, since you still flatter me.

Why do you tantalize me? Let me see you in England again, if you dare; and choose your residence, summer or winter, St. James's Square, or Drayton. I defy you in all shapes; be it Dean of St. Patrick governing England or Ireland, or politician Drapier. But my choice should be the parson in Lady Betty's chamber. Make haste then, if you have a mind to oblige your ever sincere and hearty old friend,

LETTER CLXXIV.

From the same to the same.

Jan. 11, 1731-2.

IT is well for Mr. Pope your letter came as it did, or else I had called for my coach, and was going to make a thorough search at his house; for that I was most positively assured that you were there in private, the Duke of Dorset can tell you. *Non credo* is all the Latin I know, and the most useful phrase on all occasions to me. However, like most other people, I can give it up for what I wish; so for once I believed, or at least went half way in what I hoped was true, and then, for the only time, your letter was unwelcome. You tell me you have a request, which is purely personal to me: *non credo* for that; for I am sure you would not be so disagreeable as not to have made it, when you know it is a pleasure and satisfaction to me to do any thing you desire; by which you may find you are not *sans consequence* to me.

I met with your friend Mr. Pope the other day. He complains of not being

‡ The Duchess also appeared at the castle of Dublin, wholly clad in the manufactures of Ireland, on his Majesty's birth-day in 1753, when the Duke was a second time Lord Lieutenant.

well;

well; and indeed looked ill. I fear that neither his wit nor sense do arm him enough against being hurt by malice; and that he is too sensible of what fools say: the run is much against him on the Duke of Chandois's * account; but I believe their rage is not kindness to the Duke; but they are glad to give it vent with some tolerable pretence. I wish your presence would have such a miraculous effect as your design on Mrs. Biddy's † speech. You know, formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by inclination; but now every winter is kept still *per* force, for she constantly gets a violent cold, that lasts her all winter: but as to that quarrelsome friend of the Duke of Dorset, I will let her loose at you, and see which can get the better. Miss Kelly was a very pretty girl when she went from hence; and the beaux shew their good taste by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her; but if she is not mightily altered, she would give up some of her airs and equipage to live in England.

Since you are so good as to enquire after my health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my life than this winter. I have escaped both head-achs and gout; and that yours may not be endangered by reading such a long letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear Dean.

LETTER CLXXV.

Lady B——G—— to Dr. Swift.

Feb. 23, 1731-2.

I LIKE to know my power (if it is so) that I can make you uneasy at my not writing; though I shall not often care to exert it, lest you should grow weary of me and my correspondence; but the slowness of my answers does not come from the emptiness of my heart, but the emptiness of my head; and that you know is Nature's fault, not mine. I was not learned enough to know *non credo* has been so long in fashion; but every day convinces me more of the necessity of it, not but that I often wish against myself;

* It was said that Mr. Pope intended the character of Timon, in his epistles on the Use of Riches in Works of Taste, addressed to the Earl of Burlington, for the Duke of Chandois.

† Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

as *per* example, I would fain believe you are coming to England, because most of your acquaintance tell me so; and yet turn and wind, and sift your letters to find any thing like it being true; but instead of that, there I find a law-suit, which is a worse tie by the leg than your lameness. And pray what is "this hurt above my heel?" Have you had a fellow-feeling with my Lord Lieutenant ‡ of the gout, and call it a sprain as he does? who has lain so long and often to disguise it, that I verily think he has not a new story left. Does he do the same in Ireland? for there I hoped he would have given a better example.

I find you are grown a horrid flatterer, or else you could never have thought of any thing so much to my taste as this piece of marble you speak of for my sister Penelope §, which I desire may be at my expence. I cannot be exact, neither as to the time nor year; but she died soon after we came there, and we did not stay quite two years, and were in England some months before King William died. I wish I had my dame Wadgar's, or Mr. Ferrers's memorandum head, that I might know whether it was at the time ¶ of gooseberries.

Surely your Irish air is very bad for darts; if Mrs. Kelly's are blunted already, make her cross father let her come over, and we will not use her so in England. If my Duchess † sees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour; it must be purely from great complaisance, for that never was her taste here, though

‡ The Duke of Dorset.

§ Lady Penelope Berkeley died in Dublin, whilst her father was in the government, and was interred in St. Andrew's church, under the altar. No monument was erected to her memory till about this time, when Dr. Swift caused a plate of black marble to be fixed in the wall over the altar-piece, with this inscription:—

"Underneath lieth the body of the Lady

"Penelope Berkley, daughter of the Right

"Honourable Charles Earl of Berkeley. She

"died September the 3d, 1699."

¶ In the petition of Frances Harris to the Lords Justices, losing her purse, here are these verses:

"Yes, says she, the steward I remember, when

"I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,

"Such a thing as this happened just about

"the time of goosecherries."

This steward was Mr. Ferrers; and dame Wadgar was the old deaf housekeeper in Lord Berkeley's family, when he was one of the Lords Justices of Ireland.

† The Duchess of Dorset.

she is as early a riser as the generality of ladies are ; and, I believe, there are not many dressing-rooms in London, but mine, where the early idle come.

Adieu abruptly ; for I will have no more formal humble servants, with your whole name at the bottom, as if I was asking you your catechism.

LETTER CLXXVI.

From the same to the same.

Drayton, July 19, 1732.

I BELIEVE you will not wonder at my long silence, when I tell you that Mrs. Floyd * came ill here ; but that she kept pretty much to herself ; and ever since she has been here, till within these two or three days, I have had no hopes of her life. You may easily guess what I must have suffered for a so long-tried, prudent, useful, agreeable companion and friend : and God knows, she is now excessively weak, and mends but slowly : however, I have now great hopes, and I am very good at believing what I heartily wish. As, I dare say, you will be concerned for her, you may want to know her illness ; but that is more than I can tell you. She has fancied herself in a consumption a great while ; but though she has had the most dreadful cough I ever heard in my life, all the doctors said, it was not that ; but none of them did say what it was. The Doctor here, who is an extraordinary good one (but lives fourteen long miles off) has lately been left ten thousand pounds, and now hates his business : he says, it is a sharp humour that falls upon her nerves, sometimes on her stomach and bowels ; and indeed what he has given her, has, to appearance, had much better effect than the millions of things she has been forced to take. After this, you will not expect I should have followed your orders, and ride, for I have scarcely walked ; although I dare not be very much in her room, because she constrained herself to hide her illness from me.

The Duke and Duchess of Dorset have not been here yet ; but I am in hopes they will soon. I do not know whether you remember Mrs. Crowther and Mrs. Acourt : they and Mr. Parsode are my company ; but as I love my house full,

* Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

I expect more still. My Lady ——— talks of making me a short visit. I have been so full of Mrs. Floyd, that I had like to have forgot to tell you, that I am such a dunderhead, that I really do not know what my sister Pen's age was ; but I think, she could not be above twelve years old. She was the next to me ; but whether two or three years younger, I have forgot ; and, what is more ridiculous, I do not exactly know my own, for my mother and nurse used to differ upon that notable point ; and I am willing to be a young Lady still, so will not allow myself to be more than forty-eight next birth-day ; but if I make my letter any longer, perhaps you will wish I never had been born. So adieu, dear Dean.

LETTER CLXXVII.

From the same to the same.

London, Nov. 7, 1732.

I SHOULD have answered yours sooner, but that I every day expect another from you, with your orders to speak to the Duke ; which I should with great pleasure have obeyed, as it was to serve a friend of yours. Mrs. Floyd is now, thank God, in as good health as I have seen her these many years, though she has still her winter cough hanging upon her ; but that, I fear, I must never expect she should be quite free from at this time of day. All my trouble with her now is, to make her drink wine enough, according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glasses, such as are commonly filled at sober houses ; and that she makes so great a rout with, so many faces, that there is nobody that did not know her perfectly well, but would extremely suspect she drinks drams in private.

I am sorry to find our tastes so different in the same person ; and as every body has a natural partiality to their own opinion, so it is surprizing to me to find Lady S—— dwindle in yours, who rises infinitely in mine the more and the longer I know her. But you say, you will say no more of courts for fear of growing angry ; and indeed I think you are so already, since you level all without knowing them, and seem to think, that none who belong to a court can act right. I am sure this cannot be really and truly
your

your sense, because it is unjust; and if it is, I shall suspect there is something of your old maxim in it (which I ever admired and found true) that you must have offended them, because you do not forgive. I have been about a fortnight from Knowle*, and shall next Thursday go there again for about three weeks, where I shall be ready and willing to receive your commands; who am most faithfully and sincerely yours.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

Lady E—— G—— to Dr. Swift.

Feb. 8, 1732-3

I RECEIVED yours of the 8th of January but last week; so find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me whilst at dinner, that very lady sitting close to me, whom you seem to think such an absolute courtier†. She knew your hand, and enquired much after you, as she always does; but I, finding her name frequently mentioned, not with that kindness I am sure she deserves, put it into my pocket with silence and surprize. Indeed, were it in people's power that live in a court with the appearance of favour, to do all they desire for their friends, they might deserve their anger, and be blamed, when it does not happen right to their minds; but that, I believe never was the case of any one: and in this particular of Mr. Gay, thus far I know, and so far I will answer for, that she was under very great concern that nothing better could be got for him: the friendship upon all other occasions in her own power, that she shewed him, did not look like a double dealer.

As to that part concerning yourself and her, I suppose, it is my want of comprehension, that I cannot find out why she was to blame to give you advice when you asked it, that had all the appearance of sincerity, good-nature, and right judgment. And if, after that, the court did not do what you wanted, and she both believed and wished they would, was it her fault? At least, I cannot find it out, that you have hitherto proved it upon her. And though you say, you lamented the hour you had seen her, yet I cannot tell how to suppose that your

good sense and justice can impute any thing to her, because it did not fall out just as she endeavoured, and hoped it would.

As to your creed in politics, I will heartily and sincerely subscribe to it.— That I detest avarice in courts; corruption in ministers; schisms in religion; illiterate fawning betrayers of the church in mitres. But at the same time, I prodigiously want an infallible judge, to determine when it is really so: for as I have lived longer in the world, and seen many changes, I know those out of power and place always see the faults of those in, with dreadful large spectacles; and, I dare say, you know many instances of it in Lord Oxford's time. But the strongest in my memory is, Sir R—— W——, being first pulled to pieces in the year 1720, because the South-Sea did not rise high enough; and since that, he has been to the full as well banged about, because it did rise too high. So experience has taught me how wrong, unjust, and senseless party-factions are; therefore, I am determined never wholly to believe any side or party against the other; and to shew that I will not, as my friends are in and out of all sides, so my house receives them altogether; and those people meet here, that have, and would fight in any other place. Those of them that have great and good qualities and virtues I love and admire; in which number is Lady ——; and I do like and love her, because I believe, and, as far as I am capable of judging, know her to be a wise, discreet, honest and sincere courtier, who will promise no farther than she can perform, and will always perform what she does promise; so now, you have my creed as to her.

I thought I had told you in my last, at least I am sure I designed it, that I desire you would do just as you like about the monument; and then, it will be most undoubtedly approved by your most sincere and faithful servant.

LETTER CLXXIX.

The Duchess of —— to Dr. Swift.

Dear Sir,

April 12, 1733

I RECEIVED yours of the 23d of March. Perpetual pains in my head have hindered me from writing till this moment; so you see you are not the only person that

* In Kent, the seat of the Duke of Dorset.

† The Countess of S——,

that way tormented. I dare believe there are as many bad heads in England as in Ireland; I am sure none worse than my own; that I am made for pain and pain for me; for, of late, we have been inseparable. It is a most dispiriting distemper, and brings on pain of mind; whether real or imaginary, it is all one.

Whilst I had that very sincere good friend, I could sometimes lay open all my rambling thoughts, and he and I would often view and dissect them, but now they come and go, and I seldom find out whether they be right or wrong, or if there be any thing in them. Poor man! he was most truly every thing you could say of him. I have lost, in him, the usefulest limb of my mind. This is an odd expression; but I cannot explain my notion otherwise.

I deny that I am touchy; yet am going to seem so again, by assuring you my letters are never false copies of my mind. They are often, I believe, imperfections of an imperfect mind; which, however, to do it justice, often directs it better than I act. Though I will not take upon me to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the same; yet whatever I write is at that instant true. I would rather tell a lie than write it down; for words are wind ('tis said); but the making a memorandum of one's own false heart would stare one in the face immediately, and should put one out of countenance. Now, as a proof of my unsettled way of thinking, and of my sincerity, I shall tell you that I am not so much in the wrong as you observed I was in my last; for my regard to you is lessened extremely, since I observe you are just like most other people, viz. disobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings; for what else are bare words? Therefore pray never believe I wish to serve you till you have tried me; till then protestations are bribes, by which I may only mean to gain the friendship of a valuable man, and therefore ought to be suspected. I seldom make any for that reason; so that if I have the peculiar happiness to have any wise good people my flatterers, God knows how I came by it; but sure nothing can equal such glory, except that of having the silly and bad people my enemies.

Here I think we agree. You declare, that no such can depress your spirits; and if our constitutions are alike, I will

not only preach up good spirits, but prescribe the materials that have ever agreed with me. If any body has done me an injury, they have hurt themselves more than me. If they give me an ill name (unless they have my help) I shall not deserve it. If fools shun my company, it is because I am not like them; if people make me angry, they only raise my spirits; and if they wish me ill, I will be well and handsome, wise and happy, and every thing, except a day younger than I am, and that's a fancy I never yet saw becoming to a man or woman, so it cannot excite envy. Here I have betrayed to you the devilishness of my temper; but I declare to you, nothing ever enlivened me half so much as unjust ill usage, either directed to myself or my friends. The very reverse happens to me when I am too well spoken of; for I am sorry to find I do not deserve it all. This humbleth me as much too much as the other exalts; so I hope you will not be too civil, since I have declared the consequence.

I am in great hopes you will make us a visit this summer; for though I have a sensible satisfaction by conversing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the person's face I am speaking to. By that, one soon learns to stop when it is wished, or to mend what is said amiss.

Your stewards will take great care of your money; but you must first direct us to your friend Mr. Lancelot, and order him to give up Mr. Gay's note, on his sister's paying the money to his Grace, who will give him his note for the money, or send it to you, just as you order. And as to what interest is due, I suppose you have kept some account.

By this time you must be too much tired to bear reading one word more; therefore I will make no excuses. Pray employ me, for I want to be certain whether I know my own mind or not; for something or other often tells me, that I should be very happy to be of any use to you. Whether it be true or false, neither you nor I can be positive, till an opportunity shews: but I do really think that I am, dear Sir, most sincerely yours, &c.

LETTER CLXXX.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. Swift.

Knowle, July 9, 1733.

NOW, says parson Swift*, "What the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it, without more trouble than her silly scribble is worth. Why, say I again, ay, it is the women are always accused of having bad writing implements; but to my comfort be it spoke, this is his Grace my Lord † Lieutenant's ink. My bureau at London is so well furnished, that his Grace and his Secretary make so much use of it, that they are often obliged to give me half a crown, that I may not run out my estate in paper. It is very happy when a go-between pleases both sides, and I am very well pleased with my office; for his Grace is delighted that it was in his power to oblige you. So *treve de compliment*. Since I have declared my passion against a Bishop and a Parson, it is but fair I should tell you the story, whether you care to hear it or not; but if you do not, I give you leave not to mind it, for, now it is over, I am calm again.

As to the ‡ Bishop, I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his diocese is Peterborough; and having a small park in Northamptonshire, which I had a mind to increase by a small addition, to make my house stand in the middle of it. Three shillings and-sixpence worth of land, at the largest computation, belongs to the church; for which my old parson (who flatters me black and blue, when he comes from a Sunday dinner, and says he loves me better than any body in the world) has made me give him up in lieu of that land, a house and ground that lets for 40s. a year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vast favour. And the Bishop has put me to ten times more charge than it is worth, by sending commissioners to view it, and making me give petitions, and dancing me through his court; besides a great dinner to his nasty people. Now,

* The name she called the Dean by, in the stanza which she inserted in his ballad on *The Game of Traffic*.

† Duke of Dorset. ‡ Dr. Robert Clavering.

am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will say, if I will have my fancies, I must pay for them; so I will say no more about it. I hear poor Mrs. Kelly is not near so well as she says; and a gentleman that came from Bristol, says she looks dreadfully, and fears it is almost over with her, and that no mortal could know her; so ends youth and beauty! that is such a moral reflection, that, lest it should make you melancholy, I will tell you something to please you. Your old friend Mrs. Floyd is perfectly recovered. I think I have not seen her so well this great while; but winter is always her bane, so I shall live in dread of that.

In your next I desire to know what I am in your debt for my sister's monument. Adieu, my dear, good, old beloved friend.

LETTER CLXXXI.

From the same to the same.

London, July 12, 1735.

I HAVE not answered yours of the 15th of June so soon as I should; but the Duke of Dorset had answered all yours ere your letter came to my hands. So I hope all causes of complaint are at an end, and that he has shewed himself, as he is, much your friend and humble servant, though he wears a garter, and had his original from Normandy, if heralds do not lie, or his granums did not play false; and whilst he is Lord Lieutenant, (which I heartily wish may not be much longer) I dare say, he will be very glad of any opportunity to do what you recommend to him. Thus far will I answer for his Grace, though he is now in the country, and cannot subscribe to it himself.

Now to quite another affair. The Countess of Suffolk (whom you know I have long had a great esteem and value for) has been so good and gracious as to take my brother George Berkeley for better, for worse though I hope in God the last will not happen, because I think he is an honest good-natured man. The town is surprized; and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon these ordinary extraordinary occasions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more; but for all that, he hath appeared to all the world, as well as me, to have long

long had (that is, ever since she hath been a widow, so pray do not mistake me) a most violent passion for her, as well as esteem and value for her numberless good qualities. These things well considered, I do not think they have above ten to one against their being very happy; and if they should not be so, I shall heartily wish him hanged, because I am sure it will be wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though she has been twenty years a court favourite, yet I doubt she has been too disinterested to enlarge it, as others would have done: and Sir Robert *, her greatest enemy, does not tax her with getting quite forty thousand pounds. I wish, — but fear it is not near that sum, but what she has, she never told me, nor have I ever asked; but whatever it is, they must live accordingly; and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himself easily and genteelly.

In this hurry of matrimony, I had like to forget to answer that part of your letter where you say you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago Mr. Curll set forth *Letters, amorous, satirical, and gallant, between Dr. Swift, Lady Mary Chamber, Lady Betty Germain, and Mrs. Anne Long, and several other persons*. I am afraid some of my people used them according to their deserts; for they have not appeared above-ground this great while: and now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make me do for you, I have bruised my fingers prodigiously; and can say no more but Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXII.

Dr. Swift to the Duke of Dorset.

My Lord,

Dec. 30, 1735.

YOUR Grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a year in the church, which I thus prove: — I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly: that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word used here) an expert king-fisher, that

clergyman took up with forty pounds a year; and I shall never trouble your Grace any more in his behalf. Now, by plain arithmetic it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remain; and this arrear I have assigned to Mr. John Jackson, who is Vicar of Santry, and hath a small estate, with two sons, and as many daughters, all grown up. He hath lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on account of his virtue, piety, and good sense, and modesty almost to a fault. Your Grace is now disposing of the *debris* + of two bishoprics; among which is the deanery of Ferns, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a year, which will make this gentleman easier; who, besides his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wish.

I cannot but think that your Grace, to whom God hath given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have satisfied all the expectations of those who have power in your club †, to do something at the request of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting any thing for themselves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of some very deserving gentlemen, who I was assured had been recommended to you by persons of weight; but I easily found by your general answers, that although I have been an old courtier, you knew how to silence me, by diverting the discourse, which made me reflect that courtiers resemble gamesters, the latter finding no arts unknown to the older; and one of them assured me, that he has lost fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by dabbling with those who had contrived new refinements.

My Lord, I will, as a divine, quote Scripture: — Altho' the childrens' meat should not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the childrens' table. This is the second request I have ever made your Grace directly. Mr. Jackson is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof is in his parish, about four miles from hence, where he hath built a family house, more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished character; but the mis-

† The shattered remains.

‡ The Parliament of Ireland.

* Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford.

fortune is, he hath not one enemy, to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I say.

Pray, my Lord, be not alarmed at the word Deanry, nor imagine it a dignity like those we have in England; for except three or four, the rest have little power, rather none as a Dean and Chapter, and seldom any land at all. It is usually a living consisting of one or more parishes, some very poor, and others better endowed; but all in tythes.

Mr. Jackson cannot leave his present situation; and only desires some very moderate addition. My Lord, I do not

deceive your Grace, when I say, you will oblige great numbers, even of those who are most at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other, that will answer the same end. *Multa—veniet manus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi (nam multo plurimum) ac veluti te—Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.*

I would have waited on your Grace, and taken the privilege of my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.





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